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FISHING WITH A FLY

BY BLISS PERRY

I

I CONFESS that I am a fisherman of little or no reputation. Whatever good repute I might conceivably have won I forfeited, more than a score of years ago, by writing—and accepting—for the *Atlantic* an essay on 'Fishing with a Worm.' I shall never live down that essay. No matter what fish I have brought proudly home since then,—brook trout or rainbows, brown trout or gray, sea trout or salmon,—there is always some cynical friend to insinuate that I probably caught them with a worm! I shall never rehabilitate myself, not even if the present editor of the *Atlantic* takes pity on me and prints these meditations upon the art and mystery of fishing with a fly.

That old essay had at least the merit of honesty—a virtue not always attributed to fishermen. It admitted that fly-fishing is the finer art, wherever fly-fishing is to be had. It claimed merely that on waters where such fishing is impracticable there is much to be said for making the best of the situation and using the despised and wriggling worm. I hope that this paper will be equally honest, and I shall therefore unburden myself with a second confession, namely, that I am only a mediocre practitioner of the art

which I am now attempting to praise. This is no Halford or Hewitt! The critic in me reports of the angler in me:—

'I have watched that fellow fishing, on and off, for fifty years. He has never learned to make his own flies. He ties a clumsy knot. He uses too heavy leaders. He sticks to that old warped Leonard rod because it once belonged to Dr. James O. Murray, though he has far better ones in his rod case. He gets fair distance in casting, especially with a two-handed salmon-rod, but his wrist is not quite supple enough. I consider him poor with the dry fly. He seems really happier when fishing with a wet fly downstream, like the Early Victorians. But I have actually seen him kill good trout, fishing across-stream, with a dry fly on the dropper and a wet one for the tail fly: a method entirely illogical. He is superstitious about his choice of flies. He pays too much attention to his "hunches" and too little to the natural flies to which the trout happen to be rising. I call him obstinate. He plays a small fish well enough, but he gets flurried with the big ones. He nets other men's fish much better than his own. He takes foolish chances in shooting rapids and

climbing slippery rocks and wading salmon rivers in flood. I would n't grade him A or even B. About a C+.'

Critics are always right, even when they miss the point. The point is that the fun and glory of fishing consist in fishing, and not in being 'high rod.' The men with whom I have had the happiest days on various rivers — L. the painter and A. the oculist, and C.E.B.C., the 'D.D.S.' — are far more delicate fly-fishermen than I shall ever be. For that matter, L. B., a village blacksmith in Cape Breton, whom I left sorrowfully shoeing a horse one Saturday afternoon last July when he had promised to fish the Forks pool with me, has a more delicate hand than any of them when it comes to fishing 'far and fine.' But the whole spirit of competition is alien to the true angler's mood. What difference does it make whose basket is heaviest? Everyone likes his share of luck, of course, — his to-day and another man's to-morrow, — but when you go fishing you are dealing with what Royce used to call the Absolute. All relativities are irrelevant.

It is for this reason that even the clumsiest angler may record his guesses at the secret of the peculiar satisfaction which fly-fishing affords. Guesses they must remain, for no one can give an adequate explanation. 'Exactly what is the nature of this pleasure which you find in smoking?' President Eliot once asked me with benignant skepticism. I did not pass that examination very well. I doubt if any smoker can. But your fly-fisherman, at least, is voluble enough in his own defense. (Give him a moment first, to light his pipe!)

For one thing, — and this is a consideration which might appeal to President Eliot, a veteran champion of training of the eye and hand, — fly-fishing calls for the most precise and fastidious manipulation of exquisitely

fashioned tools. A three- or four-ounce split-bamboo rod, with a well-balanced reel, a tapered casting-line, a leader of the proper fineness, and a well-tied fly or flies, is one of the most perfectly designed and executed triumphs of human artisanship. A violin is but little better. At its pitch of dainty perfection it delights both the eye and the tactile sense, for not every rod which is beautifully made has the crowning virtue of the right 'feel.' And that it should look right and 'feel' right as it comes to you from the skilled workman is only a part of the visual and manual pleasure which it yields. For you, with your quite individual bodily and mental habits, your slowly acquired art as a fisherman, must now use this fragile combination of wood and steel and silk and gut and feathers under the most subtly variable conditions of light, wind, and water. You must be able to cast with either hand, in every imaginable posture, and under all mental conditions of exaltation or fatigue. Most trout that are hooked are struck within twenty-five or thirty feet of the fisherman, but on occasion you will wish to cast twice that distance or even more. And there is no moment of a long day on brook, river, or lake, whether your creel is filling or empty, when you are not conscious of the rich pleasure of using an instrument which is beautiful and exquisite in itself.

The very artificiality of the means employed heightens the enjoyment of fly-fishing. You choose deliberately the lightest tackle that will hold the fish. Perhaps you use a barbless hook, to increase the odds against you. At any rate, you give the fish a sporting chance. You neither net nor spear nor dynamite him. You challenge him to a trial of wits, his against yours. It does not become me to speak disrespectfully of the man who drops a fat worm, anchored to a steel rod, under the nose of

some trout lurking in a bushy tangle of the brook, and 'derricks' him on to the bank. I have done it too often! And there are exciting minutes in striking a big 'laker' seventy feet below the surface, or in trolling with a minnow or spinner for pike or landlocked salmon. Nevertheless, if a fish has been well hooked under such conditions, with powerful tackle, it is all up with him. He has little or no chance. But when a rainbow or brook or sea trout — and above all a fresh-run salmon — takes the fly the struggle is only begun. The lighter the tackle the greater the margin of uncertainty, and of glory if you win. Every angler who has had a sea trout weighing a pound or two rise accidentally to his salmon fly when he was fishing with a fifteen-foot, two-handed rod, knows the disappointing, unsportsmanlike sensation of reeling in the unlucky fish. Yet that very same sea trout on a three-ounce rod would have given noble and uncertain battle. Mr. Cleveland used to argue with me that a black bass, pound for pound, was a better fighter than a trout. He was a sturdier debater than I, and a far more experienced bass-fisherman; but if I can have a four-pound grilse on a four-ounce rod in fast water, anybody may have the bass.

Surely nothing can be more artificial, and few things more beautiful, than a man-made fly. I shall not enter upon the interminable question of the relative advantages of the fly made in exact imitation of the natural insect, versus the fly which imitates, like the Jock Scott or the Durham Ranger, no creature that ever existed. Trout and salmon rise to both of these kinds of flies — and sometimes to neither! The best debate I ever heard on this fascinating subject took place one July night in an inn on Bakers River, between a Concord parson who fished with nothing but a wet fly tied most

cunningly by himself, and a Boston architect who fished with nothing but a dry fly — that is, a precise copy of a real fly, made to float upright within the field of vision of a special trout who on that day or hour is feeding upon the real fly in question. The umpire of the debate was an itinerant piano-tuner, whom I suspected of being a worm-fisherman at heart. When we finally agreed to smoke a last pipe and turn in — the only thing on which we could agree at all — I ventured to ask the parson how his wet flies had worked that day. It had been bright and hot, with low water.

'I did n't get anything,' confessed the parson.

'How about you?' I asked the architect.

'Nor I either,' replied the dry-fly expert.

Now I had been fishing, first with a wet fly, and then with a dry fly, and my luck was exactly the same as theirs!

'Well,' said the piano-tuner, by way of closing the discussion, 'can any of you fellows sing? I kind o' like a little music before I go to bed. Do you know that hotel at Woodsville?'

I remarked that it was the one celebrated by Robert Frost in the poem entitled 'A Hundred Collars.'

'Very likely,' assented the piano-tuner, vaguely. 'Well, I was sitting there one night and there was a troupe of singers that had come down from Montreal, waiting for the Boston sleeper. One of those fellows was trying to transpose something on the piano. I says, "Here, I'll transpose that for you, and you see if you can sing it." So I sat down to the piano and he began to sing. Say, now, *my gorry!* He *could* sing! I've got his card yet. He spelled his name B-i-s-p-h-a-m. And before he got through a woman came down from upstairs and said she guessed *she* would sing too. Say! By

midnight we had two hundred people trying to crowd into that hotel to hear her! Her name was Eames.'

And so, each with his own memories of those golden vanished voices, we fishermen crept quietly upstairs to bed — and the debate was never settled.

II

But surely a clear majority of anglers are ready to admit that fly-fishing, in addition to the singular charm which arises from the nature of its artistry, affords also an unrivaled satisfaction in its opportunities for studying the habits and behavior of noble species of fish. For there is an embryo scientist, as well as an humble artist, in every outdoors man. The fly-fisherman, through long practice in alert observation, develops not only the sea gull's or fish hawk's vision for what is below the surface of the water, but also a kind of sixth sense for what the fish themselves are seeing and thinking. He learns that what really matters is not the color and shape of the fly as the fisherman looks down at it in his fly book or upon the surface of the stream, but the color and shape and reflection of light as these appear to the eyes of a fish looking at the fly from underneath in moving water. Many recent books on the dry fly have printed curiously interesting photographs, made underneath specially constructed glass-bottomed fish-tanks, with the camera pointed upward, so that every motion of the rising trout, as the fly floats within his sharply limited angle of vision, is easily registered. It is demonstrable that familiar patterns of flies, photographed from below through several feet of running water, and thus giving the object as it appears to the fish rather than to the fisherman, present this whole subject of trout psychology in a new light.

The problem, obviously, is to offer to the trout something pleasing to him, and not at all something which happens to tickle your own human fancy in patterns and colors. It is as if a necktie which suits you may not appeal to your wife's taste in the least! A year ago I fished a tiny lake in Northern Quebec. 'You'll find,' said a friendly lumberman, 'that they'll take just one fly: a Parmachenee Belle, No. 6'; and as I had nothing of that size in that pattern, he gave me a couple. I tried half a dozen other flies first, and had a few rises to a Dark Montreal, but the real fishing did not begin until I put on those big gaudy red-and-white No. 6's. Now precisely why should those trout, very rarely fished over, demand that special stimulus to sense perception?

Take another instance. Last July A. and I were fishing a stream in Nova Scotia, where I had never failed to take plenty of small trout. We were planning, in fact, to lunch on trout, with some incidental coffee and bacon and toast. It was long after noon when we reached the chosen spot, and I was sure that a quarter of an hour's fishing would provide the luncheon. To my dismay we could not take a single trout. A whole baffling hungry hour went by. Then A., who had been changing flies every few minutes, put on a tiny brown hackle. In ten minutes he took more trout than we could eat. Now why?

Or why, after lunch that day, did the trout change their mind again? It was three o'clock, sunny, windless, and very hot, when I reached a strip of dead-water, about three feet deep, thirty yards wide, and perhaps a hundred yards long, lined with thick alders. Near the foot of this dead-water, as I peered through the alders, I saw, in full glaring sunlight, not a dozen feet away, a school of good-sized trout. Instinctively I dropped to my

knees, in the wet sedge-grass. I had just broken the tip of a new and very light rod, in striking a three-quarter pounder, and though he was flapping in the basket the hastily spliced tip would not bear the slightest strain. The alders were so close behind me that a decent back-cast was impossible. In fact everything was wrong, except that I had not yet frightened the trout. I put on a No. 12 Silver Doctor and, prayerfully favoring the broken tip, managed to flick a nondescript back-handed underhand cast so as to reach the fish, who were still not fifteen feet upstream. *Thump!* The tip held, and the net was under him; and so it went — *thump! thump!* — for a quarter of an hour, my aching knees sinking lower and lower into the mud, and the little Silver Doctor working magically, until ten of the prize scholars in that school had been promoted to the basket; more fish and bigger fish than I have often taken in a whole day's sport under the most favorable conditions. And it is only fair to add that A., fifty yards upstream, balanced on a little flat rock just below a cold brook that ran into the dead-water, and fishing with a tiny brown dry fly which neither of us could identify, took even more trout that afternoon than I did — most of them actually in his own shadow, as the dry fly floated back downstream toward him.

No, there is simply no understanding the mysteries of a trout's eye and mind. Their habits seem so fixed that learned scientists can write books about them; and then all at once they go plunging off their orbit in some subaqueous brainstorm. The best fly-fishing I ever expect to have was during a September snow-squall, well up toward Hudson's Bay. The rise lasted about half an hour, and W. and I, shivering in the bottom of the rocking canoes, in a gale of wind, took

seventeen brook trout, mostly males in superb color and condition, weighing altogether just under twenty pounds. Was it hunger, or the excitement of the snowstorm agitating the shallow water, or some occult mob-psychology that defies analysis, that made them rise so feverishly?

Equally fascinating is the behavior of individual fish under more normal circumstances. Are trout more shy, or less shy, in water that is constantly fished? Anglers differ widely in answering this apparently simple question. The upper ten miles of the Lamoille, for instance, are fished certainly once a day by someone during the whole season. I have fished that delightful river for twenty-five years, though never with much luck. The trout are getting scarcer each year, — thanks to the motor-cars, — but I cannot see that the fish are more shy or less shy than they are in some inaccessible streams that are fished only once or twice a summer. But there are always individual trout who contradict every usual law of their habitat. These mavericks who will not run with the herd, who are cautious when others are bold and bold when others are cautious, who are full of whims and humors, incite the fly-fisherman to his most cunning devices. They are hard to raise, hard to hook, and hard to bring to the net. If you can capture a couple of these experienced old cynics in an afternoon, you have a right to be proud.

I met on the Margaree last summer a Scotchman from Inverness who holds that no two salmon are alike in their feelings or behavior. In his selection of flies, it is true, he has gone to the extreme of simplification. He fishes with nothing but a Black Dose in the morning hours, and a Jock Scott or Silver Doctor toward evening, and, like a true Scot, he prefers a single-pointed hook. During the season of

1923, he hooked nineteen salmon in the overfished open water of the Margaree, and brought seventeen of them to the gaff—a very high average of performance, for ordinarily, if you land one salmon to every two that you hook and three that you raise, you are doing well enough. He claimed that no two of his seventeen salmon behaved in anything like the same fashion. He had to alter his strategy and tactics for each individual case, obeying the infinite variety of conditioning circumstances in each pool, as well as the varying moods, resources, and fighting-quality of each fish. But I have fished that same river with an Italian boot-legger, a notoriously lucky angler, whose sole theory seems to be, after hooking a salmon, to 'treat him rough'; that is, to give him the full pressure of a heavy rod, and reel him in without ceremony. The Scotchman seems to me, however, a finer metaphysician than the Dago, and a happier fisherman, though he may not kill any more fish.

III

An American treatise on æsthetics, in distinguishing between higher and lower pleasures, makes much of the point that the higher æsthetic impressions are permanently pleasurable in revival. Many fly-fishermen will agree with me in thinking that some of their most unalloyed happiness is in their memory of the circumstances attending the capture—or even the loss!—of some one fish. No one ever forgot his first trout! I can see myself yet, backing off a couple of rods from the brook in the Heart of Greylock,—then in spring flood,—squeezing in two boyish fists that black and slippery miracle, and not daring to take him off the hook for fear he might escape! But that first trout, like Izaak Walton's last one, was caught with a worm. In June of

that year, however, I saw for the first time a trout taken on a fly. A school-mate, with such a dainty rod as I had never dreamed of, was fishing a deep, willow-shadowed pool just below the junction of the Ashford and Hancock brooks in South Williamstown. It was after sunset, and he was casting deftly under the willows with a white fly, when suddenly a trout leaped for it, and after a few desperate plunges was drawn coolly up on the gravel bank. It weighed exactly a pound. The captor affected to make little of his triumph; but I noticed that he presented the trout, with his compliments, to 'Miss Blanche.'

Forty-nine years ago, and the boy's name and face are long since forgotten, but the June dusk and the dark rippling water and the white fly and the gleaming rush of that big trout excite me still! What moments one recalls! That dawn on the Miramichi, and the gorgeously colored two-pound trout that raced a grilse for my tiny double-pointed Jock Scott, and beat the grilse by an inch! That other two-pounder at the foot of one of the Marteau lakes, at midday in full September sunshine, curving up grandly to a Montreal on a very long cast and fighting up and down the fifty-foot pool like a salmon! The leaping rainbow in the granite basin on Bakers River! The grilse hooked by Donald as we were standing on the top of the old dam on the Clearwater, when Donald—'showing off' a little, as guides sometimes will—cast eighty feet downstream into a little amber-colored pool where the grilse took the fly, and I played him from the top of the dam while Donald climbed down and gaffed him! So clear was that marvelous air and still more marvelous water that I could almost count the spots upon the grilse's flashing sides.

And here comes one of the paradoxes of fishing. By some strange trick of the

memory the fish which you take or lose seem in retrospect only a bit of high light in the general picture. The exaltation of an instant of perfect skill, the heartbreaking sense of clumsiness or stupidity when you lose a salmon, lessen their poignancy in the presence of the beauty which is always waiting upon the angler. The cardinal flowers blooming twenty years ago on a mossy log upon the shadowed shore of Big Greenough pond are lovely yet, though not a trout rose that morning from under the log. The big red fox still squats on his haunches upon the far side of Norbert's pool, wisely criticizing my unsuccessful casting. The ravens bark hoarsely in the black spruces above the Sheerdam. That pair of great horned owls still follow me down the Olmsted brook. The buck that snorted and jumped just behind me as I was making a very careful cast on the Big Magalloway still makes my heart pump — so silent was that lonely afternoon. The moose tracks are still there on the muddy shore of the St. Maurice. The cries of strange birds in the twilight haunt the willow copses along the Margaree. The endless hot afternoons on the Miramichi, while we were waiting for falling water, are no longer tedious, for now they are crowded with pictures of friendly purple finches, and mother partridges with their broods, and 'mourning-cloak' butterflies clustering by thousands upon the worn rocks by the river. No, you may forget the fish that you catch or lose, but you can never forget the fishing!

I have no quarrel with the persons who go into the woods to peep and botanize and name all the birds without a gun. There is fun enough in this world, if properly distributed, to give everybody something. But I am stating a truism when I claim that the man with a rod or gun sees more and feels

more in the woods than if he were to go empty-handed. In moments of tense excitement in watching for fish or game one's field of vision is wider and both sight and hearing more sensitive than in any moods of mere passive receptivity to 'Nature's teaching.' Never is the dawn more miraculous than when the fog first lifts along the reaches of the river and you tie on a favorite fly with chilled, fumbling fingers, light your first pipe of the day, and wade, shivering, into the chuckling water. Never is the divine and terrifying mystery of the dark so close to you as when you are stumbling campward in the twilight along an unknown trail. The woodsman who cannot understand how a man can be panic-stricken by the dark is no woodsman. He lacks a sense of the situation: of the very narrow line that separates fire, food, and shelter from the desperate horror of 'a man lost.' I helped find one of these men once. He rose up gaunt in the October dusk from a bog back of Spencer Mountain, and waved his arms wildly just as I was holding the rifle on him, taking him for a moose; and I shall never forget how we filled him up with coffee, trout, and venison that night, and put him safely on the 'tote road' in the morning.

And between dawn and dark what infinite variations of air and light and color and wind play upon the mind of the fisherman as if it were an opal! The wind caresses him one moment, and torments him in the next, tossing his fly into treetops or breaking the brittle hook against a rock. But the water is the true opal. In the upper reaches of many of our New England streams the water flowing from a peat bog or cedar swamp has the tone of a very dark sherry; in full sunlight, flecked by shadows, it becomes one of Emerson's leopard-colored rills; as it pours over granite ledges it changes to something

strangely austere and pure. No two successive hours are alike to the angler, for the brook or river is changing its form and hue in every instant, and his mind and mood and artistry are affected by every yard of the gliding, Protean stream. He is watching it, not with the sentimentalist's preoccupation with pure beauty, but rather with the fisherman's trained perception of the effect of wind and light, of deeper or darker-colored water, of eddy or shallow, upon the next cast of his fly. The paradox is that this very preoccupation with angling seems to make him more sensitive to the enfolding beauty of the landscape.

He must, of course, to perceive it fully, have a certain capacity for philosophical detachment, a kind of Oriental superiority to failure or success. Perhaps that is what being a 'born fisherman' means. A. and I, a few months ago, started out to fish a famous salmon-pool. Three or four salmon could be seen lying there, dark wavering shapes in ten or fifteen feet of water. On the gravel bank above them, precisely where we had expected to take turns casting, stood an elderly gentleman who had already been fishing for three hours on that same spot. I hope it was not mere envy of his prior occupation of the coveted 'stand' which made us rate him as the worst fisherman in the world. He slapped the water petulantly with a line that reached not halfway to the sulking fish; he jerked the fly out before it had a chance to float down with the current, and nervously slapped it back again. We watched him for a whole hour, and then went around him down the river. It was an enchanting afternoon, in the loveliest of valleys. We fished our prettiest, using every device known to us, but raised nothing, and by sunset we had worked back to the pool and learned what had happened.

After nearly seven hours of persistent thrashing and jerking and thrashing on that one spot, a salmon — either irritated at last beyond endurance or driven by some obscure suicidal mania — had actually risen to that duffer's fly, and been hooked, played, and gaffed! Weight, twenty-two pounds.

I must have looked what I felt. 'Never mind,' said A. 'Let him have his fish. You and I have had a richer day than he.' Was it a born fisherman's infinite capacity for self-deception, or was it a real insight into the nature of happiness, that made us tramp upstream again, proud as two Spanish grandees, without tangible possessions, but rich in memory and in hope? As for the elderly gentleman, he did not need any philosophy. He had his salmon.

But this sense of personal prowess in killing fish or game is certainly a curious trait in civilized elderly gentlemen. Is it, as some persons believe, a survival of savagery, a reversion to primitivism? Is the distinction between killing fish and killing game a real one? Many men make it. They can no longer shoot a gray squirrel or a rabbit or partridge or even a deer; they now prefer to watch them. But they will still catch fish and shoot ducks; 'ducks being different,' as C. E. B. C. says. Note that they do not really need either fish or ducks for food. In fact, any fisherman who has been caught in the woods with supplies running low and has been obliged to kill fish or go hungry will tell you that angling under such circumstances loses most of its fascination. There is too much primitivism in it, and not enough illusion. But mark how narrow is the margin of pleasurable sport! If you need the fish for food, your pure pleasure in taking them diminishes. And on the other hand, when there is no question at all of actual necessity and you have

simply felt like going fishing, you become conscious at some late hour upon a lucky day that you have taken 'your share' of fish. After that moment your pleasure swiftly evaporates; you feel unsportsmanlike in killing any more. Is not the mentality of fishermen unaccountable?

IV

There is one aspect of this reversion to primitivism, however, which is very real, and of inestimable value to sedentary gentlemen. A fishing-trip somehow taps in them unsuspected reservoirs of physical and moral energy. They may habitually put on rubbers when they walk to the post office in damp weather; they consult throat specialists; they seriously consider being examined by a life-extension institute. And here they are suddenly swinging off the Winnipeg Pullman at midnight at a flag station, with duffle bag, rod case, and rifle, to be greeted taciturnly by guides whom they have never seen but who will know them in a week better than they know themselves. They will forget all about their rubbers and their throats and the admonitions of their wives. They will wade waist-deep in icy water and crouch for hours under dripping hemlocks. At home they expect a 'red-cap' to carry their suitcase and a chauffeur to open the door of their car; but here they cheerfully tote a bushel of potatoes over a hard portage if the guide has all he can do with the canoe. They can eat anything, drink anything, smoke anything, — except the native Canadian tobacco! — and crawl at night into a dirty sleeping-bag as if it were the couch of an emperor. A life-extension institute? Did not Izaak Walton live to be ninety, and did not

Henry M.'s uncle, when the ice went out of the Miramichi below Boisetown in the spring of 1922, celebrate his hundredth birthday by casting the whole day for black salmon? Nonsense! If the rod and reel are working well, and the fly book is wisely filled and the sky a bit overcast and there is just enough ripple on the water, your life-extension institute is already functioning!

The mystery of fly-fishing, after all, is what is called by the younger generation a 'complex.' One of its strands — not the subtlest — is mere joy in manual dexterity. Another is the exquisite artificiality with which the means are adapted to the end. There is the pleasure of accurate observation of bewildering living creatures. There is moving water, and all the changes of the sky, shadow and sunlight and rain-drops upon trees and flowers, and the old inexhaustible, indescribable beauty of the world. There are a few fish. There is at times the zest of companionship and at other times the satisfaction of solitude. There are gentle memories of some 'excellent angler, now with God.' And always there is that deep secret of expectation, the vital energy, ever strangely renewed, which looks for some fulfillment of its dreams beyond the next height of land, below the next turn of the stream. There are no scales for weighing such imponderable things as these, but surely next to the happiness of one's own home and work is the happiness of sitting in the bow of a canoe, rod in hand, as the guide paddles you noiselessly around the bend of an unknown river. Life offers few moments more thrilling than that, and one may be permitted to think that Death will not offer anything very different.

THE HIGH COST OF BABIES

BY IDA L. ALBRIGHT

I

A PICTURESQUE fact connected with my arrival in the world is that it cost my parents, in doctor's fees, exactly ten dollars. Nor did the bill ever vary for one of my mother's six children born after me. No trained nurse assisted our doctor on these occasions, for there was none within a radius of seventy miles. But there was Aunt Lindsay, that intrepid woman with the huge spectacles and the shiny black bag, who always 'stepped over' from her plantation nine miles away to render my mother a bit of neighborly assistance in her hour of need.

So precisely did visits from Aunt Lindsay coincide with the arrival of a new baby at our house that we older children were thrown into a state of violent excitement whenever we saw her roan mare and ramshackle buggy appear over the top of the hill. During her stay she performed the duties which would have fallen to a trained nurse, mended up the stockings, planned the meals, made catnip tea for the baby, and took charge of the next youngest child. If we needed disciplining, she found time to do it, and before we started to school in the mornings she gave our necks and ears a critical inspection. No task was too trivial to enlist her interest, none was too big for her to tackle. My father always gave her five silver dollars for her services, and a basket of the choicest fruit and melons growing on the plantation. Once, when it seemed

certain that a particular baby had started life handicapped by insomnia, and Aunt Lindsay's biennial visit had been more than usually strenuous, he supplemented five dollars and a sack of apples with a fine young Jersey calf.

I do not say that things are not better to-day, but they are different. Statistics on infant mortality might be quoted indefinitely to show that the modern obstetrical nurse at forty-five or fifty dollars a week is a better investment than was the old-fashioned kind. But she is not nearly so comfortable to have around; for being, like nearly everyone else connected with the medical profession, a specialist, she does not concern herself with the other children of the household, or with those manifold small crises that spring up like mushrooms when the woman of a house temporarily relinquishes her authority.

The same doctor who presided at the birth of my mother's seven children also saw us safely through the various children's diseases. We teethed, whooped, and had chicken pox, measles, and pink eye under his benevolent supervision. Until our own children were born, we believed that our tonsils were an orthodox part of our anatomy, like our liver or our lungs, since he had never hinted the contrary. In point of time, this venerable family doctor is but one generation removed from the several men of the medical profession whose combined

services have been required to keep our children, and my husband and myself, in a reasonable state of health. Spiritually, not to say financially, he is a type incalculably distant from the doctors we have known.

There is, for instance, the preoccupied and increasingly important obstetrician, who attended me at the birth of my first two children. He is successful now, and his fee is five hundred dollars for the delivery of a single child. There is the baby specialist, by whom, at the request of the obstetrician, my children were 'gone over' as soon as they arrived in the world, and whose word was as the law of the Medes and Persians to me until I came to wear the crown of my motherhood with something of the ease that arises from experience. There is, too, the at one time rising, but now risen, young throat-and-ear specialist who removed our superfluous tonsils and adenoids. In this list I do not include our excellent and modern dentist, one of whose office nurses calls me by telephone every three months to remind me that it is time for the oral hygienist of the staff to clean the children's teeth, after which the dentist will fill them if they need it. That is another story. But I should like to mention the fact that my husband, poor wretch, occasionally sneaks off to a doctor of his own. Once, when I hinted that maybe it was a little extravagant of him to have a physician all to himself, he retorted that neither an obstetrician nor a baby specialist could do him any particular good. The subject has since been a closed one between us.

These physicians, and others called in by them, have seen us safely through the illnesses and minor operations which in this day no large family seems able to escape. As physicians, they have been skillful and

tender. But their scale of prices has continued to soar, and our household accounts show that for every ninety-eight cents we have scraped together these past twelve years for what the family budget fancifully lists as 'Education and the Higher Life,' we have spent at least one hundred dollars for doctors' fees. This in spite of the fact that we call ourselves a healthy family.

Now we believe in the specialist. No one man can encompass the boundaries of modern medicine in a lifetime. But we have learned too what heavy burdens specialization can inflict on a family of average income. It is not what we pay one doctor — it is the sum total of what we pay two doctors, or three, and what we pay for X-rays, nursing-charges, and hospital accommodations that makes it possible for the savings of years to be wiped out by a single illness.

II

When our first child was born, twelve years ago, my husband was receiving the infinitesimal salary of a newspaper man, and earned extra money when he could by writing Sunday stories. We had not a penny beyond what he made, but we were blithe young people. We had married for love, hoping to have children, and expecting to be able to take care of them. As soon as we knew that we should need a physician, we looked about with great care, and found exactly what we wanted — a man young, ambitious, and making his own way like ourselves. He was specializing in obstetrics, and we believed in specialization with all the enthusiasm of our inexperience. Moreover, this young doctor had the one requisite that was necessary so far as we were concerned. He was establishing a practice, as we were establishing a

family, and we were given to understand that, although his goal was the vast sum of one hundred dollars for attendance at childbirth, he now charged a beginner's fees.

When our baby arrived, and his bill was presented, it put us at an unexpected disadvantage. We had thought that he would charge around forty dollars, perhaps as much as fifty. But he sent us a receipted bill for one hundred dollars, with a friendly note telling us that this was his fee, and that he would be pleased to accept what we felt we could pay. We disliked to accept his services at a price less than that at which he valued them, but we could not make our slender budget cover the full amount of the bill. My hospital expenses for two weeks were sixty dollars. I had no special nurse, but was looked after, as are many mothers, by the ward nurse. One other item I must not forget; it has become an almost inevitable part of a young mother's expenses. When our baby was a few hours old, the baby specialist appeared upon the scene. He had been summoned with my consent by our doctor, who said: 'I don't know anything about babies. I advise you to let Doctor Blank look the youngster over.'

The child was brought from the nursery, undressed, examined, and pronounced healthy by the specialist, to the accompaniment of its lusty yells. From that moment Doctor Blank dominated my life for a number of years. My children were weighed, weaned, fed, and exercised under his direction, and I would sooner have broken the Ten Commandments than one of his rules. The other specialists who flitted in and out of our home during the early part of our married life were called in by him, and under his régime I unquestioningly accepted

all the latest wrinkles in the upbringing of the very young. I faithfully gave the baby tomato juice to drink, and I kept her on the sleeping-porch at temperatures that would have caused the women of my mother's day to have me up for lunacy.

My parents' first child had cost them, for doctor and nurse, fifteen dollars. This was twenty-five years before I had children of my own, and these were country prices. My husband and I lived in a city, and the birth of our first child cost us, including the baby specialist's visit, one hundred and thirty-five dollars.

III

Things were different when the second baby came. My husband's salary had increased considerably. So had our expenses. He had been sent to Mexico by his paper to write special articles for six months. I managed thriftily while he was away, and when he returned we gave up our tiny city apartment and made our first payment on a little house in the suburbs. This time our young doctor sent us his bill for one hundred dollars, without qualification. We managed to pay it, and gladly.

My room at the hospital was larger than the one I had taken the first time, and it had, as the doctor recommended, a sunny exposure. Of course we paid for the sunshine, but it was worth it. Another luxury which the doctor advised for me was a special nurse for two or three days, longer if we could afford it.

At the birth of our second child, our bills went up to little more than two hundred dollars. When our third was born, war prices had set in. My own doctor being overseas, I placed myself under the care of an elderly physician who, while he did not cater

to rich and fashionable patients, was a man of established reputation. His fee was one hundred and fifty dollars. The price of hospital accommodations and nursing-service had increased enormously, so that, though my husband was earning four thousand dollars a year, the bills inflicted genuine hardship upon us; especially as they were coincident with two of considerable size from the child specialist and the ear specialist whom he had called in when one of the older children was sick with an attack of gripe and inflamed ears. These men insisted that the child's tonsils and adenoids be removed, and as soon as spring came we had it done. We paid fifty dollars for the operation, and more than half as much again for the hospital charges.

This was the first and last time we ever had the privilege of paying fifty dollars for this particular operation. In the city to which we moved later, it had gone up to seventy-five. The favorite specialist of most of my neighbors now charges for it the round sum of one hundred dollars.

When we had been married seven years, we had three perfect children. Though we had never had a case of prolonged or serious illness in the house, our savings still fell far below what we had expended for doctors' fees. Yet we reasoned that an ounce of prevention was worth a pound of cure; and we counted on getting ahead when the children were older. Our fortunes increased sooner than we expected. My husband received a business offer from a distant city at a salary almost twice as large as any he had received before. To us it seemed very big indeed, for we unconsciously measured it in pre-war terms. We sold our little house at a fair profit, had a good savings-account for the first time, and felt happy and secure in the move we were making.

But during our first year in our new

home we learned what hardships extreme illness may inflict upon the average middle-class family of to-day, if it avails itself of the best that modern medical skill can offer. Our two eldest children had no sooner recovered from a neighborhood epidemic of measles than they were seized by a malignant illness; our attending child-specialist was not absolutely certain of its nature. He called in consultation another specialist, and they gave the disease a Latin name that sounded as if it might have come out of a seed catalogue. They informed us that it was one which in the history of medicine has been known to follow measles only about once in five hundred cases, and that our children were critically ill. We secured a night nurse at forty dollars a week, and I took charge by day. The child specialist was often at the house twice a day. An eye, ear, and throat specialist came three times, bringing his assistant once. The children recovered after several weeks, and we asked nothing more. I was happy when the doctors assured me that their illness could in no wise be attributed to lack of good care on my part, or on the part of the child specialist at home under whose supervision they had been since their birth. It was merely that lightning must strike somewhere. No family, however high its health standards, could be sure of immunity from disaster. The bills of the three men were considerate in the extreme. Added to the nurse's salary, however, they made what was for us a staggering total. Yet we felt only gratitude for the skill of those who had served us to such good purpose, and we cheerfully drew upon our now diminishing savings.

IV

Our fourth child was born soon after this. My husband had accepted the advice of several acquaintances, all of

whom named the same man, and had placed me under the care of Dr. X.

'He may be a trifle more expensive,' we were told, 'but you want the best.' Yes, after the dreadful fright of our children's first serious illness, we wanted the best as never before. Of course Dr. X specialized in obstetrics. His fee was two hundred dollars, and he had me go to a private hospital, explaining that all his patients went there and that I would not find it more expensive than any other. In this he was mistaken. My room for two weeks cost eighty dollars, and the other hospital charges were proportionately more expensive than any we had paid before.

It was at this time that we decided to change our policy very definitely.

'No more specialists for us,' we said, and meant it. 'We have taken an eight-year course under them in the care and feeding of infants. Now we shall apply the knowledge we have gained from the specialist, but we shall apply it under the tutelage of a good, old-fashioned, all-round family doctor. We shall find such a man, and under his precepts live and die.'

It was a decision that nearly cost us the life of our fourth child, and incidentally a great deal of money. Because the country is a healthy place for children, we looked about until we found a house we could afford within commuting-distance of my husband's office. Within stone's throw was the home of the family doctor, a man of long experience and excellent reputation.

No family ever had a better friend than we during the four years that we lived near him. He was a good doctor, too. But I have always felt that he did not have the highly specialized knowledge of which we stood in need when our youngest child developed serious digestive disturbances that went from bad to worse. We had determined to try out the family-doctor idea, and we

clung doggedly to our resolve until it was almost too late. When the child specialist we had had in the city was finally called in consultation, he gave us to understand there was no time to lose. Within two hours after he entered our house the baby was in a tiny quiet room in the hospital in town, with a trained baby-nurse in charge.

For that first week our hospital, nursing, and X-ray expenses totaled eighty dollars, exclusive of the attendance of the family doctor and the specialist. And this was only the beginning. A wet nurse must be had. Here again the specialist's methods meant securing the best, securing it immediately, and at whatever price one had to pay. We brought the baby home, and from an agency which sends out only those nurses who have undergone certain tests to determine that they have no diseases that may be transmitted to a nursing infant there came to us Alice, with her nameless baby. Dear Alice! I know that the Recording Angel wrote her name among the saints when she sat silently weeping because my child was too weak to draw from those life-giving breasts of hers, and when she shared with me the watches of the night, and yet again when she so willingly and joyfully nourished my baby before her own, whom she loved as only mothers love.

Our child's illness lasted five months. The services of the specialist were not needed continuously throughout this period; our family doctor conducted the case under his direction. All the visits that the specialist did make to our house were at a fee of ten dollars each. Nor was this exorbitant. We lived in the country, the winter was at its worst, and the physician's services were greatly in demand. The family doctor charged the usual three dollars for a day call, and five dollars for a night summons, but I never felt that he made

a superfluous visit. Alice and her baby stayed five months, and at the end of each week during that time I mailed a check to the nurses' agency.

Except for the first week at the hospital we did not have a trained nurse, though there were times when I felt a bitter need of one. As it was, our savings had been wiped out entirely by the illnesses of a twelvemonth, and we were in debt for the first time. That our recent tribulations were outside the range of our ordinary experience was small comfort. They had happened once, and they might happen again. On the other hand, our child was saved. After all, nothing else mattered.

Like many a young mother, I probably went to extremes in my dependence upon the specialist when my children were in their babyhood. They are older now, and I have gained the confidence that comes with having learned their symptoms by heart. Also, experience has taught me the efficacy of castor oil and common-sense. I no longer cling to the coat-tails of the specialist, but I believe in him heartily. Even so, I want to put a certain question to him. In my daydreams I hear myself saying boldly: 'Where, please, is this business of specialization going to end? Is n't it already a little overdeveloped?'

V

Recently, when the subject of medical fees was discussed by a group of my friends, we agreed vaguely that one of the causes contributing to the size of present-day doctors' bills is the overhead expense. I sometimes wonder if the doctor does n't overdo this matter of overhead. A year ago my husband and our family doctor induced me to go to a certain diagnostician for examination. I appeared at his office at the appointed time. Did I say office? It was a suite which only the thread-

bare adjective 'palatial' can describe. There was no need for me to ring; at the door stood a smiling attendant to anticipate my coming.

I found myself in a happy glow of appreciation — until I cast an appraising eye at the appointments of the room. Then an uneasy feeling seized me. These Oriental rugs — they looked frightfully expensive. Those fine prints on the walls — they represented for me the patient economies of years. The two vases on the mantel — had the diagnostician paid for them, or would he put them on my bill? The thought terrified me. I should have tried to make my escape, no doubt, if at that moment my name had not been called by the most correct of graduate nurses. She conducted me to what, in all its appointments, might have been the dressing-room of a woman of fashion, and there she hovered over me while I changed my clothing for the coarse garment of unbleached 'domestic.'

Then she led me tenderly into the adjoining apartment, which had the antiseptic smell, and much of the equipment, of a big operating-room. There we found a second young woman awaiting us, the diagnostician's stenographer. When the trained nurse requested me to give in full my name, age, and place of birth, out came the other's pad and pencil. It was all very professionally and efficiently done, but it gave me the depressed feeling I have frequently experienced just before going under an anæsthetic.

Enter now the great man, the diagnostician himself. Where his assistants had been all solicitude for my comfort and well-being, his own manner was as impersonal as if I had been a dummy stuffed with straw. He placed a hand on each of my temples, tilted my head back, squinted his eyes, and began to dictate rapidly. When he thumped me, shook me, raised my eyelids with his

thumbs, turned and twisted me unmercifully, I was as putty in his hands; there was something hypnotic in that muttered stream of strange terms which his stenographer continued to transmit to paper. During these proceedings the graduate nurse anticipated, with exquisite deftness, the physician's every move. It was teamwork developed to the *n*th degree. Did he have need of an instrument, it was in his hands. Did he require stronger light, the room glowed. If he wanted more heat, it burned within arm's length—all without spoken word from him.

And when, finally, he had done with me, was this all? It was not. It was just about half.

'One of my assistants will make an appointment for you with my partner, Dr. A. He will give you the pelvic examination. You know he specializes along that line.'

Ten days later I received by mail a document which I at first mistook for somebody's last will and testament, mailed to me by mistake. It turned out to be my medical history as compiled in the offices of these two physicians. I should frame it if it were not twelve pages long, and if I could understand so much as a paragraph without referring to my Latin dictionary. As it is, I have laid it away to hand down to the children with other distinguished family records.

The result of these sessions with the diagnostician and his partner was that they pronounced me a sound woman, suffering only from overwork. I have often wondered, however, just what proportion of the bill that I received from them could be charged to overhead expense in the running of their offices.

VI

Not long ago I had an opportunity to ask a well-known member of the

New York Health Department, himself a practising physician in that city for many years, what, in his opinion, was the remedy for the financial burden which specialization in medicine imposes upon the average family, and I told him some of the personal experiences recounted above. He regarded me with the tolerant look which a wise man sometimes bestows on a foolish woman, and said:—

'There are thousands of women like yourself bringing up families of children on average incomes, and who, like you, feel that they have a right to those highly specialized services which doctors can give only at prices that none but the rich can afford. You do not realize that you are reaching for something beyond your grasp. It is just as if you were riding down Fifth Avenue in a Ford, and suddenly decided that you were entitled to a Rolls-Royce. Or as if you became dissatisfied with your string of beads when you saw a woman in a box at the opera wearing pearls. It is the middle-class woman reaching out for what only the rich woman can have. What all of you need is to utilize more of the knowledge of hygiene and preventive methods which the public-health services, and other educational agencies, place at your disposal. Then, with the aid of a good general practitioner, or family doctor, keep your families up to such high health-standards that the services of the specialist will not be needed to any great extent.'

This was common-sense, of course, but it left me unconvinced. I talked back to him, eminent man that he is. The best medical attention when they need it, for the people whom I love, is a vital thing to me, like good schools, or pure water, or clean milk. My child, no less than the child of the woman with the limousine or the string of pearls, is heir to and flower of the ages. I demand the best for him as passionately as she

demands the best for her own. Why should the splendid and thrilling results of specialization in modern medicine be employed for the benefit of two minority groups — those who are rich enough to pay enormous prices, and those who are poor enough to go to the clinic? What about the great middle class to which I belong?

To-day we still live in the country. Less than a mile from our house is the office of an excellent physician whom we fondly but fictitiously call our family doctor. But he is not a family doctor in the sense in which my parents knew the term. He does not attempt to cover the whole field of medicine. He too believes in the specialist, for he has us consult one whenever a situation arises that calls for a highly differentiated medical knowledge.

I believe that this family doctor of ours, in common with other general practitioners, is partly responsible for overspecialization in medicine. Because of the squeamish ethics for which the medical profession is noted, or because he feels that his patient has confidence in and desires specialized attention, the family doctor is too prone to recommend that a nervous woman or a fearful man go to the specialist for all sorts of simple operations, like throat-spraying, for instance, which could perfectly well be attended to by himself. The specialist, without fanfare of trumpets, or blare of advertising, has sold himself with complete success to the public. He is rapidly obscuring, as well as subjecting to unbearable economic pressure, the general practitioner, whose lieutenant he should be, and with whose services we of the middle class cannot afford to dispense.

What is the remedy for such a state of affairs? Does it lie in limiting the number of specialists? Will it be found, as some medical journals and several recent books ask uneasily, in the sup-

planting of the present system of individual medical practice by a system of state medicine, in which an efficiently administered public-health service shall be the physician of the people? Is the solution in group practice? Or in educating the public away from the specialist and back to the general practitioner? Or in a scale of medical fees based upon incomes?

The most gifted and successful young specialist whom I know has an interesting plan, not yet worked out as to detail, for relieving the pressure which the high medical costs impose upon certain classes. He would establish clinics, at which the man of small income would pay according to his ability to pay. Such clinics, my friend believes, would solve the problem for those of quite limited income as free clinics have solved it for the very poor. This young specialist honestly means to work out this plan of salvation. But when I consider the enormous overhead expense which he incurs in the practice of his specialty, and the increasing number of wealthy and important patients who wait in his reception rooms, I wonder if he will not, as years go by, be too busy and too prominent to think about it at all.

VII

This question of specialism in medicine, and the resulting high costs of medical service, are problematic to doctors no less than to a restive public. The forward-looking physician sees in the numerous subdivisions of medical practice that exist to-day an economic menace to the whole of his profession. Obviously the system must topple if it becomes more complicated. He realizes that the practice of medicine must be reorganized, but so far as I am aware he has not as yet come forward with a programme looking toward a solution.

If any doctor or layman thinks it impertinent of a plain, everyday woman to make the suggestions that follow, let him come forward with better.

First, there should be fewer and better specialists. In saying this I do not mean to detract from the contributions made by the specialist to surgery, bacteriology, and other branches of modern medicine. But it is a fact acknowledged by members of the medical profession that many specialists embark upon their careers with inadequate preparation. Let the national and state medical organizations require of a man three years at least of general practice before he becomes a specialist. Five years would be better.

Second, we need not fewer, but more and better general practitioners, with better equipment at their command. These practitioners must deserve and must have our confidence.

Third, there should be some method whereby specialists' fees may be fixed, not according to the supposed, but according to the actual income of the patient. The doctor has every right to ask and to learn the patient's income. I would go further. There are circumstances under which I believe the patient has the right to inquire as to the doctor's, and to receive a truthful answer.

Fourth, all doctors must find some way in which to cut down on the present senseless and unnecessary overhead expense, if the cost of medical attention is to be lowered. This might be done by a common use of reception rooms, a practice which I understand is gaining in certain Western cities; by the substitution of a common laboratory for expensive individual equipment, and by combining on the services of bookkeepers, attendants, and office nurses.

The responsibility by no means rests wholly with the doctor. The layman can do much to help the situation. He should demand the best general practitioners, and he should depend more upon them and less upon the specialist. Also he should realize that the health of the community is the health of the individual. He should insist that our boards of public health be in the hands of professionally competent physicians.

Finally, one important point rests with us women. We are both unwilling and unable to nurse the children that we bear; we are bringing up a bottled-fed generation. Despite our enlightened knowledge of hygiene and sanitation, such a generation is but too likely to stand in need of all the doctors and dentists that the times can supply.

The cost of hospital accommodations is another menace to the pocketbooks of the middle class. Recently a neighbor of mine hurried her boy to the Children's Hospital in the city near us, where a gland in his neck was opened by the ear specialist whom her doctor had called in. She arrived at the hospital at eight o'clock in the evening, the operation was performed at ten that night, and she carried the boy home at eight next morning. She had no special nurse, but took care of him through the night herself, with the aid of the ward nurse. The hospital bill for the night was thirty-one dollars, itemized as follows: 'Room, eight dollars; use of operating-room, ten dollars; anæsthetist's fee, ten dollars; laboratory examination, three dollars.'

These suggestions are made in the humble spirit of a layman who acknowledges a large debt of affection and thankfulness to many men of the medical profession.

THE SECOND FORGOTTEN MAN

BY F. LYMAN WINDOLPH

I

I SHOULD say at the outset, perhaps, that my title bears no relation to Mr. Norman Hall's striking story in the *March Atlantic*. My mind reverts to the year 1883, when Professor William Graham Sumner, for many years Professor of Sociology at Yale University, delivered a lecture entitled 'The Forgotten Man.' Most schemes of social reform, Professor Sumner said, proceed along the following lines: 'As soon as A observes something which seems to him to be wrong, from which X is suffering, A talks it over with B, and A and B then propose to get a law passed to remedy the evil and help X. This law always proposes to determine what C shall do for X, or, in the better case, what A, B, and C shall do for X. As for A and B, who get a law to make themselves do for X what they are willing to do for him, we have nothing to say except that they might better have done it without any law, but what I want to do is to look up C. I want to show you what manner of man he is. I call him the Forgotten Man.'

This is all very well so far as it goes, but it appears to me that there are two forgotten men instead of one in the cast of Professor Sumner's little drama. There is C, whom A and B seek to compel to help X, but there is also X, whom A and B seek to help. Usually X has not asked help from anyone and is not consulted about whether he needs help or not. I call him the Second Forgotten Man, and what I want to do is

to discuss his connection with some of the problems of popular lawmaking.

The concept of law is, I suppose, one of the very oldest in the history of civilization. In every moderately advanced state of society, except that of early England, the word 'law' has had only one significance — namely, a rule prescribed by a superior. A given situation has arisen and people have said, 'What was the decree of the chief in cases like this?' or 'What is the decree of the chief in this case?' or 'Let the tribe vote to decide what shall be done,' or 'What do the wise men say?' or, what is in practice the same as the last, 'What is the will of the god?' Now our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, at least in England, never asked questions or made statements at all like these. Instead they asked a paradoxical question. Whether the paradox implied in the question is true or false or partly true and partly false will appear hereafter. But the question was: 'What is the law?' This means that our ancestors regarded the law, not as a rule laid down by anybody to meet the exigencies of a particular case or set of cases, but as an existing thing and a thing which had existed from 'time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.' To borrow a theological expression, they habitually thought of law as something begotten, not made.

One of the necessary results of this conception is interest in and regard for ancient customs. If the law is indeed

immemorially old, there is no better evidence of what the law is than time-honored practices, and the older a practice is the better evidence it becomes. You remember what Sir Richard, the Norman, says about his Saxon friend in *Puck of Pook's Hill*: 'His Saxons would laugh and jest with Hugh, and Hugh with them, and — this was marvelous to me — if even the meanest of them said that such and such a thing was the Custom of the Manor, then straightway would Hugh and such old men of the Manor as might be near forsake everything else to debate the matter — I have seen them stop the mill with the corn half ground — and if the custom or usage were proven to be as it was said, why, that was the end of it, even though it were flat against Hugh, his wish and command. Wonderful!'

So it came about in England that all men knew the exact rights of a widow in her deceased husband's estate and the precise penalty for cutting off a man's hand, not only centuries before there was a written law governing these subjects, but centuries before there was any formal declaration, whether written or oral, that a widow had any rights in her deceased husband's estate, or any formal prohibition against doing hurt to one's neighbor. And in theory, as I have said, a man did one thing and avoided another, not out of deference to custom, but out of deference to law. The law already existed and the custom was evidence of it — that was all.

All this is interesting enough as a mere matter of legal history, but the really important question is how much truth there is in the proposition that the law exists antecedently to any written or oral statement of it and that the office of courts and legislative bodies is only to declare the law. In one sense — though a sense which is, I think, both narrow and superficial — the proposi-

tion is certainly not true. I mean that when a new condition arises in the world — as, for instance, by the invention of the aeroplane — it is absurd to suppose that there is, *eo instante*, a law to meet the precise condition thus created. All that the common law has to say about aeroplanes is that the owner of land owns the air above the land as high as to the sky — a pronouncement which was born in an age when a man could not make use of air to a greater height than he could build, and which, consequently, will not square with the facts of the present day.

But, in a much wider and deeper sense, I think that the proposition of the common law is true. I will go a step further. The truth which lies at the centre of it is the same truth which lies at the centre of democracy, and upon a realization of that truth the health and safety of our American body politic and the integrity of our contribution to the political heritage of the future very largely depend. In order to justify these convictions, something must be said, if only by way of definition, about the nature of democracy.

II

The word 'democracy' is commonly used to mean, first, a political party — in the United States — as opposed to Republicanism; secondly, a form of government — sometimes called a pure democracy — as opposed to a republic; and, thirdly, a form of state, as opposed to a monarchy or an aristocracy. In what follows I am using the word only in the third sense.

Now democracy in this sense is indeed partly conceptual and approximate — becoming rather than being, evolving rather than evolved. The ideal democracy, like the kingdom of God, does not exist, and perhaps will

never exist, on earth; but a faith in democracy presupposes, and the practice of democracy requires, the existence of a popular will which may be determined at least with a working degree of accuracy from day to day. Let me illustrate what I mean by referring to the common experience known as 'making up one's mind' — a phrase which, rightly considered, is itself enlightening.

I suppose a man approaches most of the important questions of his life with conflicting preferences. Ambition urges him, let us say, to run for public office. Prudence suggests that in doing so he will be likely to neglect his business. Perhaps what he conceives to be his duty to his family impels him in one direction and what he conceives to be his duty to his state or nation in another. A dozen other considerations pull him this way and that. Some of these considerations may be selfish and some unselfish, or they may be all selfish or all unselfish. At any rate, after a longer or shorter period of indecision, the man is said to 'make up his mind,' and thereafter the whole man is determined to run for office or not to run, as the case may be. Democracy has staked everything upon the proposition that the mind of a people may be made up in like manner from the discordant inclinations of all the individuals concerned.

I am aware that the proposition just stated has been regarded as fanciful by Dean Inge and others, who contend that democracy means the rule of the majority and nothing more. I do not wonder that the Dean, having accepted this definition, has little zeal for democratic institutions. If the United States were governed by a single despot who ordered my head to be cut off next Monday morning I should feel, to put it mildly, exceedingly ill used. But if the United States were governed

by an oligarchy of one hundred and this oligarchy ordered my head to be cut off next Monday morning I should feel equally ill used. Finally, if the Constitution of the United States were amended in a perfectly lawful way — as it might be — so as to permit the President to designate those whose heads were to be cut off next Monday morning, and the President, in the exercise of the discretion vested in him, ordered my head to be cut off, I should not be comforted in the smallest degree by the assurance that a substantial majority of my fellow citizens were in favor of the whole proceeding. If this be democracy, there is indeed only one reason for being a democrat, and that a very selfish one — namely, that, whereas I should have only one chance in a hundred million of being the absolute monarch of the United States and only one chance in a million of belonging to an oligarchy of a hundred, I have, as between myself and the whole number of voting electors, a little more than one chance in two of being on the winning side at every election. In brief, such a theory leaves the forgotten man, if he happens to be in the minority, as completely forgotten in a democracy as anywhere else.

But democracy, as I see it, is not fundamentally concerned with majorities or minorities at all. What democracy assumes is unanimity — that is to say, a common mind. This assumption is, in practice, never entirely true, and yet, as Professor Santayana has pointed out, we vote only about minor matters. The really significant fact about a presidential election in the United States is not how many voters are Republicans and how many Democrats, but rather that all of the voters presumably regard either a Republican or a Democratic administration as desirable from one point of view and at least tolerable from any other. 'Were this

not the case, a decision by vote would be as alien a fatality to any minority as the decree of a foreign tyrant, and at every election the right of rebellion would come into play. . . . To leave a decision to the majority is like leaving it to chance — a fatal procedure unless one is willing to have it either way. . . . It is therefore actually required that juries, whose decisions may really be of moment, should be unanimous; and parliaments and elections are never more satisfactory than when a wave of national feeling runs through them and there is no longer any minority nor any need of voting.'

Democracy, says Professor Santayana, in substance, presupposes fundamental unanimity, and in a hearty and sound democracy the office of a representative assembly is only to announce the decision which has already been arrived at. The common law presupposes that laws are first born and afterward declared by judges and legislators. It is clear that these two suppositions are, in effect, one and the same, or, to put the matter in another way, that the Anglo-Saxon conception of law is essentially democratic in character. And so we return from politics to law and to the Second Forgotten Man. His connection with the problems of popular lawmaking arises chiefly in determining the limits of what are loosely called police powers.

III

I desire to be as concrete as possible, because it is always in the concrete that disagreements about the police power occur, and, accordingly, let us suppose in the first place that X is a man who keeps his pigs in the parlor. I am aware that I have a natural predisposition toward liberalism, and yet that man, at least if he lives in a city, will get no help from me. It will avail him nothing to say that he is the lawful owner of both

the pigs and the parlor, or that his ancestors have kept pigs in the parlor time out of mind. I am satisfied that the practice is a menace not only to the health of the owner of the pigs but to that of others as well, and I will willingly support any law or ordinance intended to put a stop to it. I am sure that every reader of this paper will agree with me.

Let us look now at the other side of the shield and let us suppose, in the second place, that X is a man who desires to eat five meals a day. I know a number of such men. Suppose it to be proved, as indeed I think it might be, that dyspepsia causes some of the most poignant and terrible ills of life. Suppose that if all the dyspeptics in the United States were marched two abreast down Pennsylvania Avenue it would require forty-seven months for the ghastly procession to pass the national Capitol. Suppose that the amount paid annually to doctors and druggists as the direct result of indigestion would, if expended annually in the erection and maintenance of schools and colleges, wipe out illiteracy in the United States in the course of a single generation. Suppose that a dyspeptic husband means an illtreated wife and unhealthy children, and that a nation of dyspeptics means a nation of overflowing jails and crowded almshouses. Suppose, I say, that all these things were conclusively proved to be true. I think that every one of my readers would still be opposed to a law forbidding the preparation of *pâté de foie gras*, or fixing the number of meals which a man may lawfully eat in twenty-four hours.

Well, somewhere between pigs in the parlor and *pâté de foie gras* runs the line which marks the proper limits of the police power.

I am satisfied that nearly all our difficulties in matters of this sort would be

resolved by paying attention to the principle of the common law of which so much mention has been made—that is, by ceasing to ask ourselves whether the practice laid down by such and such a proposed statute is, of and by itself, good or bad, and by asking ourselves what the current practice, whether intrinsically good or bad, actually is.

The fact that a given sort of conduct makes in a general way for good health and good morals is a valid reason for urging that sort of conduct upon everyone, but, without more, it is no reason at all for imposing it on anyone. You cannot make a law to determine what conduct shall be, because the stubborn fact is that, in a democracy, it is conduct which determines what the law shall be. If we are all in favor of fining the man who keeps his pigs in the parlor, I suggest that the reason is that keeping pigs in the parlor falls short of the sanitary standards generally observed in towns and cities throughout the United States, and if we are all opposed to limiting the amount which a man may lawfully eat, I suggest that the reason is that Americans habitually eat as much as they please. If keeping pigs in the parlor were more dangerous to society than overeating, that fact would, in my opinion, be entirely irrelevant. In truth, it is much less dangerous to society than overeating, but that fact is equally irrelevant. The proper limits of the police power change from generation to generation and from day to day, but these limits, at any given time, are fixed by the public opinion of that time, and the best evidence of public opinion is not what men say but what men customarily do.

The consequence is that, to borrow a phrase made famous by President Cleveland, it is a condition, rather than a theory, which confronts us. I suppose

that in achieving the condition ethical considerations are sometimes involved which are not wholly free from doubt. There is probably no sensible person who believes literally that all the statutes on the books ought to be enforced. On the other hand, a man is certainly not justified in violating every statute of which he happens to disapprove. The blue laws are obsolete, but what moral judgment shall we pass upon the first man in the United States who said to himself that he was going to work in his garden on Sunday whether the law forbade it or not? He was a lawbreaker, but he stands vindicated by the practice of posterity. The point is, however, that by being a lawbreaker he initiated the very practice by which he stands vindicated. In any event, it will not do to dismiss the subject by saying that good citizens ought to obey the law of the land. Such a statement is contrary to the whole weight of our political traditions because it ignores the underlying question, 'What is the law of the land?'

I remember being taught in public school a story about how William Penn was once tried in England for refusing to take off his hat to a magistrate. He had been indicted under an act of Parliament duly and regularly passed, and he did not contradict the witnesses who testified against him. The judge who tried the case charged the jury that the guilt or innocence of the accused was necessarily for them to decide, but that, under the law and the evidence, a verdict of guilty was the only one which could conceivably be arrived at. The jury, without leaving the jury box, returned a verdict of not guilty, and the judge berated them from the bench for violating their oaths.

I am bound to say that, if the judge and not the jury was intended as the hero of this story, my teacher and I

both misread our text in a most singular fashion.

But if it be answered that the history of England in the eighteenth century is full of obnoxious and tyrannical laws, it becomes necessary to turn to the history of the United States in the nineteenth century. The Fugitive Slave Law was adopted by Congress in accordance with every legal formality, and the Dred Scott decision represented the deliberate judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States. For all that, the representatives of the Southern States correctly appraised the situation when they opposed the modification of the Fugitive Slave Law so as to secure trial by jury to Negroes arrested as fugitives, on the ground that no Northern jury would ever return a Negro; and I know of no instance in which the operations of the 'underground railroad' came to an end out of respect for the conclusion expressed by our highest court in the Dred Scott decision. It happens that I am proud of these facts and believe that the men who conducted the underground railroad were not the worse citizens on that account. Such a feeling on my part is, perhaps, merely the result of a geographical accident, but every American has been brought up to be proud in one connection or another because his ancestors in both the Old and the New World had the courage to assert in conduct as well as in debate that not all statutes are really laws.

IV

It is a charge frequently made against our laws that they are always behind, never abreast or ahead of, public opinion. Of course the answer is that a law, whether intrinsically good or bad, which is ahead of public opinion is simply no law at all. The way to get a law, as our ancestors knew well

enough, is to practise it first and to promulgate it afterward. A penal code does not precede, but follows, an orderly civilization. When the members of a community go to church and refrain from work and diversion on Sunday they will make statutes commanding regular attendance at church and forbidding Sabbath-breaking. When the descendants of such men and women have lost their ancestors' passionate unanimity in religious matters, they do not repeal the statutes of their ancestors, but they cease to follow their ancestors' ways. It is worth mentioning that the intermittent efforts to repeal the so-called blue laws have never won much support from those who are, within the definition of such laws, Sabbath-breakers. In the main the Sabbath-breakers have been content to follow a very ancient tradition and let well enough alone. If the way to make a law is to follow a practice, the way to repeal a law is to discontinue the practice; and a law that nobody observes is no law at all.

But if it is sometimes charged — as I think, without much understanding of what a law is and what a statute ought to be — that our laws are unprogressive in the sense of not being abreast of the supposed best thought of the age, it is likewise charged that they are too numerous and that there is in America a growing disrespect for law. There is certainly truth in these charges, but, curiously enough, they are often made as if the facts underlying them constituted grounds for separate indictments, instead of being related to one another by way of cause and effect. Thus Kipling, referring to the American, speaks of the spirit

That bids him flout the law he makes,
That bids him make the law he flouts —

as if the American must be a perverse man indeed, since he greatly desires

to make a law and at the same time to break it. Such a criticism is neither fair nor true. What is happening is that our legislative bodies are making entirely too many statutes which, from the Anglo-Saxon standpoint, do not possess the sanction of genuine laws, since they do not represent the practice, and sometimes not even the aspirations, of the great mass of the people. The result is that established practices continue more or less as they were, and, along with their continuance, there is a growing disrespect for statutory law. This is a bad thing, but it begets in the minds of unthinking people a disrespect for all law, which is a much worse thing.

I am aware that for some time I have been very close to the vexed subject of Prohibition, and I do not wish to seem to avoid that vexing discussion too sedulously. To treat it here, however, might draw a red herring across my trail, and I will merely say parenthetically that the supposed invasion by Prohibition of the right of the individual citizen to personal liberty is not among the reasons which have influenced my opinion on this subject. Robinson Crusoe had no legal rights, and, according to my political philosophy, no man has any legal right to personal liberty except the right which the state gives him. Moreover, all laws restrict personal liberty in some sense, and all police regulations, of which I concede many to be valid, restrict it in precisely the same sense as Prohibition. On the other hand, I am not in any wise to be moved by the argument that total abstinence would be a good thing for everyone — conceding, *arguendo*, that it would be a good thing for everyone, which I doubt. This, as I see it, is the old fallacy that, because the world would be better if the law were so and so, you can make it so merely by

passing a statute. You cannot do that, because our law depends not on what public opinion ought to be but on what it is. I have said that the best evidence of public opinion is what people do rather than what they say, and I repeat that here. Of course I cannot speak for all parts of the country. Perhaps good citizens did not drink in Kansas prior to the adoption of Prohibition, and, if so, there can be no valid objection to Prohibition in Kansas — at least on the grounds now under consideration — and the Volstead Act merely operates in restraint of the criminal class and for the discipline of casual visitors. All this may be true, for all I know, in Kansas. But, so far as my own observation goes, Prohibition, whatever its abstract merits may be, seems to me to have become a statute before it was a law, and in consequence of that fact a large number of the readers of the *Atlantic*, who are supposed to be — and I think are — average Americans or better, violate the Eighteenth Amendment every week.

A final question remains: What about the future, about the law of to-morrow and of the day after to-morrow? Perhaps there is nothing in history more touching than the naïve faith of the first generation of Americans in the results of public education. The men and women of that generation felt, it seems, that the little red schoolhouse at the crossroads would, of and by itself, ensure for all time the health and safety of the body politic. We know now, by bitter experience, that that hope was, in part, ill founded. The ability to read and write is not necessarily incompatible with bad judgment or bad morals. Neither is a common school education an unfailing assurance of public spirit and sound economic views. On the contrary, a man who can

read and write is perhaps as likely to be a thief as an illiterate man, and, if he is a thief, he will be more dangerous to society than if he were illiterate.

And yet, in the largest sense, the instinct of our fathers in the matter of public education was wise and sound, and all our hopes for the future rest where their hopes rested. It is easier to discipline than it is to teach, and it is easier to make statutes than to preach sermons; but a statute that merely represents an aspiration is, after all, only a sermon out of place. Unless we deny the faith of our fathers, the only way to make better laws is to make better

men. For the theory of law which I have been expounding is only the legal side of democracy, whose creed is that every man has a voice to be heard; and democracy is only the political side of Christianity, whose creed is that every man has a soul to be saved. And just as we see more clearly every day that, at long last, there can be no salvation worth having for any man without salvation for all men, the perfect democracy will never be realized upon earth until the last man comes in. Politically speaking, dissent means damnation, and in a democracy, as I conceive it, there ought to be no forgotten men.

NANDI IN POUND

BY OSWALD COULDREY

THREE of us were sitting in the twilight beside the tennis courts of the Tanjore Club and talking of the rope-trick and of Indian conjuring generally. Thence we proceeded — as conversation tends to be more sustained and intimate when a club is nearly empty — to discuss yet more generally magic, mystery, and miracle; and Ellis, the D. S. P., complained that he had been fifteen years in India, the reputed home of mysteries, and had yet never seen or heard at first hand anything which would have puzzled the veriest rationalist. He probably said this with the object of drawing Harrington out.

Harrington was himself something of a mystery, as well as a dabbler in mysteries. He affected theosophy, and was popularly supposed to be a Hindu in religion. He seldom came to the club, and it was notoriously hard to

make him talk, and I think we others were delighted and rather awed — I certainly was — when he responded with the curious piece of latter-day mythology which follows here. I was particularly interested at once because I was myself expecting to be transferred to the part of the country of which he spoke; and the details of his story have remained fixed in my memory because I afterward came to know the part in question at first hand.

I have set down the story in the first person and more or less in Harrington's manner, which was a little pontifical when the preliminaries had been disposed of. These preliminaries elicited the fact that his heroine, a German missionary's wife, had been slightly known to Ellis, who was Harrington's contemporary; but I need not trouble the reader with them further, nor with

certain other exchanges, natural as among 'men on the spot,' which occurred in the course of the narrative.

I

It would better suit the poetic justice of my story if I could represent Mrs. Amelung as a notable persecutor of the ancient faith, which her husband was engaged to assail. As a matter of fact, she did not take her husband's apostolic vocation very seriously. She cared, in fact, 'for none of these things.' Perhaps the gods, like earthly kings, find it easier to forgive their personal opponents than those who flout the pretensions of their kind in general. Mrs. Amelung was a delightfully natural woman. Gods and men who served her purposes — and she was full of curious purposes — found her charming; but gods and men who stood in her way were liable to be roughly handled.

The Amelungs lived in a pleasant house on the far slope of the Vemoru hill, at S — in the Andhra country. Missionaries often have highly 'desirable' bungalows, don't they? The Amelungs' house was one of the best-built and most healthily situated in the neighborhood. In my eyes its very loneliness, which Mrs. Amelung constantly bewailed, added to its charm. One should not indeed covet one's neighbor's house, and I ought to have been the last to covet Amelung's, for I was his nearest neighbor; but I was often disposed to offend the very letter of the first count — no more! — of this very exacting law.

But it was the Vemoru hill itself, rather than the house thereon, that caught my youthful fancy. In the appointments of the house there was something ultra-Victorian, something Albertian, perhaps, which would have suffocated after a time, fascinating as it

was in that outlandish solitude. But the hill was altogether divine. I could see the hill, though not the house, from my garden-end. It rose impressively from the maize fields into the southern sky, a long rampart of red sandstone brushed with a yellow light, of silken grass. The whole upland was uncultivated, and a number of banyan groves gave its broad rolling farther slope a parklike and half-English air which I found very grateful, for I was new to exile, and liked sometimes to escape from the insistent palms and prosperous monotony of the plain. I used to wander among the brakes and groves with a gun, ostensibly in search of hare and partridge, but intent rather upon the bloodless visual spoil of the hill itself and the broad views which its knolls afforded in all directions of tilth and marshland, jungle and hill. Oftenest of all I would gaze where the great vision of the river seemed, like Homer's Ocean, to bound the level world on the west with its long bands of sea-blue stream and golden sand, themselves later to become the gray-and-silver threshold, and as it were an earthly reflex, of the golden-banded sunset. Like a visible goddess of the wild, the fascination of that marvelous river-prospect saved the life of many an innocent hare.

These transcendental rambles of mine often came to an end in the twilight at the Amelungs' comfortable bungalow. Mrs. Amelung always seemed glad to see me, for she was a woman of parts and spirit, and lonely in the wilderness. She had not always been lonely on the hill. The house, it seems, had once been a favorite place of resort with the younger officials of the neighborhood who, in the first years of exile and loneliness, found themselves drawn — as I was later drawn — by the homely comfort of her house and by her half-motherly, half-Bohemian

temper and ripe experience of the country. With the little colony of engineers, who watched our benign but wayward river at the headworks of the great dam a few miles away, her word had once been law. In the end, they say, she stretched her authority too far. Many of her former courtiers in time became heads of departments, and she is said to have once used the influence thus acquired to call down fire from heaven upon a young man who had offended her. Like the wicked wasp in the adage, she had her revenge but lost her sting, for the rest grew shy of her from that day forward, and her court melted away. Once when she and I had quarreled, being herself entirely in the wrong, — she had wantonly insulted a young Indian friend of mine, after repeatedly asking me to bring him to see her, — she threatened, I remember, to 'break' me, as she called it; as if history should pathetically threaten to repeat herself!

Such displays of frightfulness, however, were happily rare. For the most part she was an entertaining woman in every sense of the word. She knew her Anglo-India better than Kipling — of the real India she knew, if possible, even less than he — and abounded in out-of-the-way gossip and obsolete scandal. Her cooking, her curries, her preserves of tropic fruit, were as inimitable and piquant as her conversation. She had all a German woman's pride of housewifery. She ruled her household with a rod of iron, and joined to the hospitable mood a curious mania for thrift. As a young bachelor, I was often oppressed in those days with the cares of house-keeping and the knaveries of servants, and I often sought her counsel. We turned over many account books together, and I had to admit that her establishment was run at a marvelously low figure. I am afraid my education hardly went beyond the stage of stupid

wonder. Possibly my preceptress never intended that it should. Indeed, many of the refinements of her mystery were probably incommunicable — as my story will suggest.

Very characteristic of her arbitrary temper and eccentric thrift was her treatment of the villagers' cattle that strayed into her paddock. Her husband — or the Mission — had claimed and enclosed a certain area around the house, thus forming a number of paddocks where the grass grew very thick, though of course it was green for only four months of the year. The paddocks were divided from the bosky wilds beyond by a low ditch, but not otherwise enclosed. Vemoru hill was the common grazing-ground of the surrounding villages, some of them several miles away; and the innocent kine often trespassed across the Amelungs' ditch and proceeded to graze, untroubled by thorny bushes, on the level sward. Now there stood in the Amelungs' paddock a dilapidated cattle-pound, a relic of a former occupation of the site by military engineers, perhaps those who built the dam in the sixties, on the ruins of whose lonely mess-house the Amelungs' bungalow was built. Into this pound Mrs. Amelung regularly conducted the erring cattle in question, and refused to let them go without payment of a fixed ransom, which was somewhat less than that prescribed at the Government pound in the nearest village.

Whether she derived any considerable revenue from this curious procedure I do not know. The villagers naturally resented it, and there were times when feeling ran very high on the subject. My own sympathies were with the villagers, chiefly, I believe, because I myself was a sufferer from a somewhat similar instance of Mrs. Amelung's methods. When her gateless drive was damp and soft in the rainy season she would sometimes place

a palmyra-stem across it on trestles, to prevent carts and carriages from entering. It never occurred to her to hang a light on the barrier, and a pony of mine went within a yard of falling over it in the dark. This practice, in spite of protests, remained in favor with Mrs. Amelung as long as our acquaintance lasted, but her system of impoundment was abandoned under very curious circumstances.

II

One evening I found the servants in a state of much perturbation. 'Misses making plenty trouble,' said the butler, Pentayya, who was adjusting a lamp on the verandah. 'Misses putting Nandi in the pound.'

'Putting *who*?' said I, laughing.

'Nandi. Hindu people's god. Big bull-god. Shiva's riding-bull. Eating Misses' "morning-glory." (This was Mrs. Amelung's favorite creeper.) 'Misses putting in pound. Servants plenty fearing!'

I remembered that Mrs. Amelung had lately been engaged in a quarrel with the priests of a neighboring Shaiva temple, whose cattle she had impounded in the usual manner. Yes, Nandi is the name of the *Vāhanam* or 'vehicle' of Shiva, the bull upon which he is represented as riding. His sculptured image reposes before every shrine of the Great Ascetic. I half suspected some conspiracy on the part of the priests.

'Nonsense, Pentayya,' I said. 'Are you not a Christian? You don't believe that rubbish?'

'I very good Christian, Master. Nandi plenty big devil,' said he, and continued staring at me until the arrival of his mistress from upstairs put him to precipitate flight.

Mrs. Amelung was in high spirits. She was a stoutish woman with flaxen hair and a red face that reminded me of a Roman centurion, though it had

evidently been once very handsome. She promptly guessed what Pentayya had been speaking of, and broached the subject forthwith.

'But you ought to see him,' she said. 'He is a splendid animal. You admire fine cattle, do you not? He is larger than the bull that walks in the town bazaar, and mighty prettily dressed. Some rich vagabond's Gangireddu, I suppose. Here, Abraham, bring a light, and show Master the Nandi.'

After more summoning, Abraham, a brown slip of a lad who looked as if he would not carry his name well for many years to come,—all the Hebrew patriarchs and many of the prophets were represented in Mrs. Amelung's household,—appeared with a hurricane lantern. He was obviously frightened, and seemed ready to vanish again upon the least occasion. Roundly adjured by his mistress, he led the way to the paddock, but refused to go near the pound, and Mrs. Amelung was obliged to take the lantern from him and hold it over the enclosure.

'Is he not a beauty?' she asked proudly, as if showing off one of her own possessions. 'I had to put him into the pound myself; the servants were afraid to face him. But he is perfectly gentle. Look at the size of his limbs.'

I looked.

The cattle of those parts are grand creatures, but I have never seen such a bull as that which now lay before us in the dark, fantastically streaked by the light of Mrs. Amelung's lantern. His bulk, as he lay, and the scale of his majestic head were colossal, and I could well understand the terror of poor little Abraham; but there was a magnificent grace also in the sweep of the vast shoulder-line, the droop and overfold of the ponderous dewlap, the shapely mass of the many-wrinkled neck and the broad hummock into which it rose, like the scroll of a marble throne or

a shoreward-gathering wave in that Ocean of Milk which Indian poets feign, and from which, they say, the gods were born. The animal wore a bridle, collar, and other trappings of unfamiliar design, the precise character of which I vainly tried to make out in the uncertain glimmer of the lantern. It seemed mainly to consist of a rich filigree of some strange dark metal, which reminded me somehow of the fabulous work of dwarfs; and there were details of what looked like silver and gold, and sometimes the colored sparkle as of a gem.

It is the custom in the Telugu country for a certain kind of semireligious mendicant to lead about the villages bulls garishly dressed with patchwork stuffs, scarfs, fringes, and little bells. These animals perform simple tricks, and are known as Gangireddu; they probably represent a survival among the common folk of some barbarous cult, now somehow incorporated with the worship of Vishnu. But the finery of the beast before us seemed to be of a more distinguished order altogether. The creature was couched sideways with one foreleg lifted, in the identical posture prescribed of old for the bull-god Nandi in the *Silpa-shastra*, or Canons of Statuary, as illustrated in the forecourt of every Shaiva temple — a circumstance which I should have considered more remarkable if this had not been the favorite position of ease among our mundane cattle also.

I naturally knew little in those days about a system of thought and faith which I have since come to regard, in its purer manifestations, as perhaps the noblest of all religions for a thinking man; but I was already attracted by the picturesque detail of its popular forms, and even posed among my own countrymen as something of an authority on Hindu ritual — a pretension which I fortunately found it fairly easy

to maintain upon a very moderate equipment.

'This is no Gangireddu that you have caught, Mrs. Amelung,' I said sententiously. 'See, it is Shiva's emblem, not Vishnu's, that he carries on his forehead. I wonder if I could buy that collar of his. It seems to be of most remarkable workmanship.'

While I yet spoke a light seemed to grow in the eye of the statuesque monster in the pound, and with a terrific trumpeting snort, which the great sounding-board of his body changed into a roar like that of a tiger, he swung and lifted first his huge hind-quarters and then his whole stature into the air, and stood gazing before him with pleasure and expectation alive in every line. Poor little Abraham collapsed with a sob and a shiver upon the grass as I turned to seek the cause of the beast's excitement.

'Now 's your chance, if you want to bargain,' said Mrs. Amelung. 'Here is the Zangam' — a kind of hedge priest — 'come to claim him.'

III

A tall man stood upon the grass in the dusk about a dozen yards away. He was apparently a yogi or ascetic, but not, I could see at once, of the vulgar sort suggested by Mrs. Amelung. He wore a piece of tiger-skin about his loins, and a string of large beads about his neck, and his hair was piled and coiled in a great mass upon his head. His skin shone through the gloom with a low lustre, which I took to be the effect of the ash with which such anchorites commonly smear themselves; though the appearance was rather as if the whole body was chiseled in some fine marble. His face showed the light beard of early manhood, but was itself neither young nor old; spare and severe, but ineffably tranquil and beautiful.

Upon his brow there glimmered what looked like a caste mark of a peculiar shape, somewhat resembling a closed eye set on end. As he stood there with his back to the failing afterglow, rolling in his fingers what I guessed to be a little ball of the symbolic ash, the long horizontal bars of the sacred river of the Andhras appeared to spring like the streamers of an aura from his head, and the young moon rested, like a brooch, upon his hair. At the same time I became conscious, in the vague way that is not unusual, yet now in a sense unusually solemn, of the presence of an idea, an image, a moment, that I had somewhere known before.

'Who are you, pray,' I heard Mrs. Amelung say in Telugu, 'and what do you want?'

'My name,' said the votarist in a still, clear voice, 'is Chandra-sekhara, and I am come to fetch my bull.'

The words themselves meant no more to me in my ignorance than they would have meant to any other Englishman; yet they went through me with a strange thrill, in which sweetness was somehow mixed with dread.

But Mrs. Amelung burst forth at once in a characteristic tone between scolding and banter.

'Why don't you take proper care of your bull, Mr. Chandra-sekhara? He has been trampling around my compound all the afternoon, eating up my best creepers, and frightening the servants out of their wits. He is in pound now, and you can't have him out unless you pay me two annas.'

The newcomer seemed to be taken aback.

'I have no money, lady,' he replied at last. 'I am only a poor ascetic; but I will give you this,' and he held out the ash which he was rolling in his fingers. This ash is treated by the elect as a sort of sacrament.

Before the lady could reply — rather

luckily, as I thought — the note of a bell, singularly sweet in tone, rang out behind us, followed by the clatter of bamboos falling. The great bull stumbled out of the enclosure, kicking down the barrier like the merest reeds, and began placidly to walk toward his master.

But Mrs. Amelung promptly laid her hand upon the great neck as the animal reached her. The bull at once came to a stand, huge and patient as an Assyrian sculpture.

'Not so fast,' cried the imperious dame. 'I must have my proper fee, or I shall send your bull to the Government pound in the village, and you will have to pay four annas instead of two.'

There was another long pause, as if the ascetic were faced with a situation quite new to him. Then he spoke again.

'Lady, I have told you that I am an ascetic. Ashes are my only wealth. How shall I pay you money?'

'You can beg it quickly enough,' cried Mrs. Amelung, who appeared to be irritated by the quiet manner of the anchorite. 'I know you holy beggars. You are rich enough on the sly. Look at the trappings of this performing animal of yours! What is the use of your sacred ash to me?' she continued, her tirade gathering momentum as it ran. 'Do you think I am going to smear it across my forehead, or all over my chest and shoulders, like the foolish pilgrims in the temple yonder?'

An elvish smile crossed the tranquil face of the ascetic.

'You can wear it,' he said, 'in your hair,' and he deftly tossed the little ball of ash into the air, where it broke into a faint cloud that fell slowly around Mrs. Amelung's head.

All the conventions should have moved me to interfere at this, but the action was so sudden that for the moment I remained rooted to the ground as if bewitched. Mrs. Amelung recoiled

a little, and lifted her hand from the neck of the bull to brush aside the silver shower.

At once the bull stepped forward and strode with a soft music of bells to his master; and the naked anchorite, placing his hand behind the creature's hump, leaped lightly on his back and rode away. He sat sideways carelessly, as I have seen many a naked cowherd-boy ride on a buffalo; but as he rode into the ebbing sunset I thought again that the young moon rested in his hair. At the same moment a wide but gentle wind, rustling all the foliage of the hill, arose behind us like the sigh that follows ineffable beatitude, and the whole atmosphere seemed to move into the west, as if some vast presence were quietly withdrawn.

But Mrs. Amelung, with whom in the meanwhile bewilderment was clearing into wrath, noticed nothing of all this.

'What insolence!' she cried at last, turning to me furiously. 'Why don't you go after him and stop him?'

'Better let him go,' I said, pacifying her, for in simple truth I was afraid. 'He won't bother you again. Let us go on to the verandah.'

At that moment her husband, who all this while had apparently been writing in his room, came out, attracted by the altercation. He asked what the trouble was about.

'Your wife has been quarreling with the temple people again,' I managed to say with a proper show of levity.

'A Sadhu, a most impertinent fellow,' said Mrs. Amelung. 'He threw some ash at me. Go and stop him, Oscar.'

Amelung, who had heard more than he pretended, looked at me privily over his spectacles, and I shook my head.

'Better leave him alone,' Amelung said. 'You will get into trouble, Frida. I am always telling you that you have no right to impound their cattle as you do. Come into the house and sit down.'

We quieted her anger after a while, and she was calmer as we began to walk toward the house.

'What did the fellow say his name was?' she asked, turning to me.

'Chandra-sekhara,' I replied. It is, as you know, a common Brahmin name, and I had remembered it because it happened to be borne by one of my clerks.

Unlike most missionaries, Amelung, in his lifeless German way, knew all about the religion he proposed to abolish.

'Chandra-sekhara is a name of Shiva,' he said. 'It means Moon-crested. They have been playing you a trick with this Nandi business. That yogi was masquerading as the god himself.'

Mrs. Amelung stopped short.

'Help us!' she cried. 'Masquerading as the Mooncrested God? Was the man mesmerizing me? All the time I was talking to him I kept thinking the moon was lying on his hair.'

She looked at me. I said nothing, though her words, even more than those of her husband, startled and perplexed me beyond my former fancies. She and I had been standing several paces apart. By what miracle of perspective could we both at once have seen the moon upon the votarist's hair?

'The least unreasonable explanation,' said Mrs. Amelung judiciously, 'seems to be that I have been quarreling with Shiva himself.' Her words sounded like an answer to my thought, but a part of her intention, I believe, was to tease her husband.

'Nonsense, Frida,' answered the missionary. 'How can you say such a thing? Not long ago I heard you most indiscreetly making fun of these people's religious practices. Now you go to the other extreme and want to persuade yourself, out of pure love of sensation, into a belief in this man's

mummery. Come, compose yourself.' He thought a little, and then quoted the Psalmist rather solemnly, as if he were pronouncing an exorcism. "'The idols of the heathen are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.'"

Mrs. Amelung remarked with a laugh that he had put the text at the wrong end of the sermon. She was still oddly excited. I took my leave soon after, for I was not in a mood for company.

IV

Outside the moon was gone, and the last steel-blue light had faded from the distant river, but the stars were strangely bright, and there was an almost preternatural purity and exhilaration in the air. My way lay for a time in the direction taken by that mysterious rider, and I thought from time to time that I heard the sound of his bell among the banyan groves. The words quoted by the missionary, with their haunting rhythm, rang in my head perpetually, but rather in the sense of a question.

The work of men's hands? The work of men's *minds*, even? Was it hypnotism? I tried to frame a reasonable theory, marshaling the simple facts, like an expert in psychical research, but I was not in a mood to reason clearly.

Moreover I was not yet in possession of all the facts.

The next day, when I called on Mrs. Amelung, she was suffering from high fever. I was not allowed to see her till nearly three weeks later. When she appeared I was aghast. Her yellow hair had gone quite gray.

She said nothing of our adventure, nor ever referred to it afterward but once. It was in some quite other connection, which I have now forgotten. 'Do I not,' she said rather wistfully, but not without an undertone of characteristic mockery, 'do I not wear the ash of the Destroyer in my hair?'

A marked change in the personal appearance of a friend may easily and perhaps quite wrongly suggest a corresponding change in personality. I always felt that Mrs. Amelung was in some ways a different woman after that experience, a gentler, more considerate, and humbler woman; and that the ash of the Great Ascetic, who boasts himself to be the poorest of the poor, was not the least precious form of wealth in which she might have received payment.

I may be mistaken, of course. All I can say for certain is that she enclosed her paddock, and ceased to impound the villagers' cattle.

TRANSPLANTED

BY FRANK KENDON

THE stately clouds choose their own company.
Far away over the rooves, behold
Their bright sides making a boast of liberty,
Their beauty unkindly cold.

Poor dusty unhappy restless city Tree,
Your few dun leaves on the harsh bricks abrading —
Remembered forests of elm trees trouble me,
They are long fading.

Yes, there, to your solitude unknown,
Where brothers of yours touch boughs above the corn,
First breath of Eden upon my lips was blown,
And Man or Tree, we are old as we were born.

I with liberty, you with beauty begotten,
Each to what end but being gentle slaves?
Exiled here till brain and branch be rotten,
That men may outgrow their solemn belief in graves;

That truth on their lips may sweeten, beauty shine
In their eyes, and joy in their hearts find voice —
Your Springs lonely that men may see, and mine
That they may rejoice.

MERELY JUSTICE

BY ALICE THORNTON

I

THE last year of my stay in the prison, thanks to the advent of a new matron, I was allowed to start a 'school,' as it was rather ambitiously called. If one thinks of a school in terms of equipment—an imposing building, library, modern textbooks—that was not our school. Our equipment consisted of two square yards of blackboard space and a few old readers. We approached the standard of the log with a teacher on one end and a pupil on the other! My experiment is of interest because it was the first attempt of the kind in this women's prison, and because the impulse for its organization came from the women themselves. When I first entered the institution, two of the girls came to me and asked if I could teach them to read English; a girl who had been to high school asked if it would be possible that we should read together, study Italian, do something interesting and worth while. As the only time we were permitted to talk was during the two-hour period on Saturday, her idea was impractical. At this time one fourth of the girls were unable to write their own letters; some could write in German, Polish, or Italian, but not in English. I asked the head matron if I might have the opportunity to teach. The refusal was peremptory; I was to have no 'highflown' ideas; the State expected me to work, not to teach; besides, 'you can't learn them con's nothin'.'

I was sent into the matrons' house-

hold to act as housekeeper and general factotum, and I stayed there for years, until I was too ill to do physical labor. The head matron who had vetoed the school project resigned and a new one reigned in her stead. Happily, at this time a very charming and intelligent woman came in as assistant-matron. She was interested in the girls and felt that her position offered opportunity for social service—an official point of view so unique in this prison that it should be recorded in gold.

One morning, a month or so after she came, I saw Number 20003, an illiterate, bring the new matron a slate upon which she had been copying some printed words from a book. I said, 'If I could only teach her!'

The new matron: 'Would you really be willing to teach her?'

Number 20003: 'Would you learn me—honest, would you?'

And I: 'It is the very chance for which I have waited all these years.'

So Number 20003 was my first pupil.

The warden gave a cordial assent to the plan and, as we progressed, was enthusiastic and interested.

Number 20003 was anxious to be able to write her own letters. She was a Polish woman, twenty-five years of age—the mother of two children. Her husband had promptly divorced her when she went to prison, but her devotion to him was unflinching. The baby died in a charitable institution shortly after the mother entered prison;

her grief was vociferous and heart-rending for a day and then she seemed to forget the incident. In spite of these fundamental experiences, her mentality was that of an eight-year-old child. We struggled through a primer, but the first reader was almost too much for her, not alone because she found it difficult to remember the word-symbols, but because she had so few associations with the content of the stories in the first reading-books. We read a story of a little rich girl who looked longingly at a group of children playing at games in a street below. Number 20003 had never heard of blindman's buff or hide-and-seek; the only game she had ever seen was drop-the-handkerchief, played one Saturday afternoon in the prison yard. She told of her childhood on a Northern timber-claim where the children began to work at the age when other little ones would begin to play. She had never attended school, except a Polish parochial one, where only the Polish language was taught. Life held nothing but working, eating, sleeping; an early marriage, then prison at twenty-five.

One evening I read to the beginners' class Walter de la Mare's 'Silver':—

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her gleams beneath the silvery thatch . . .

This was a picture that she knew; and Number 20003 said, 'I want to learn that, 'cause it's kinda nice, when you can't see them things, to read about them.'

When Number 20015 heard that Number 20003 was going to learn to read English and to write her own letters, she asked for permission to be in 'the school.' In a few weeks more than sixty per cent of the girls were enrolled, and we had classes five

nights a week in the big sewing-room.

I hope my pupils gained something from the work. To me it was a most illuminating experience; I was selfishly happy to be doing work that demanded mental preparation and alertness. I had often spent two hours darning a stocking so worn that, even after all the work put on it, it would not stand another day's wear—a typical example of the futile labor on which the women were put. The matron whose hosiery I mended would not have thought it worth the time or effort to do this herself, but when she had twenty slaves at her service why should they not do anything she asked? The State said they should! No one considered how incongruous or inefficient it was to put a woman capable of doing skilled work upon such a menial task. And no one thought how unspeakably dreary that sort of labor would be to a person accustomed to responsibility and to the joy of doing expert work.

The division into classes that year was not wholly satisfactory, — experiments seldom are, — but we had a beginners' class in reading that made commendable progress, another in third-year work, some tutoring in arithmetic, and a group that took 'senior English' — they adored the term 'senior English.' Aside from the reading, we took up some work in the simpler forms of business and friendly letters, and we always had a short oral drill on correct forms of speech. I used to wonder if sometime, by mistake or miracle, someone would learn to use an irregular verb correctly. I realized that effort was being made when one day I heard Bessie saying to Bertha, 'You must n't say you saw somethin'. You *saw* wood. But when you seen it with your eyes — why, then you *seen* it.'

We read first Josephine Preston Peabody's *Old Greek Folk Stories*, and it was pleasant when, later, with a

portfolio of pictures of Greece, we saw the wooded shores of Ithaca, a fragment of a temple of the great Diana, and a long low mountain called Parnassus. One evening when we read, —

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicæan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore . . .

each one felt proud because Helen and the weary, wayworn wanderer were on her acquaintance list. Said Bessie, quite seriously: 'It's sorta nice being educated, is n't it?'

After we finished the Greek stories, I put on the board a list, from which choice was to be made for study, telling briefly of the author or the book. I had intended to guide them tactfully to the *Arabian Nights*, of which I am extraordinarily fond. But every last sister voted for Edgar Allan Poe. They had liked what I said of his erratic life. We had a fine time reading some of his poems and short stories. We shuddered over the 'Masque of the Red Death,' and even Bessie's mulatto cheeks were pale when the House of Usher fell. I told them something of the characteristics of poetry: rhythm, rhyming schemes, versification, the topics most frequently chosen. After we had discussed a new poem we would add it to our repertoire, and read and reread it with alternate solo and chorus effects, quite after the manner of the most approved community song festivals. Our pet poem was: —

Thou wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine —
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine. . . .

It will be observed that we had a strong sense of rhythm. No meeting was ever complete unless we read

'Annabel Lee.' Number 20022 said she just loved

For the moon never beams, without bringing
me dreams

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee . . .

because it was written 'in such lovely waltz-time' — her translation of my dissertation on the anapaestic metre.

The spontaneous response to poetry was not surprising. The women liked it instantly and naturally as do children, for its rhythm and music. Before the beginners had completed their first reader they knew Joyce Kilmer's 'Trees,' Tennyson's 'Sweet and Low,' and a dozen more of that type.

Shortly before my release I was permitted to organize the second year's work. The usual groups for elementary reading and so forth were formed, but I was most interested in the two more advanced classes in English. The senior group had bravely started out on a survey of English literature. (By the way, one of the rather nice things was that every girl wanted to buy and to own the excellent new texts that the State was furnishing for us. I always like people who want to own books.) We read *Beowulf*, excerpts from the Saxon Chronicle, Mandeville's *Travels*, with ready appreciation. Each night we would turn to the back of the book 'to some of the easy ones,' and we would read a bit from Stevenson, or from Christina Rossetti; once it was Tennyson's 'Ulysses.' I read them the description of Mabelin *If Winter Comes*, and Mark Sabre's discovery of Byron. They liked that because it was akin to their own literary pioneering. At my last recitation with the junior group we read the *Message to Garcia*, and Kipling's 'If.' 'My! It's like going to church to read them things, is n't it? Only you can understand what they mean, and you don't always know

what the minister is talking about.' This, which would be everyday work elsewhere, was not commonplace with us. None of the women had read much before. We sat in a room with heavily barred windows that overlooked the grim prison-wall; the rasp of a key turning in some door was always in our ears; our garb was hideous. But the assistant-matron we loved sat with us, interested in us, as we proved anew the magic that lies in books.

Perhaps my sweetest memory of the little school is this. We had read Rupert Brooke's poem: —

I'd watched the sorrow of the evening sky,
And smelt the sea, and earth, and the warm
 clover,
And heard the waves, and the sea gull's mocking
 cry.

Then from the sad west turning wearily,
I saw the pines against the white north sky,
Very beautiful, and still, and bending over
Their sharp black heads against a quiet sky.
And there was peace in them . . .

We had talked a little about the splendor and sadness of the sunset hour, and something of the young poet. A few days later one of the girls came to me and said: 'Last night when we were cleaning in the sewing-room, I looked out of the west windows, and the winter sky was yellow and gold and pretty colors just like our poem read. And I said to myself, "I'd watched the sorrow of the evening sky."' "

She had looked through barred windows, over the great prison-wall, but had seen only the magic and beauty of a sunset. Sometimes I think the person was wrong who said, 'You can't learn them con's nothin'.'

II

If, in the manner we all once deemed highly possible, a benevolent fairy should appear and grant me one, and only one, wish for the improvement of

conditions in penal institutions, without hesitation I should ask for a higher type of prison official. To one accustomed to the dictum that a legitimate trade or profession demands a definite training and preparatory education, the prison official is an anomaly. The warden is appointed by the Governor and, as the position carries an excellent salary, it is given to a political partisan as a matter of course. The minor officials are chosen by the warden, subject to the approval of the Board of Control. There is a vague tradition that these appointments are made from a civil-service list, but anyone who can write his name or read a paragraph from a second reader could qualify. Aside from the institution's physician and the stenographers in the office, I never knew an official who had any special training or qualification for his work. The upper officials who sponsored those things that are most deplorable — repressions, enforced by heart-sickening brutality — had risen from the ranks. The guard who was the sternest, most implacable disciplinarian became deputy warden and later a warden. The worst politician would have been preferable to a man of this type. The head matron who was in office when I entered had earned her livelihood as a house-to-house canvasser for flavoring-extracts; her successor was the unlettered widow of a saloon-keeper. We had one assistant-matron who had been a general house-servant, a substitute who had been a washerwoman. Both of these spoke broken English; they could barely read and write.

The regular staff of the women's prison consisted of the head matron and one assistant, who had charge of the work during the day; a night matron; a substitute who came eight days a month when the regular employees had their free days. There were frequent changes in the personnel of the staff;

perhaps twenty women served in these different capacities during my incarceration. Obviously, general statements regarding that number of individuals would carry little weight. But it was not possible to live in the constant wearisome proximity of confinement without becoming either deeply attached or fervently antagonistic to these women who held our lives — almost — in their hands. There were four whom I loved devotedly. They were kind to me, gave me a generous friendship when I knew only distress and despair; and there was nothing half-hearted about the affection which I, in turn, gave to them. As to the others, my antipathy is greatly modified by a realization of their limitations.

I can conceive of no work which is so peculiarly and elementally a test of human character as that of a prison official. Put power, autocratic and irresponsible power, into the hands of a woman untrained for authority, and one of two things happens: if she has the intelligence, courage, and strength of natural leadership, she becomes a tremendous factor for good; if she is of limited mentality, petty and narrow, the consequences are deplorable beyond the conception of the uninitiated.

With the present system, the outsider has no means of gauging the ability of a prison official. Recently I read of the appointment as police matron of a woman who had served as an official in our prison. The article stated that she was 'deeply interested in the welfare of wayward girls.' For two years I had endured existence under her, and knew her to be harsh, stupid, utterly regardless of the health or happiness of the unfortunates under her. I can recall no act of hers to ameliorate the unsanitary conditions, the unhygienic mode of life, the depressing moral atmosphere. But she *looked* benevolent; her gray hair was always nicely waved — she could have

earned a princely competence posing as a benign mother in the movies.

A prerequisite professional training for the prison official will not necessarily eliminate all those temperamentally unfitted for the exacting demands of this occupation, but it will mean the maximum rather than the present minimum number of desirable men and women for these positions.

I talked with a young woman who had taken her Master's degree under a great sociologist, with a research fellowship later, and two years of practical work in Eastern penal and corrective institutions. 'Why don't you take that job as head matron in our prison and *do* something — blaze a trail? Surely that is what your training is for,' I expostulated. Her reply is interesting. 'There are two reasons why I could not afford to take it. In the first place, the salary is too small; and secondly, I could not stand the ungodly hours and the confinement. Recently I was offered a position as head of a large reformatory for women, which was being built in a Western state. The work would have been interesting, the salary was excellent, and I said that I would accept the position if I might live away from the prison grounds, so that part of my life would be away from that abnormal atmosphere. I could not give the State acceptable work if I were subject to the constant strain of the oppressive environment. But they would not consider such a course.'

I did not blame her. With conditions as they are, work in a prison is not entirely attractive. It is time, for the sake both of the official and of the inmate, that a change was made.

III

Prison discipline is the most stupid assertion of autocratic power conceivable. To misquote Hannah More: —

To those who know it not, no word can paint;
And those who know it know all words are faint.

Without exception, every writer on prison life has but one story: endless punishment that is casual and purposeless; unnecessary brutality; cruelty that is petty, personal, and vindictive. The one aim of the voluminous code of rules is to reduce a group of human beings to automatons. Naturally the human beings resent this stultifying process, and the resultant interminable enmity between prison officials and inmates breeds fear and brutality on one side, fear and servility on the other.

The rule of rules is, 'Thou shalt not talk.' Imagine any man mad enough to think he could enforce that commandment in a group of women, saints or sinners! For three and a half years I saw punishment—varying from admonition to solitary confinement—dealt out daily to stop the talking-habit, but I am thankful to say the women's tongues ran with the same alacrity the day I left. What was developed was a superhuman slyness.

Soon after my entrance, I came to a definite decision in regard to the discipline. One could not have the slightest respect for rules and regulations which promoted the petty tyranny of the officers and stifled every instinct of self-respect and initiative on the part of the inmates. To obey them meant no exercise of ethical judgment; it was simply the canny thing to do. Some day an application for my pardon would be entered, and I should need the good record which the officers could make or mar. Most of them had the inordinate self-esteem and vanity that is the result of autocratic power in individuals of impoverished intelligence; they were opinionated to a ludicrous degree. I could not avoid realizing that I was regarded as a variation from the usual type of woman inmate. It was very

sweet for these people to have me under their control; nothing would feed their vanity more than to have me subservient and obsequious; nothing would make them feel their power and importance more than a chance to punish me.

I talked over the situation with my friend, the little assistant-matron. 'I fully intend to comply with all their rules,' I said; 'it's the sensible thing to do under the circumstances. I can easily refrain from talking, because I have n't anything in particular to say to the others. But some day I'll break some rule—no human being could help doing it, there are so many of them. What then? Could one appeal to the warden or the deputy and obtain any clemency, any redress?'

She hesitated; she was an officer, but she was also a gentlewoman. 'Technically, they are supposed to be impartial. As a matter of fact, I have never known any report by an officer against an inmate to be questioned. And I have never known of any appeal to either of these men being considered. Stand everything you can, for the sake of the end in view. If the worst comes, appeal to the Board of Control.'

My later observation confirmed her statement. No matter how trivial, spiteful, or untruthful the charge entered against a prisoner, the matron's word was accepted. The higher official made no investigation as to circumstances, would listen to no explanation or defense. To enter a complaint against an unjust official to the Board of Control was, for obvious reasons, a very hazardous undertaking; an inmate had a fearful path before her if she incurred the personal enmity of a matron.

One day, while scrubbing, Nellie asked a neighbor for a bar of soap. She was reported by the head matron, and in a short time the deputy appeared, apoplectic with rage. His bellow could have been heard a block away.

'Talking again, are you? Well, I'll learn you to stop that. God damn you — I'll break your heart — I'll break your spirit — I'll put you where you won't talk!'

That was more than I could stand. I stopped Nellie on the stairway next day and told her I had overheard the deputy's blasphemous admonition. The Board of Control was to meet at the prison next week. I asked her to enter a request to see the president of the Board; to tell him quietly and truthfully this incident, and to request that the women inmates in the future be spared the humiliation of profanity. She did this. She was asked who else had heard the conversation. 'The head matron,' she replied. He turned to the head matron. 'Is this correct?' 'Well, I guess Nellie was a little excited at the time,' was the evasive reply. However, there was less swearing thereafter.

Later, the head matron told me of this incident, as there was an enmity between the deputy and herself. 'I knew Nellie was right,' she said, 'but what could I say? You know we officers are supposed to stand up for one another.'

There was never the slightest disgrace felt when punishment befell one; it was a joke, an inconvenience, or an affliction, demanding sympathy according to the degree of severity. We knew the most intimate details of the officials' lives; there were several who, if justice were always enforced, would have been on our side of the bars. We saw them break the rules which had been made to protect us; they held the whip hand, and we had no redress.

I remained a 'model prisoner' until a month before my release, when, to use the vernacular, 'they got me.' I had several times been disciplined, but only once was official record made of my misdemeanors. I relate my experiences not with any sense of personal griev-

ance, but to show what is regarded as a serious offense, the logical treatment that follows, and the highly beneficial effect of the punishment.

As I have stated before, my physical strength was very limited. The absurdity of my sentence, 'nineteen years of hard labor,' was felt by no one, least of all the robust, stolid German judge. All my punishments in prison came because of my illness and my physical inability to carry heavy burdens.

One Thursday — it was the twentieth of February, 1919 — I had one of the severe headaches to which I am subject. Although so ill that I could scarcely stand, I had worked ten hours, as usual. The next morning I was too ill to arise. The head matron brought the deputy to my room.

'What's the matter?' he asked.

'I am sick,' I replied.

'Sick! Well, we've had enough of that damned nonsense and we're going to put a stop to it. I'll send for the doctor, and we'll see how sick you are!'

The physician came and pronounced my illness genuine. I might explain that there were no hospital facilities in the women's prison; if a woman was sick, she remained locked in her cell. The doctor would visit her in the morning, some food would be brought at mealtimes; there was no kindness, no care. Shortly before this incident we had passed through the 'flu' epidemic; one woman had died in her cell a few doors from mine, practically uncared for, and scattered along the unventilated corridor had been half a dozen others sick with the dread disease. We were not allowed to mention, in our letters home, the invasion of the epidemic; the papers commented on the fact that there was no flu in the prison. As segregation of the sick had never been practised, I was quite unprepared for what followed.

'Take her downstairs,' the deputy

bellowed, — he never *spoke* to an inmate, — ‘and keep her there three days. Give her nothing but bread and water. We’ll get this “being sick” business out of her head.’ I supposed I was being taken to the solitary-confinement cell, — punishment for illness was not unusual, — but instead found my destination to be a dirty, unused cell, furnished only with an old iron bed and an incredibly filthy mattress.

Saturday morning I asked to go back to work, as I was able to stand, but I was told that I could not do so. I asked to see the warden, but was told that he was out of town. Sunday morning I asked to see the prison physician; he sent word by the matron that he could do nothing for me, as *this was a matter of discipline*, not illness. Sunday afternoon, as a last resort, I asked for permission to write to the Board of Control. Half an hour later I was released and allowed to go to my own room!

The words ‘Board of Control’ had had a magical effect. Instantly the matron began to explain that I was not being punished, — Oh dear, no! — ‘but sometimes you have complained that the work was hard, and this, my dear, is a lovely chance to rest.’ Imagine resting in an unfurnished, dirty room, with nothing to eat; for I refused the bread and water, protesting that that was the diet of those being punished, and that sickness was no cause for punishment. ‘And then, my dear, it was not me who put you here.’

The deputy came posthaste, and was exceedingly solicitous for my welfare. He had decided to let me return to my own cell that night instead of Monday morning and — ‘By the way, that letter to the Board of Control you were going to write — well, I always say to the men I’ll treat ‘em fifty-fifty. You’ll be coming up for pardon soon,’ he waxed very indignant over the injustice of my sentence, ‘and you’ll need all of

our help.’ I saw his point. The letter was not written. Monday I went back to work, weak from a four-day fast, but I had a new courage. I knew I had as enemies cowards and bullies, and that in an extremity the Board of Control would protect an inmate.

In June 1920 I was ill again and was kept on bread and water for a week; then I appealed to the Board for lighter work and a chance to buy nourishing food. However, I was never officially reported until October 6, 1922. The scene of my misdemeanor was the laundry, with a substitute matron in charge. She asked me to fill the tubs with soft water, which had to be carried across the room in big buckets. I explained to her courteously that I was unable to carry the heavy pails; that, because of my illness, I had been excused by the regular officials from that work. ‘You are no better than anyone else, and you do as I say,’ was the reply.

Without answering, I left the room and went to the head matron, told her the incident, and asked her to explain to the newcomer the fact that I had official sanction for my refusal to do the work. ‘Sure I’ll explain,’ nobly. ‘We don’t ask nobody to do work that is too hard for ‘em, and the former warden and a member of the B. of C. and the doctor has all said you was too sick to do work like that. Sure I’ll tell her.’

That afternoon the substitute matron came to me, beaming with pleasure, to tell me I was wanted by the deputy. When I stood before that august personage, he read a series of charges against me: I had disobeyed an officer; I had made faces at an officer. In defense I explained that the head matron had sanctioned my refusal to carry water, because she knew I was not able to do that type of work; that it was untrue that I had ‘made faces’ — I had not been guilty of that offense since I was a child. The substitute

matron reiterated her statements, with the further embellishment that she had frequently seen me carrying pails of water — which was quite untrue.

No defense could be made in the face of the woman's dishonesty, nor would any defense be believed. I was taken back to my cell, the woman chanting a pæan of spite; 'Well, you could n't get by with your fine-lady airs. Sick, are you? Well, you'll be a damn sight sicker before you get through. This will spoil your good record — queer any chance you ever had for getting out of here.' At the time of this occurrence, the Governor was deliberating on my application for release — he had the testimony of five physicians, three of whom were hired by the State, to the effect that I was seriously ill. Yet these petty officials quite deliberately undertook to spoil this opportunity of a sick woman's chance for freedom. I was too ill, excited, and nervous to see things in their proper proportions, and I believed their threats; I thought my one chance of leaving the prison had been lost through this unjust report.

They found me unconscious on the floor of my cell several hours later, and for two days I was wildly delirious. To punish me for my frightful offense, I was locked up for eleven days. On the fifth day the prison physician went to the warden and asked to have the punishment stopped, as I was too sick to undergo the ordeal. Twice afterward he made the appeal to deaf ears, although punishment is supposed to cease when the physician so recommends. I cannot speak of the suffering that was crowded into those eleven days and nights. They had found the one thing that could frighten me; they attained the ultimate desire of the true prison-official — they had broken my spirit.

As I sit propped up in my hospital bed, writing this, I find it difficult to

realize that but a few months ago I was being punished because I was ill. It must have been an acute disappointment to those prison officials, but my one black mark did not bar my release. I try to tell my story dispassionately, but I cannot. Because I had friends to intercede for me, and the requisite money to pay for professional services, I am now surrounded by care and attention. Had I been friendless and penniless, there would be no skillful physicians or pleasant, deft nurses, no intimate visits with beloved friends — none of the things that help sick folk to get well. There are those whom I left behind in that place of wrath and tears who are not so fortunate; it is for them that I plead. They need the sort of discipline that will ensure a degree of justice and kindness when they are well, of care and kindness when they are sick. Until prison discipline can fulfill these needs, it must be branded as inadequate to meet the standards of twentieth-century civilization.

IV

The different States have various systems of providing work for their prison inmates. Thirty-three per cent use the contract system, twenty-two per cent have the State-use system, sixteen per cent the public-account system, twelve per cent public-works-and-ways, the remainder the lease or piece-price system. Some penitentiaries are self-sustaining, some are even sources of revenue; a few are listed as liabilities on the State ledger.

The convict-labor problem at present is largely concerned with this financial aspect. The suggestion of modern penologists, that in the future the convict be considered the vital factor in the case, opens new horizons.

'The important thing is not so much to give people freedom as to make

them fit for freedom.' This might apply to penal as well as to economic questions. The State is giving the highest service when it assists the prisoner to lead an orderly life.

There are several charges against the present system of convict labor: the work has no interest — it is purely punitive; it bears no relation to what the convict has done before or after he leaves prison; it has no educational, vocational, or reformatory value; there is no incentive for good work; the convict is not paid for his labor.

As an initial step to better working-conditions: the sick should be suitably cared for; the mentally abnormal should be under the care of psychiatrists; those whose condition cannot be improved should be segregated. Those who are mentally and physically fit are well worth salvaging.

The convict, man or woman, at the outset should be made to understand that he is in prison because he has failed in some definite way to respect the rights of his fellow men. He is to be helped, *if he will coöperate*, so that when he returns to society he may be an asset. He is to earn freedom, not by passive 'good conduct,' but by showing a growth in self-reliance, mental ability, or manual dexterity.

The best physician cannot help a patient who fails to coöperate with him. It is therefore important that the mental attitude of the convicted person be considered: self-respect, ambition, initiative, regard for the rights of others — these basic qualities must be fostered, not utterly quenched. As I write these facts I try to remember one thing in my prison experience that tended to foster ambition or initiative or any superior quality. I can recall only endless humiliations, abasements, and degradations.

In the prison I knew, the hard labor to which the thirty women inmates

had been sentenced fell into four divisions: (a) service for the officials as house servants, seamstresses, laundresses, and so forth; (b) sewing for the men's department; (c) maintenance for the women's prison; (d) employment in an annex to the prison shoe-factory. This last group, comprising five or six women, was considered most fortunate; the work and environment were preferable, the pay ran from six to ten dollars a month, according to the amount of work accomplished. They were the only ones who were interested in the slightest degree in their work, because they alone had an incentive.

The two servants at the deputy warden's house and the one in the matrons' residence received ten cents a day. All others drew three cents daily the first year, one cent a day afterward. Everyone agrees that the present system of payment or nonpayment is unsatisfactory, but no effort is made at any readjustment.

When I went into the matrons' house to work, I was entitled to the regulation ten cents a day, but I never received the munificent salary. Half was given to the girl who came in to act as assistant. I worked seventy hours a week (at a minimum count) for thirty-five cents; my assistant worked five or ten hours a week for thirty-five cents. I had the temerity to protest to the matron against this arrangement. I said I thought that if the other person drew half the money she ought to do something that approximated half the work. 'Well, if you don't like it, you can quit. Anyway, you ought to be ashamed; she needs the money more than you do. The warden always does what I say, so if you complain to him you'll see what you get.' Naturally the small amount concerned did not warrant a formal protest, so the arrangement stood. The incident is worth recounting in that it illustrates

the chance an inmate stands for fair play.

A few days after my entrance I was given the usual physical examination. It was perfunctory and superficial. The physician said, 'You are able to do a hard day's work.' (I never knew of a case where the same judgment was not pronounced.)

'She certainly is *not* able to do the usual work here,' the little assistant-matron said decisively.

'If I could only be out of doors and regain my strength, I would later do my best,' I said. Thanks to the assistant-matron, I was allowed to go out of doors for an hour or two daily — a tremendous concession. She was charming and kind; our friendship flourished when the sharp-tongued head-matron was not near by. We had many discussions as to the work I was to do. I was frail physically, but I could teach and she felt the urgent need for some systematized instruction. But the head matron had settled that question summarily: 'You can't learn them con's nothin'.'

I was later installed as the entire *suite de ménage* in the matrons' residence. My knowledge of cooking was fragmentary. I could make mayonnaise dressing, grill lamb-chops nicely, make a delectable spice-cake, but there remained vast areas of the culinary kingdom for me to master. I thought that would be interesting — and it was. The head matron had never heard of olive oil, and wanted her meat fried hard, so my first two accomplishments went by the board; my heavenly spice-cake alone had to stand as my initial sponsor.

If the head matron had devoted one fraction of the energy she expended in 'learnin'' me my place to teaching me the fundamentals of a new occupation, my progress would have been rapid. But her own knowledge was

limited and the directions she did give were vague and contradictory. I had three sources of information: the house-keeping magazines that were sent to me by friends when they learned of my new work, the little assistant-matron, and Selma. Selma was the big Polish woman who occasionally came in to help with the cleaning. She was an excellent cook, and would sometimes come stealing into the kitchen to show me how to prepare a roast, or bake a pie, or dress a fish. If she was caught there was a tremendous row.

It seems as if it might be a very simple thing to furnish an incentive for hard labor. The work could easily be divided into definite units and credit given the prisoner for the time spent, for her attitude toward the work, her ability and progress, just as a trade-school pupil is given credit for mastery of the different units of the curriculum. Satisfactory progress should be rewarded in two ways: by the payment of perceptible wages or of a bonus, and by the assurance that recognition will be given to the units earned, when a prisoner becomes an applicant for release. Surely the woman who acquires a useful vocation is more fit to return to society than the lazy, unskilled worker.

The incoming prisoner whose education is below fifth-grade standards should receive at least an hour of daily instruction from a competent teacher, and should be given due credit for her progress and application. Those who wish advanced work should have definite, substantial encouragement. At present the correspondence school of the State University offers the only chance for anything beyond the most rudimentary instruction, but this opportunity for advancement is barred from those who have no money. University records show that the prisoners who have taken courses in

this extension department show markings decidedly above the average.

Perhaps I dwell upon the possibility of education in the elementary and advanced academic branches because of the nature of my experience and interests, but the greatest opportunities would lie in a curriculum along the lines of vocational education.

The laundry, in which most of the women worked two and a half days a week, was operated solely for the use of a few of the officials. If a button was lost from the warden's pajamas, or the deputy's collars had too much starch, tremendous consternation ensued. If an officer had company, the guest thriftily brought a suitcase full of soiled clothes for free laundering. One Christmas the son of an official brought fifty pairs of socks to be washed and mended! He was immediately christened 'the Centipede.'

When an inmate entered she was assigned to the linen tub or to the 'rags,' to the mangle or to the ironing of shirts, and she usually remained a fixture at this original assignment. She might learn to do one thing well, but she gained no knowledge of the interesting, useful, and lucrative occupation of laundering. It would be a sensible and practical thing to reorganize the laundry and make the training of expert laundresses the object of its existence; service could still be given the officials or any clientele who would pay for the work. A trained instructor should teach each step of the work: the chemical processes that underlie the cleaning process; how different fabrics should be washed; the use of the machines that are being installed in the average home; and some of the simpler processes of dry-cleaning. Further, the management of a small laundry-establishment could be taught — the marking and assorting of clothes; some of the principles of

bookkeeping. When the inmate had attained a degree of proficiency in this branch of work, she should be rewarded by the payment of a perceptible wage and a recognition of ability that would count toward her release.

A similar systematized correlation of work and instruction could be planned in the sewing-room, where there is ample opportunity to teach proficiency in household needlework and the simpler forms of dressmaking. The inmates' kitchen, and later the homes of the officers, could be practice fields for cooking and housewifery.

Stella R—— was an exceptionally clever needlewoman. Under existing circumstances her 'State time' was appropriated by the more unscrupulous officers or officers' wives for their personal use; she saved them the paying of dressmakers' bills. No one considered Stella's side of the transaction. She was desirous of taking a course in dress-designing, but she did not have the money or the opportunity for such advanced work. 'If I could only earn money enough to start myself in one of those little needlecraft shops, I am sure I could make it a success,' she would say. How she hated the women who used her skill without paying her anything, without even a courteous acknowledgment of her work!

Expert waitresses, chambermaids, nursemaids, milliners, good cooks, dietitians — what craft could not be listed? The raising of poultry, the making of a garden — all these things could be taught and learned as systematized units, just as they are taught in an agricultural college or a trade school where practice and basic knowledge are interdependent.

At present the women inmates are regarded as household servants — perhaps slaves would be a more exact word — for the use of certain officials. The deputy warden, for instance, before

his promotion to that eminence lived modestly in a rented house; his wife, like most of the housewives in the small community, did all of her housework and most of her sewing. When he became deputy warden, the family moved into the eight-room house furnished by the State; they were given the use of three women prisoners as servants; a cook and housemaid gave full time, while a third woman was frequently required as seamstress or for cleaning. Their laundry was done in the women's prison. A man of all work was furnished from the men's prison. In short, this family assumed a standard of living to which it was unaccustomed, one which was maintained by no other folk — even the most well-to-do — in the community. Of course the warden's ménage was more elaborate than the deputy's. A hired chef did his cooking; two men from the prison gave full time for his housework; a chauffeur and a gardener were always on duty; the laundry was done by the women prisoners.

If the officers were to pay for this excessive personal service, or to become responsible for some part of the training in housewifery, this custom might have a logical excuse for its existence; but as it stands to-day, such unrestricted use of the women prisoners as personal servants is pernicious; there is nothing to be said in its behalf. The prisoners hate with special fervor these nonpaying employers, who are cruelly inconsiderate, often unkind. I know that no servant would stand the treatment I received in the matrons' house.

I am writing this chapter several years after my release from prison. It took me months, years, to regain my health, and months and years in hospitals and sanitariums are expensive ones. Always ahead of me stalked the terror, 'How am I going to earn my

living when I do get well?' I could not go back to my former profession. In any other I was but an unskilled worker, and I had the handicap of limited physical strength.

If my period of incarceration had held fewer days in punishment cells, and if I could have had some training for a trade or craft that would send me back to civic life as a skilled worker, my present problems would be easier to face and my memory of prison life less bitter. Surely civilization has advanced sufficiently to allow the present punitive system of convict labor to be replaced by work that is constructive — that sends forth men and women strengthened, cured, prepared to earn a decent livelihood.

The things asked for in prison reform are not unreasonable: a divorce of the penal system from politics; the indeterminate sentence; a disintegration of the prison population, permanently segregating the incorrigible and giving appropriate care and treatment to the subnormal; the substitution of certificated, professional officers for the present untrained type; an effective means by which the prisoner may obtain redress from the unreasoning brutality of irresponsible keepers; a change from the present purposeless labor to work that is useful and educative — in short, that penal servitude be changed from blind indiscriminate punishment to the fitting of the amenable delinquent for a successful rehabilitation in society.

Our hope for a change from the present mediæval penal system to one more in keeping with the modern standards of science, religion, and common-sense lies in the insistent discontent of the energetic minority. As soon as there is a general cognizance of the conditions prevalent in American prisons, it is not impossible to believe that radical changes will immediately follow.

FURTHERMORE—

BY JOHN HAYES TAYLOR

I

I HAVE just read in the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly* the article 'Am I Too Old to Teach?' I read it with a sad acquiescence which should have gratified the writer of the plaint, as a proof of the convincing quality of his statement of thesis. The title itself is well devised to catch the sensitized eye of any professor who is middle-aged and a bittock,—of his class I am one,—and sensitively he reads. Reading, he is, I think, inevitably acceptant. At least one is acceptant. My own observations march so evenly with those of the writer that my conclusions differ but slightly from his. If his readers should answer yes to his title question I should have instantly to send in my resignation to my own Board of Trustees.

For as I analyze a form of discontent which of late tags the footsteps of my own daily performance I must acknowledge that 'Old P——' has formulated an explanation of my state of mind as well as his own. And if his statement is called to question—as doubtless it will be—I can support it with corroborative evidence. But having lent my assistance to confirm his arraignment of the present state and purposes of youth, I should wish also to go back a stage and show an antecedent reason for the state he defines.

If Twenty-two—or Twenty, or Eighteen—is less idealistic, less sensitive, less humble, than he was twenty-

five years ago, there must be some cause for his precocious decadence. We have done our utmost with the war as excuse—for everything from the price of huckleberries to the present detestable frame of literary realism. We have explained every stage or evincement of iniquity or obliquity with the fact that men were 'shaken.' But we can't be cashing that check forever. The trouble is that most men were not shaken enough. And since Twenty was only ten when the war opened and fourteen when it closed, and probably had only a very misshapen and half-romantic notion of it anyway,—a large proportion of fourteen-year-olds were grieved when the Armistice whistles blew,—we can't explain his mental or moral state, good or bad, directly with that. It would be better for many older persons if they had never conceived of the war as an excuse for themselves. In fact it would be better for many men if they had never heard the word 'morale,' the great word which relieves individual responsibility at the expense of communal responsibility. It has unlocked a whole closetful of self-excuses.

But that is a digression, put in merely because I wished to say it. One sometimes gives ideas a ride when he is driving in their direction. My real theme follows. In general terms it is this: an important section of the positive explanation—perhaps only a section—for the state we

complain of in the students under our instruction is undoubtedly to be found in education itself. I should like to lift a little of the burden from the shoulders of youth and transfer it to the rounded shoulders of educators; not, I think, to the shoulders of 'Old P——' and his kind, but of those who have had authority in directing the earlier training of his students and of those who are even now busily — so busily! — broadening and making practical and 'democratizing' the college course.

I sympathize fully with 'Old P——' in his lament over democracy, which he says is mediocrity, in education — mediocrity from instruction to result, usually. So easily are we persuaded by theorists on education that we allow them to lay hands on every stage of schools — primary, secondary, college — to work their fantastic wills. The result is seen in the young materialist before us. In nothing have these fantasies been more effective than in the introduction of 'practical' subjects into curricula, to the crowding-out of learning which deals with thought or beauty or the long growth of mankind. Theories of education are as changeable as the surface of the wind-swept desert — and sometimes almost as arid. Nothing is dearer to the heart of the pedagogic speculator than novelty and what he calls progress, — meaning merely change, — and his pedagogical Rosinante bounds along from fad to fancy and from fancy to project, its rider well pleased with its cavortings merely because they are cavortings. He loves to exhibit a prance or curvet never tried before. And with no part of his achievement has he been better satisfied, apparently, than with his success in reducing the use of the abstract or ideal in education and the substitution of the concrete in every place possible.

'Old P——' is chiefly suffering, as

many other professors are, from the results of instruction in the earlier schools. On the secondary school every wind of pedagogical doctrine has blown. It is regarded as the gateway into life and each man brings his own notion of the province of life and would make the gate open in the direction of that province. Only a revolving door would meet all the demands made upon this entrance. Private schools, with a degree of independence, have been able to maintain their own standards, commonly; but the high school has become a catchall for every fad or whim which has come down from some feverish school of education. One of the chiefest of these is the steady pressure upon — or enticement to — the high-school student to take as many as possible of the so-called practical subjects. They fit for 'life,' — which is apparently to be but a manual or industrial life, — while history and language and literature fit, supposedly, for super-life only. 'Vocational' is a word to conjure with. 'Old P——'s' students have probably been prepared for his work largely by instruction in carpentry, or cooking, or elementary bookkeeping, or sewing. They have been prepared for life, not for learning! What can he expect?

II

How far the schools of the country are contributing to the apparently growing materialism and to the certainly growing crudity of life it must be difficult to say. Perhaps they are only exponential of it, a result more than a cause. In that case we are only going in a circle, undoubtedly vicious. Certainly the schools are catering to this instead of opposing it. The great accusation against them is that they are so largely substituting a lower motive in education for a higher one. One

hears 'practical' spoken much oftener — certainly much louder — than one ever hears 'scholarship' or 'truth' or 'wisdom.' As to 'culture,' one grows shy and hesitant over saying it at all. Steadily and firmly other motives are taken away from the student until often nothing higher is left to him than the necessity of making a living. Apparently he is to live only to come out even with himself at the end. 'The teacher and mother should confer together (*sic*),' I heard a lecturer on vocational guidance say, speaking of the child in the fifth grade or thereabout, 'after all the tests have been made, and decide on what is necessary to prepare the child for his vocation.' It sounds unbelievable. What has become of the 'complete and generous education'? And what about fitting a man to perform 'justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war'?

There is no reason why the learning or partial learning of a trade or profession should not be combined with stages of education. The harm is done when learning a trade is called education and when the whole motive of education is reduced to the utilitarian one. This is so evident that it seems trite to say it; and yet the condition goes on. The whole scale of acquisition is lowered. The result of the application of the practical motive is that the proportion of values in subjects and in training is lost. Students and instructors alike seem to lose it. Applied science is placed on the same level with pure science — if not higher. Pupils are taught little difference in final value between cooking and chemistry, between collecting items of school news and the study of great literature, between bookkeeping and higher algebra, between carpentering up a bookrack and learning the principles of physics. If there is any superiority it is on the

side of the deduced thing, not on that of the fundamental principle. In fact it is generally true, I think, that while instruction in science may be very modest and matter-of-fact, instruction in applied science or anything industrial is almost blatant in its assertion of importance, when once it gets its toe into a curriculum. The essential value of the general over the particular, of truth over fact, of principle over skill, is not thus learned. No scale of values — or none that recognizes the greatness of ideas and the domination of law — is established. The first great chance of the pupil is lost. He does not learn the difference between the little and the great. If 'Old P——'s' students have been thus prepared his weariness is understandable.

This loss of opportunity to teach relations is found not only in the type of subjects offered but often in the handling of them. In the desire to cater to the student's unformed taste, to his own youthful preferences and youthful judgment, really valuable subjects are sometimes turned into superficialities — mere time-fillers, one would think, supplied because teacher or superintendent wishes to be thought up-to-date. There is the ever-present English, for example. I have never been able to understand why so much time must be given to that subject, but from the results I see I am convinced that at the most it is usually too little. But when the time allotted to it is filled with examination of the format and classification of magazines, — not even of their content, — a study in which any magazine has as important place as any other; with vocational English, whatever that may be; with collecting of notes about the school grounds, notes thrown into negligible form; with the study of new poetry, on the part of students who have not yet learned that there is old poetry; with reading-lists

which apparently make no distinction between Zane Grey and Thackeray—because they *like* Zane Grey, forsooth, and they must always be given an alternative when something they don't like is offered to them—with all this, is it surprising that 'Old P——' finds his students lacking in taste? If they had had any initially it would ere this have been deeply overlaid.

It is no wonder that college teachers of language find their beginning students innocent of any notion of relations or system in the English language; they have not been allowed to study grammar, poor things, because they might not like it. I have a responsible eye on four young persons gradually passing through the preparatory school and I have chapter and verse at hand. I even read the 'educational' journals in ironic moments. (Would that pedagogy had kept to its rightful name and left education to its own meaning! But a peculiarity of the science is that it is always growing ashamed of its phrasing and seeking new.) Very recently I read that the 'new school' is 'a laboratory of experimental pedagogy'; and even later that 'the shop should be the king-pin of the whole school'! The exclamation point is involuntary.

Related to this theory of the material of education is the passion for the concrete which is a part of the modern educational impulse. Children are not allowed to think in terms of reason because of the conviction that they cannot or do not wish to do so. Even if a pupil would find it natural to say that two and two make four, he is not permitted to say it, but only that two goldfish and two goldfish make four goldfish. He is allowed to make acquaintance with geography only in terms of his own back yard or the school ground. Can't you recall days when you pored over the pinks and blues and wavy shore-lines of a map and imagined the

unseen countries there and the days when you should see them? What a thing an island was, in its field of blue! But that delight is denied the present child. The pedagogist's whole conception of the child is so very low. But glory be, the Four would rather have their seven times six straight than encumbered with goldfish. I can't help thinking that they would be quite different persons from what I wish them to be if their minds had always to proceed in terms of goldfish. And how would they ever demand coral islands if they were allowed to see only a pool in a sandpile? It is not thus that explorers and dreamers are made.

For — I don't think I speak unfairly when I say it — they learn perfection in none of their material projects. There is nothing from their little juvenile news-writing to their blacksmithing that they would not learn better in a brief apprenticeship under a working professional or a responsible artisan with the standards of his guild. We teach our Latin and science and history badly enough, Heaven save us, with results which we are often ashamed to own; but at least there is a clear mark to which we are trying to bring our students. If we do not keep them in acute awareness of their distance from the mark and instill a degree of humility over that distance, we are doing sadly indeed. But I seem to see smugness instead of humility as a result of the handling of material things, a smugness all out of proportion to achievement or purpose. The shop the king-pin of the school!

III

The faults of the preparatory school we weakly repeat in the college. We too yield to the pressure of the immediate interest and clutter our curricula with what should be applications

of learning, letting them take the place of learning itself. The school which has the newest subjects is held to be richest and fullest. Schools for all kinds of training there should be, doubtless, but not every school is a college. Unfortunately our curricula are too often, when it comes to the last authority, in the hands of pure theorists — themselves often but ill-cultivated men — who, as in the elementary schools, place novelty above either ideas or perfection. There is a peculiar complexity in the attitude of many proponents and partisans of so-called practical subjects, that in spite of their conviction of the tremendous importance of their case they so often want to creep under a college degree with it. One would suppose that with their certainty of the absolute value of this training — whatever it is — they would be willing to have it stand alone. But no — it must borrow from the college whatever credit or authority the latter has achieved in its long development. There is a jaunty inconsistency in it.

But thus the college also contributes to the materialism of which 'Old P——' complains. Here too we have the student making every sort of endeavor to get credit — in his type of avarice the credit takes the place of the dollar — for applied science with the scantiest possible knowledge of pure science, for applied art without the history or principles of art, for social or political theory without basis of history, for news-writing or the making of scenarios without study of language or the drama. He does not always succeed in his endeavor, fortunately. But he is strongly assisted by much that passes for educational theory. And we who associate with students can see the results. We can see them in the lack of understanding of real scholarship, in the readiness to

accept a half-done thing, in the lack of distinctions in values, in disregard of the abstract and the fundamental, in high regard for the current and the superficial. Manual training comes, but wisdom lingers. One of the dreariest things to meet in college teaching is the hardness and smugness which comes from the un-idealist on the other side of the desk.

In *Pride and Prejudice*, anyone may recall, Miss Bingley, eagerly trying to reach the heights of superiority of the superior Mr. Darcy, whom she persistently admires, says sententiously, apropos of her brother's ball, 'I should like balls infinitely better if they were carried on in a different manner. It would surely be much more rational if conversation instead of dancing were made the order of the day.' 'Much more rational, my dear Caroline, I dare say,' answers her genial brother, 'but it would not be near so much like a ball.' Well, our colleges grow more and more 'practical' and 'vocational,' we dare say, but very much less like colleges. We are doing what the slack colloquial speaker does with his words. He takes 'unique' to mean unusual or rare, and he has nothing left to indicate unique; he takes 'appreciate' to mean approve or enjoy, and in time he has no word with which to say appreciate. He is the poorer for his expansion, instead of richer. When we have combined every kind of vocational school with the college and have no college left, shall we wish that we had one?

The precocious modernism complained of in students is partly an exponent of their period — our period. You may look for it in current literature. But it is also partly resultant from the type of study I have been defining and partly from the subjects which are offered to the student. Here again we come across the trail of educational theory. It is seriously held

that students may be educated in the modern alone — modern literature, modern history, modern thought. The student is easily acquiescent. It makes a demand on the elasticity of the mind, to try to move it backward. And there are educators who think that enough is done for youth if it is instructed in the affairs of this immediate world. 'The world you live in' is a catchy slogan. High-school children are fed on the newest books, the modernest of modern history. Last summer a group of teachers seriously considered, in discussion, whether it is necessary or wise to teach any but American history to American children. In the end they decided that it is well to learn something of foreign history in order to know what is to be met with in Americanizing the immigrant. That is a true tale, preposterous as it sounds. In colleges students are sometimes allowed to 'major' in sociology without taking any course in history, the sociology department being indifferent in the matter. As if anything in the present, literature or government or society, were separable from the past!

One of the finest thrills you can give youth comes when you stir its imagination with a view of the past. There is nothing comparable to it. Nothing so enriches the present as to see the long lines reaching to it from far up in the years. And nothing else so stabilizes one's thinking and generalization. You may be almost certain, of any person of slovenly thinking and fantastic conclusions, that he does not know the life and thought of the past. There is no real education, no full culture, without it. Do you often find — I ask it merely as a question, for I am not furnished with the answer myself — the materialist, the easy cynic, the un-idealist, among scholars in history or students of the past as related to the present?

IV

There is one thing more to say. I approach this point with caution and with a realization of the discourtesy which may seem to be involved in mentioning it. But there is a thing which I think has never been said and which bears saying — more than that, demands to be said if one is to take a complete view of practical or professional subjects in college. When I think of these four young persons in college presently, I think of them as under the instruction of men — perhaps women — who can in themselves convince the Four of the beauty and ability of a trained and instructed mind.

I intend to do something of the choosing myself, if I am permitted, and I think it will be possible to find for them teachers who are citizens of the learned world, who are — I venture to say it — cultured. They will not only teach their own subject well, but they will relate it to the beauty or greatness of other subjects; and they will ever and anon open a door to an enticing glimpse of another world, and the Four will come home all agog over the hope of a prompt entrance to it. I know that there are such teachers, for I have sat before them myself. While they taught me language they set my young mind racing eagerly after art or history. While they taught me history they pricked my imagination with borrowings from archæology or literature. I remember them well. And their kind has not vanished from the earth. I want the Four to stand on the thresholds of their minds and guess curiously at the worlds they live in.

But if the Four take practical courses they must be instructed by teachers of practical courses. And what will they have then? Probably very efficient masters of some craft or profession.

But am I willing that these students should spend a precious fourth of their college time—I estimate that with judicious selection of topics it might sum up to even more than that—listening to persons who know only their own very limited subjects and know those not at all for speculation but only for application, who cannot relate their small topics to history or art or language or literature, perhaps not even to science?

With the intrusion of professional and practical subjects into the college curriculum the average of culture in college faculties is distinctly lowered. Certainly the level of speech, always an exponent of the user's culture, is lowered. It is a pity—is it not?—that a student should spend so many hours listening to speech which not only is without distinction but may even be slovenly. His ear is stuffed with special terminologies, often formed in ignorance of or disregard of the real relations of the language. Terminologies are baneful in teaching. At first a mere convenience, they seem to become in time the chief substance of a course. I rarely find that either taste or definition in language goes with them. I think that if I could hear one lecture on pedagogy delivered in impeccable English I should be less bitter on this point.

I use pedagogy, so-called education, only as an illustration. How much of such language some students must listen to!

Two great things belong of right to the student—reverence for perfection and respect for ideas. These are ideally and ethically the basis and incentive for scholarship. With the first goes love of accuracy and completeness; with the second goes love of truth and of steps leading to truth. The two demand sincerity and integrity and intellectual result. In these two lies the hope for scholarship and for progress of thought in the world. With them should go a great curiosity, a curiosity which only knowledge will satisfy and which finds in gratification but a further stimulus. Without this reverence and this respect and this curiosity in the world, colleges would never have been built at all.

But is the growing motive in education either stimulating or gratifying these? The present purpose is largely to substitute the immediate for the distant view. This unwillingness to look far into the past is paralleled by the desire to offer a present material profit for all acquisition. Respect for ideas means respect for marketable ideas; love of knowledge means the hope that knowledge may be a valuable tool. It is true that there are fewer dreamers in our classes now. And there should be dreamers. It is a sad day when dreamers begin to cease from among us. As I look from behind my desk at the brown uniformity of youth before me, I too wonder who will furnish the dreams, social or poetic or political, which will add beauty to the coming decades. If there are none, whose fault will it be?

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

BY ERNST JONSON

AMERICAN democracy was dedicated to the pursuit of happiness. This aim has been realized to an extent which is astounding. We have ninety per cent of the motors of the world, and control seventy-five per cent of its oil; we produce sixty per cent of the world's steel, seventy per cent of its copper, and eighty per cent of its telephones and typewriters. No other people in the world is so free to devote itself to the quest of a good time as we are; nowhere else can the masses of the people so abandon themselves to the enjoyment of thrills. We murder one another at the rate of ten thousand a year, and are in general freer from legal restraint than any other civilized nation. Whole forests are being ground to pulp daily to multifold a hundred million times each separate thrill. So conspicuous is our success that an English critic has admitted that an English man is not a country but a picnic.

There are among us some whom this Mammonistic-Epicurean success does not satisfy. These look, not for a good time, but for the things accounted fruits of the Spirit — love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance — and are disappointed. These believe that our civilization is not stable, that it cannot endure, that in spite of our invincible optimism, our swelling self-esteem, our crafty aggressiveness, our certified opinions, we are speeding down the road of destruction.

Of the men of a certain Greek city it was said that 'they are not fools, but

they do just the things that fools would do.' When British misgovernment stirred the American people to cast away their ancestral restraints, they quite naturally fell under the spell of the smart opinion of the time. There is about the Declaration of Independence, with its blending of quixotic democracy and Epicureanism, something that appeals to honest but simple minds. However, when thinking men saw whereto democracy was leading the people, they sought to check its sway.

Thus, while the Declaration of Independence sought in its visionary idealism to make the world safe for democracy, the Constitution aimed to make democracy safe for the world by imposing salutary restraints upon majority rule. Nothing is more striking in the debates of the Convention than the distrust of its members — with few exceptions — of unrestricted majority-rule, or rule by direct popular legislation. The framers of the Constitution had learned their lesson in the anarchy that had followed the War of Independence. They were not so much concerned about the rights of man as about his duties. Mr. Gerry said: 'The evils we experience flow from the excesses of democracy. The people are the dupes of pretended patriots.' Mr. Randolph observed that the general object of the Constitution was to provide a cure for the tribulations which the follies of democracy had brought upon the nation. Said James Madison: 'A pure democracy, by which I mean a State consisting of a small number of citizens, who

assemble and administer the government in person, can admit of no cure for the mischiefs of faction. Such democracies have ever been spectacles of turbulence and contention, and have often been found incompatible with the personal security and rights of property, and have generally been as short in their lives as they have been violent in their deaths.'

However, the Constitution did not realize the intentions of its authors. To-day we are subject to all the ills of democracy which the Founders foresaw and sought to avoid. They did not extract the root of the evil. They did not refute the paganism of the Declaration of Independence; they merely sought to restrain it. They forgot that it is written: 'The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.' 'For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.'

Plato saw a vision of a State in which the wise alone govern, in which the masses of the people concern themselves with the tilling of the soil. This Kingdom of God Jesus saw, not as mere desirable possibility, but as eternal fact. The ancients had so seen it. In the Chhandogya Upanishad we read:—

The Infinite indeed is below, above, behind, before, right and left — it is indeed all this. . . .

He who sees, perceives, and understands this . . . he becomes an autocrat; he is lord and master of all the world.

But those who think differently from this . . . have other beings for their rulers.

In all times the real power of government has been in the hands of men of vision, in the hands of men who have seen that this universe is something more than what on the surface it appears to be, who have seen that in this universe there lies hidden, under the visible, tangible surface, an unseen intangible core, and that in the far deeps of that core is man's life rooted. In that

man whose eye is not focused on the surface, but who looks through it, sees into the deeps — in him the creative power, dormant, potential in all men, becomes actual, stirring. By such evident actual presence of the power of God in man are civilizations created; without that power manifest by some, civilizations decline and fall into ruin. These in whom, by their own free initiative, the creative power is manifested, be their estate ever so humble, their natural gifts ever so insignificant, are properly our leading men; these are our governors and supreme lawgivers, the guides of the drifting host, which follows them as by an irrevocable decree.

Whatever we have of civilization is their work, theirs alone. If progress was made, they made it. If spiritual facts were discerned, they discerned them. If justice and order were put in place of insolence and chaos, they wrought the change. Never is progress achieved by the masses, never by any organized procedure whatsoever. Creation ever remains the task of the individual, be he working by himself alone or with others; as a creator he is ever working free, detached, not under the spell of the crowd. Always there has been, always there will be, an underlying inert population to till the soil and to husband its produce.

Paul writes to the Romans: 'Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God.' Such was the view of government held by the founders of the Christian civilization. The governing nucleus of the State and of the Church was the brotherhood of those who had freely chosen to participate in the divine life. In this sense did they regard Church and State as divine institutions, established to make the eternal verities actual in the temporal world. This brotherhood of creative thinkers is the

Kingdom of God which Jesus preached, and the preaching and achieving of which was to be the foremost concern of all his disciples.

But this eternal fact requires to be visibly manifested in the instituted State. 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' In attaining the Kingdom man enters upon a new life; he then ceases to be a mere automaton, a mere spectator, for then he begins to participate in the creation of human destiny.

The life in the Kingdom is not merely a higher degree of the same kind of life as that of the multitude; it is a life of a radically different kind. It is not a life of passive participation in a mechanically determined world. It is a life of creative activity, making for itself an ever new world. It is not a life ruled by destiny. It is a life in which freedom circumvents destiny, a life of infinite possibilities. To Jesus the Kingdom of God was not a thing to be realized in the distant future, but it was to be achieved here and now, for he said: 'Verily I say unto you, That there be some of them that stand here, which shall not taste of death, till they have seen the kingdom of God come with power.' 'My kingdom is not of this world,' Jesus declares. 'And when he was demanded of the Pharisees, when the kingdom of God should come, he answered them and said, The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you.'

This doctrine remained the dominant note of Christian teaching till Augustine identified the Kingdom of God with the instituted Church, and thereby sowed the seed of corruption.

How may we conceive this Kingdom of God in terms of modern thought?

If these last decades of delving into Nature's secrets have taught us any

truth it is this — that Nature works not by chance or by whim, but that law governs all her movements: it has become clear to us that every single event in nature is the offspring of all other events prior or contemporaneous, and will in its turn combine with all other events to give birth to new events. Without these prior and contemporaneous events that event could not have taken place, and with these events there in the actual past and present it must take place.

The world left to itself obeys fatalistic laws. Under determinate conditions Nature behaves in a determinate way. Nothing it does is unforeseeable. Were our science complete and our calculating power infinite, we should be able to predict everything which will come to pass as the result of purely natural causes, in its larger masses or in its minutest elements, as we predict an eclipse of the sun. Thus the coming time already waits unseen, yet definitely shaped, predetermined and, except for the intervention of a creative power, inevitable in the time to come. At any time, therefore, there lies before the world a future which is the necessary consequence of its present state, and which might be predicted from a full knowledge of the present state. This future is the world's destiny. 'The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun.'

Instituted government, mere political mechanism, is a natural process, governed by natural law. Such government governs the people only in the sense in which the pendulum governs the movement of the clock: that is to say, its function is that of a regulating device, which is part of the whole political body, and as such, in its turn, is governed by that body. Instituted government may be a dominant

element in a people's destiny, but to change that destiny for better or for worse lies not in its power. The United States Government with all its paraphernalia, as it results from Constitution, laws, national character, and environment, apart from any vital impetus given it by creative thought, follows a predetermined course, a course which an all-knowing intelligence might predict to the minutest detail. This predetermined course is an element in the people's destiny and, being such, it cannot alter the destiny. The established direction of a process can be altered only by an influence emanating from an exterior source.

Nature is eternal flux; only in and through this flux does nature exist for us. A quiescent sun — dark cold stillness — with such there were no world for us. Only by dissipating energy are our senses affected.

Whence this flux? The future, contained in the present as germ, potentially, is not firmly held; it is unstable, cannot but fall into actuality. Nature's flux results from the instability of its potential.

When a thing becomes actual it ceases to exist as potential. With every new event the equivalent of that event in potential is lost. But things exist for us only in so far as energy is dissipated: that is to say, only in so far as they lose their potential. In their potential, therefore, lies the capacity of things to be for us; in their potential lies their value for us. In so far as a natural process loses its potential it also loses its value; it deteriorates. Or, in other words, every natural change is a step toward a state of final stability, which for man means nonexistence. Thus the actual, visible, tangible, natural phenomenon is the transition stage in which nature passes from being to nonbeing. The mechanism of nature has meaning for us only as it runs down. This is the

reason why all human destiny has its vanishing point in chaos, destruction, extinction. This is the reason why all human institutions lose their vitality, why no civilization is stable nor any State secure, why dissolution and chaos always confront mankind. This is the reason why every culture and every State carries within it the seed of destruction, so that, if left to itself, it will deteriorate and disintegrate and perish.

The flow of nature is ever downward, and yet this flow never ceases. This fact suggests the question: Is there behind this visible, tangible deterioration an invisible, intangible source from which the stream of nature flows, by which it is replenished? In the midst of all-pervading deterioration there are visible here and there progressive changes: new suns, new life, new visions of truth. Wherever in history we see order emerge out of chaos, wherever the inarticulate herd forms itself into a State, wherever a civilization brings forth its inventions, there a power other than that of down-flowing energy works; there is evidenced a creative, upbuilding power.

Creation is not, like deterioration and chaos, born of the past. 'To create' properly means to bring into being something that would not have happened as a consequence of what preceded it. The created thing might not have been. It was not necessary. It is a novelty. It is the beginning of a radically new tendency, a tendency which has not its root in any preëxisting tendency. The creative act transcends destiny, is the source of a new destiny. It is a free act, a first cause. Nothing compels it, nothing hinders it.

From earliest times it has been the common belief of mankind that human thought is able to transcend destiny, to become free and creative. Mere dissipation of energy, or loss of potential, is mechanical, determined, necessitated.

In such there is no room for freedom. If man's thought is free, this freedom must consist in a power to add potential to nature; in no other way is freedom conceivable. The creative thought, then, can be nothing less than a power to release energy from the source of nature, and the exercise of such power implies some sort of inner contact with that source. Now this intangible essence, which the nature-philosopher sees as an inexhaustible source of potential,—of energy and form,—Christian tradition declares to be a Creative Reason, the eternal Christ, the Son of God. To the Christian, creativeness means a contact with the Christ, a contact so intimate that it amounts to an identification.

Creative thought, then, is no mere intellectual operation, but it is an act which goes deeper than articulate thought, a spiritual union with Christ. In so far, however, as this thought takes any articulate form, it affirms the essential perfection of things, as they are in the pure rich ground of their being, which is Christ. What appears as an imperfect thing of sense is held to be the eternal Christ. By this transcendence of the realm of phenomena man rises above destiny, becomes a channel through which a new element of potential is introduced into the current of events, becomes a creator. Thus in his union with Christ the Christian sees the activating element in human progress, the source of originality in science and industry, the way to inspiration in art and philosophy, the creative initiative in politics.

In the moment of creative thinking, in the moment in which man exerts an influence on human destiny, he becomes a sharer of the one creative energy, the Christ—which thereby becomes his own life, his own self. In the moment of creative thinking the thinker no longer is a mere individual,

but he is the Christ operating in and through an individual manifestation, so that in the individual man is focused, more or less sharply, the infinite power of the Creative Reason. That is to say, while remaining an individual centre of conscious experience and of free initiative, the creative thought merges man in the unity of the Christ, or, as Paul puts it, 'I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.'

So soon as man asserts an individual aim, he falls from his high creative estate and separates himself from the Creative Reason; and in so falling he loses his power over destiny and sinks back into the temporal mortal world-mechanism. Thus the eternal divine Christ, Who manifested Himself in the temporal human person and life of Jesus, never passes away from the world; now and forever He manifests Himself in the life of every individual creative thinker, as well as in the corporate life of the creative brotherhood which constitutes the Kingdom of God.

This presence of Christ binds in deepest unity with each other all, in every place and time, who have attained the Kingdom. Personal division then is apparent only; practically they are one; for the one principle of unity overlaps all individual separations and differences. Hence Paul writes: 'We, being many, are one body in Christ. . . . There is one body, and one Spirit.' The brotherhood of the Kingdom of God, then, does not consist in mere association resulting from community of interest; the Kingdom of God is a single organic whole; and in it dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.

To the multitude Jesus presented the idea of the Kingdom in parables only, for he saw that only to the few was it given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom. 'And he said unto them, Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God: but unto

them that are without, all these things are done in parables.'

Be the instituted government of a State despotic or democratic, its creative government ever remains a government by the best, an aristocracy. 'For the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power.'

All who have achieved the creative life form a ruling caste, but no insignia mark the members of this caste. This government of the wise is an esoteric government. These actual world-rulers are known by their works alone.

Man can create in no other way than by releasing energy from the source of nature; he is free to do this; in no other way is he free. All free action is creative; never is destruction wrought through freedom. Since man can truly govern in no other way than by releasing the creative power of God, all real government is beneficent and progressive. Never can real government be reactionary or malevolent, for there exists in the universe no power that can change man's present destiny for the worse.

The only real alternatives before us are the alternatives of freely initiated progress through divine power or mechanical deterioration through the unopposed sway of Nature. Real government is free from all personal and all factional aims; its only aim is the fuller embodiment of the Christ. When a nation falls into evil ways it is solely because its powers of government lie dormant. Real government can do no wrong. Instituted government is ruled by destiny.

Real government is free for all. It is not hedged in by any instituted barriers whatsoever. Participation in it requires no human sanction. The mandate of divine kingship is procured through individual initiative alone. So long as we allow our divine potency to lie dormant, be we invested with ever

so imposing insignia of office, we have no part in the real government. In this sense real government always is democratic, even when the instituted government has fallen into the hands of a self-perpetuating oligarchy. And only in this sense is there ever any reality in democracy. The belief that the masses can exercise sovereign power through mere counting of heads is a popular fallacy. Democracy becomes a reality only when it achieves aristocracy, in the true sense, which is government by the best.

Whenever the masses rise in revolt the meaning of the rising is a demand for government. Such is the meaning of every revolution. Such was the meaning of our Declaration of Independence. But if a popular uprising calls forth no better government it will issue in disintegration and chaos. Mass action necessarily is disintegrating and destructive. Let it be remembered, however, that such action is not free, but that it is the naturally necessitated consequence of misgovernment.

Any earnest man, looking out upon the welter of to-day's problems, must realize that the jingling and rumbling which calls itself government is in fact an absence of government. In chaotic times it grows to be the general belief, the sole accredited opinion, and the contrary of it is accounted puerile enthusiasm — this sorriest disbelief that there is any power in Truth. But never did civilization support itself upon disbelief. Let thoughtful men unite in clear conscious relation, as in dim unconscious relation they ever are united. Let them know it well, let them lay it to heart, that there is no power but of God; that chaos has no power to continue in this world. When this is known and laid to heart by some, we shall see again visibly manifest among us the Kingdom of God.

TIR-NA-N'OG

BY MARY LYONS HENNIGAN

I

TIR-NA-N'OG is the country of youth. No one dies there, nor loses beauty of soul or body. There trees bear rosy blossom, living green leaf, and golden fruit all in one glorious harvest. And all these lovelinesses are as nothing to this one that has given Tir-na-n'og its name — no one ever grows old!

The country of youth lies somewhere off the west coast of Ireland, a shadowy blossom of an island, dimly seen sometimes by those who look with very clear eyes; found only now and then by a happy few. We were there for all of one enchanted day, Tommy and Ritchie, and Annie and I.

As a matter of fact, we left the village to go to Clare Island. It lies only four miles across the rough waters of Clew Bay. To cross in a canoe, spend a few hours in the island, and return sounds simple enough, indeed. Yet, Ould Dick has gone in on a cloudless summer morning to do just that, only to find himself weather-bound for days. Once Tommy Lannon, refusing to be weather-bound, rashly faced out in the teeth of wind and tide, winning through to the mainland after hours of bitter struggle by the grace of God — and that alone. Years ago Nancy's two brothers-in-law and her brother vanished completely from the surface of that small stretch of water which can easily be seen across on calm days.

No wonder, then, that there were many conferences held by the old and wise, many conflicting opinions offered,

many decisions made and unmade the day we started for Clare Island. Every weather-wise man in the village, — and which man is not that? — squinting a knowing eye at the turquoise sky with little white puffballs floating about in it, advised against the trip. And we — already, perhaps unconsciously, surmising our real destination — must defer to each opinion, pretend assent to each decision, placate every adviser we met from the top of the brae to the place where the brown stream wins the sea — while we tremblingly but firmly rejected his advice.

'Let ye wait another little hour anyways,' shouted Redmond Pat Forick from the last field on the road to the strand. 'Them fellows up above mean trouble.'

We waved to him, pretending not to grasp his meaning, as we hurried on. Just then Ritchie's father rose steeply from behind a wall in another meadow, hailing him, 'This way, sir; a moment, if ye plaze!'

'That settles it,' sighed Tommy despairingly, sinking down on the stone ditch. 'Sure, if Ritchie cannot come, what business have we of it, at all?'

'Arrah, what about?' said Annie, sensibly. 'To-morrow's another day.'

I, who am not so young and not so old as Annie, was frankly disconsolate. When Ritchie, hurrying back across the meadow, shouted to let us know at once that it was not a veto but only an injunction to look at certain bullocks in

the island, we fled to the canoe before anything further should delay us.

The canoe would have looked like any other canoe to the ordinary observer. It was so much more than that to us! It had been slowly and painstakingly fashioned by loving, unskilled, untaught hands, from scanty material, with wholly inadequate tools. The rough strong paddles were hewn from timber found on the strand. The whole was a triumph over every adverse circumstance, a strong, stout, seaworthy craft, a credit to the gallant little crew of two that sent her skimming like a bird over the green waves.

Around us white gulls dipped and glided fearlessly; the Callaigh Dhu (Black Hag) floated sombrely and watchfully by or made her queer trembling dive into the clear water after fish. Behind us stretched the pleasant checkered green of familiar fields with here and there a cluster of sunlit low white walls and golden roofs; the whole ringed round with the bloomy purple of Connemara hills outlined softly against a lovely, changing sky. Before us lay Clare Island, its lowlands like slender arms outstretched, its two hills
In the youth of summer, like two golden horns,
Two breasts of childing,
Two tents of light —
shining across the tumbled waters of the bay.

The bay has many islands lying on its ample bosom, more than three hundred of them. If there had been time, Tommy could have told us a story about each one. He used many of them to mark the course and the distance traveled. When Mweemor was on a line with a certain chimney we were 'one quarter over.' At Mweemor a boat from the village was lost many years ago and all the fishermen drowned. The bodies were washed ashore at Achill Island, being buried there by the islanders. Among the latter there is a

belief that it is unlucky to remove or disturb in any way a body which has once been decently laid to rest. So there the villagers slept — a lonely and uneasy sleep, their friends were sure, far from their own quiet home across the water.

'One woman, a woman on our family, I am sure,' said Tommy, 'could not bear by anny means to leave her own man there. She coaxed and bribed a good few strong young fellows, plying them with whiskey until she had persuaded them to row her on a moonless night to the lonely Achill shore where her beloved lay. She had plenty of "the good stuff" with her. She gave it and gave it again, because she knew well they would never do the work she had in mind for them without they were steeped in it. There in the still darkness she drove and coaxed them through their ghastly task until at last they rowed her shudderingly back through the night with her man across her lap, his dark head pillowed on her breast. And she laid him down to sleep among his own.'

II

When we had 'Cahir free of Innis-turk,' so that they no longer appeared as one, but showed the water clear between them, we were one half over. Cahir is a lonely, uninhabited island, but a holy one. Tradition says Saint Patrick once fled to its solitude for rest and prayer. Here are the ruins of an old abbey, within which is a stone having peculiar properties. It is shaped like a large deep bowl. It looks, and should be, very heavy; yet it is light as any feather. Those who are ill, crippled, or — worst of all fates — childless, make a pilgrimage to the abbey, kneeling to pray beside the stone. Sometimes the bowl brims full of water, sometimes it is empty, although it is

completely sheltered in its shrine from rain. If there is water in it, this is sprinkled liberally over the body while the suppliant prays fervently and with deep faith. If the bowl should be empty there will be no cure. It is believed, however, that one who had the courage to remain all night alone on the island would be cured of any illness, no matter how malignant or far advanced, whether he found the bowl full or empty; but no one, so far as I know, has ever tried this.

Once some men from Achill profaned the shrine by carrying away with them the hollow stone. They had gone only a little way from Cahir when a most sudden and terrible storm threatened to swamp their boat. Whereupon they cast into the raging waters the stolen stone, which they knew to be the cause of their peril. The next pilgrims to Cahir found it back in its ancient resting place. And once Jamesie Austin, who was very delicate and weak, as well as being sadly crippled in one leg, made a pilgrimage to the stone and found it filled with water. Joyfully and prayerfully he plunged both hands in it, dashing the water up on his arms. Just then a passing shadow at the low open door startled and distracted him — which, of course, he should have allowed nothing to do. He glanced up quickly, turning toward the door, where, after all, nothing was to be seen. When his attention returned to the bowl it was quite empty. Jamesie Austin remained crippled to the end of his long life; but he had always, from that day forth, most extraordinary strength in his hands and arms.

All this we learned from Tommy while he and Ritchie were industriously pulling to a point where Cahir was seen clear of Innisturk, with green water between the two. Of Innisturk he had nothing to tell us except that once a lady from that island, landing at the

mainland harbor, was hailed by an old fellow working in the bog at Offaly, who cried to her that his wife was apparently very near dead, and proposed for her hand on her return should the wife have passed on. The woman paused in her swift and powerful stride long enough to consider and accept. Then she went about her business, which was a small matter of walking fourteen miles to Croagh Patrick (the Hill of Patrick), climbing some two thousand feet to the chapel on its summit, performing 'a station,' and returning on foot in time to milk her cows in the evening. That she might not be needlessly idle on the way she knitted a pair of socks as she walked. According to the story, she finished the socks and married the man before returning to Innisturk.

With Innisturk left behind, the captain and his crew of one sped the last half of the journey until the canoe, rounding its way into the curved quiet little harbor, grated on the gravelly strand. High on a cliff above us loomed the frowning slit-eyed gray walls of an old castle which had once been a stronghold of Grannia Uaile, that dauntless pirate queen who answered Elizabeth's imperious command to appear forthwith in the English court with an equally imperious retort that, though Elizabeth might be queen in England, Grannia Uaile was queen in Mayo — where she intended to stay while it pleased her. Sir Richard Bingham said of her in 1593 that she had been 'nurse to all the rebellions in the Province for forty years.'

The cliff where Grannia's ruined castle stands, in fact every cliff, every hill, and every hollow, was covered with thick short velvety grass, jeweled with purple violets, delicate yellow mayflowers, and clusters of small starry pink-tipped daisies. There were, too, masses of long-stemmed cloverlike

flowers, deep lavender in color, the name of which none of us knew, which lay in bands across the meadows like lovely trailing purple scarfs. There were three of us that day who, the moment we stepped upon that enchanted shore, had a secret joyous suspicion that we had, after all, missed the way to Clare Island and stumbled instead upon Tir-na-n'og. That suspicion grew into certainty as we went along; for, although we never saw the blossomy leafy fruit-trees, we did find ourselves laughing often, joyously, and without reason; suddenly and mysteriously gifted with song, we joined the thousand larks that filled the air with liquid silver; wine ran in our veins; and we walked endless miles on tireless feet that seemed scarcely to touch the turfy, grass-grown road beneath them.

'But where are we going?' demanded Annie, who is nineteen, and practical. 'How far? What's there to see?'

'To the tower,' answered Tommy, 'the old watchtower where Brian long 'go lit the false beacon-fires to lure the Armada to destruction; and after that to the abbey where Grannia sleeps.'

He struck out along the first road that his feet found. Tommy, who is eight years older than Annie, by the way, is also very much younger. I joined him, leaving the others to follow as they might.

The hills, covered halfway up with a flowery green mantle, rose to the right; the sea moved bright and restless on our left; the road wound about between the two. We walked a long time.

'Tommy,' I said with sudden suspicion, 'have you ever seen that tower?'

'I have not,' he assured me gravely.

'Do you know where it is?' I insisted. 'Are you sure this is the right road?'

'I do not,' answered Tommy, joyously. 'I am not, indeed!'

'Lovely,' said I. 'I was afraid you did. Let's go.'

III

The day sparkled like a shining heap of jewels; sapphire of sea, turquoise of sky, deep emerald of fields, soft amethyst of hilltops. The road was grass-grown and uncertain. Sometimes it ran broad and plain before us, hedged on either side with spiny whin-bushes covered with a golden glory of blooms that smelled like all the spicy perfumes of the East. Sometimes it grew narrow and brown and small, and ran here and there through turfy bogs studded with quiet topaz pools. Sometimes we lost it altogether in a rushing crystal stream from the hills that towered over us, only to find it waiting on the other side when we had picked a barefoot way through icy water. It led us on and on, a fascinating road that ran up hill and down, through narrow gaps, out into wide spaces; that now marched before us confidently, now wavered here and there, now hid until it was searched for.

We met a girl on her way to the well. She sang as she walked lightly along, a quiet ruminative little song. Her feet were bare, her body slender and tall as a young willow, her hair a shining copper mass that curled to her waist. She shook it back as she turned her head in answer to Tommy's Gaelic greeting, 'God save ye, miss.'

'God save ye kindly,' she answered with a flashing smile.

'Who do you think that was, Tommy?' I asked as we passed along.

'I believe, myself,' said he, 't was Nia of the Golden Hair. Her father is King in Tir-na-n'og. And her lover was Oisín, who had been born and lived his young days in Ireland and who loved it so that after three hundred years of happiness he still longed for just one more ride along its homely roads. So Nia lent him her horse, shod with silver, that flew so fast that he caught up with the wind before him, and the wind

behind him could n't catch up with him. Nia warned Oisín to remain all the while upon the horse's back until he returned to Tir-na-n'og. Above all things his foot must not touch Irish soil, or all the weight of his three hundred years in the Country of Youth that had been like the passing of a single day would fall upon him at once. But he forgot the warning, mind you, and found himself stripped of youth and strength, wandering aged and alone among strangers in his own land.'

'Poor Oisín,' I sighed, looking about me at the beauty he had lost.

'Ah, well,' said Tommy quickly, 'it was none so bad at all! To have lived and loved, to die for very love of Ireland and let your dust at last become a part of her — sure, what could be better than that?'

Following our little road for miles and miles, we met only one other person, a tall man riding. His cheeks were ruddy, his eyes like calm lovely lakes beneath his heavy brows.

'That must be the King himself, I'm certain sure,' whispered Tommy as we exchanged greetings and passed on.

We stopped only once again, and that was when a sudden thought made me almost certain we had missed Clare Island and found Tir-na-n'og instead. 'Tommy,' I asked, to make assurance doubly sure, 'how old am I?'

He regarded me seriously for a moment with clear golden eyes that are very wise and very innocent. 'Eighteen, I think?' he ventured. 'Although I cannot rightly tell with your hair up in rolls of braid on your head that way. If it were free to the wind now' — he hesitated — 'I would think it could n't be but drawing on sixteen, maybe.'

'Good,' said I, throwing the pins to either side as we strode on again. 'That's just what I thought myself, but could n't be sure; it's a lovely age.'

Tommy threw his hat after the pins.

Hats worried him. He never could keep one, anyway. 'After the first one or two I never had another till I passed fourteen,' he confided. 'I used always to lose them; so mother would buy me none at the latter end. "T was no use.'

He never knew where his hats were. Once one of them had gone all the way to Westport on the tail of a cart, where he had absently laid it, and it never came back again. And once he went out from the bright hot noise of a dance to sit for just a few minutes on the banks over the sea, until he should see moonlight and dawnlight meet in a silvery embrace on the cool gray waters. And he stumbled back to the house so wrapped in dreams that he never knew until he faced the dark windows and barred door of the house that the dance had rollicked to its end, the dancers scattered to their homes with songs and shouts and boisterous partings, long before. Of course his hat was somewhere in the dark sleeping house. Bridget refused to give him that one. She said it gave her many a laugh at his foolishness whenever she spied it where it hung on a peg over the fireplace. But this hat he threw away — we walked more lightly without it.

Meanwhile our road had led us into a wild and lonely place. The sea still shone on our left, but the hill to our right was now brown and bare, the ground beneath our feet boggy, stony, broken more and more often with little pools of clear dark water. Coming around a sudden bend we saw the end of the road, the end of the island, and, high on a rugged cliff at its edge, the tower. The ground rose steeply before us for several hundred feet, rough ground with great outcroppings of harsh gray stone. On the summit of this rise stood the tower — rugged, grim, lonely relic of a great past. Roofless, open to the sky, its four thick walls with their narrow slits of windows face

the wide Atlantic on two sides, the brown bog on the third, and on the fourth the steep dark hill behind them. All around are great rocks heaped and tumbled, moss-grown. One cannot tell which of these have fallen from the crumbling walls and which are natural outcroppings of the stone from which the tower was fashioned some four hundred years ago. There are no doors to the tower and, besides the narrow slits, only one window very high in each of three walls. Entrance must have been made through some underground passage long since lost and forgotten. There is about that steep hill, with its broken crown of granite, an air of indescribable loneliness.

We seated ourselves, Tommy and I, on a mossy rock with a commanding view. To our right lay the wide ocean, blue and sparkling under the summer sun. To our left the sea narrowed into Clew Bay, holding on its breast hundreds of islands large and small, barren or blooming, uninhabited or pearled with little villages. Before us, across the bay, lay the mainland, softly green in the distance, sheltered by the mountains of Connemara rising behind it. To the east Croagh Patrick lifted its gray head high into the moving clouds that made a constant play of light and shadow on it. And hundreds of feet below lay the rocky strand where thousands of white gulls wheeled and settled, and wheeled and fluttered away again. On this beach the survivors of the Spanish Armada were wrecked, lured on to the dangerous rocks by false lights when they might have navigated the bay and found safety and comfort with Grannia Uaile had they reached her castle at the opposite end of the island.

'The Spaniard, you see,' Tommy explained, 'was one of Grannia's lovers. She had many. All men loved her stout heart and great pride. The Spanish captain knew well he was safe could

he once reach her castle, the one we saw beyond at the harbor. From her people he expected nothing but good, and so he should, for the Irish and the Spaniards were ancient friends. Now when he saw the fires burning here where the tower stands, he pressed in, misled, thinking to make a safe landing, never guessing that a black traitor of a cousin of Grannia's, O'Flaherty by name, had made a plan with the English to lure him to death and ruin. He was beached below here on the strand. The traitor with his followers finished whatever destruction the sea and storm had left undone. There was a grand fight, hand to hand, with all odds against the gallant Spaniards.

'Grannia heard, too late, what had happened, and hurried to the spot just as the men of O'Flaherty were beginning to gather rich loot. I don't know did she come by boat or galloping on her mare, but I like to think she strode along the road we came to-day, with fine brave steps, her mighty shoulders squared, her head high. However she came, at any rate she carried her trusty sword — and herself could use it to good advantage by all I hear. She came upon one of the traitor's men grasping a string of pearls in his hand. With one stroke she cut off the hand, threw it, still grasping the pearls, far out into the sea there, and cried, "Let those who seek such things as these go out there to find them!"

'Sure, the real battle began then! There was a great champion among Grannia's men — Uaile, like herself, so I believe — and himself tackled O'Flaherty. Now, traitor though he was, there was no champion greater than that same O'Flaherty, for no one had yet bested him in battle. But Grannia's champion bested him at the latter end, because right was upon his side, and faithfulness to friend. He did n't kill the traitor at the latter end,

for, when O'Flaherty in the struggle found himself for the first time in his life thrown to the ground, he reached quickly for his own long slender knife and thrust it through his own false heart. He was a bad man — but a brave one.'

IV

It was at this point that Annie and Ritchie joined us at last. Ritchie still walked joyously, his blue eyes filled with the same young dreams that shone from Tommy's golden ones. He, too, was in Tir-na-n'og. But Annie's lagging step and disappointed face told at a glance that she had not even guessed where we were. She gazed, speechlessly, for a moment from the tower to Tommy. 'Is it *that* we walked all these miles to see?' she demanded.

'What do you see, Annie?' I queried anxiously. 'What do *you* see?'

'Four ould sheep walls!' she answered scornfully. 'I could build as good m'self from the stones below on the strand. It looks for all the world like a spike,' she went on. 'An ould spike. Sure, this must be the last place on the green earth He made, and what does He do but finish it off with an ould spike!'

Annie was still in Clare Island, you see. She has lovely sparkling brown eyes in her head, — and, as Ritchie says with a sigh, 'Brown eyes *are* the devil!' — but none in her imagination.

We rose up meekly and followed our way back along our magic road without ever telling her where she had been. We never did tell her. She would n't have believed it, anyway.

On our way back we turned off on a little side road to visit the ancient abbey where Grannia lies waiting for the winding of a certain horn to call her at last to the final victorious battle. It is gray and bleak and tumbled as the tower itself, this 'doorless, shrineless,

monkless' abbey by the sea. The delicate graceful arches of the windows, which must once have risen high above the bent heads of worshipers, are now only a few feet above the damp mossy ground. Wind and weather have long since filled in the main body of the abbey with drifting earth and sand. The vaulted ceiling still shows the last traces of a very fine and delicate decoration; the figures, a deer with branching horns, a dancer, a fleet slender hound; the colors, soft yellows, greens, and blues, a little faded, stained with a dark, velvety, greenish stain of age and dampness. The composition of the roof, a sort of cement the secret of which has long since been lost, is crumbling at last into slow decay. A tablet of bronze marks the place where Grannia Uaile sleeps. It bears her coat of arms and the motto, the right to which she won from all her enemies, 'Terra marique potens.' Just opposite this is an enclosed staircase, dark and damp, with shallow, much-worn stone steps, and so narrow that one must go up sidewise to reach the roof above. The roof is surrounded with a parapet about ten feet high. At either end an arched and windowlike opening frames an exquisite view of the bay. Any enemy entering from either end of the bay would be seen at once by sentries stationed here; and loopholes for guns around the base of the wall suggest that he might receive a warm welcome.

Tommy had settled himself on the top of the wall, which he had scaled in some mysterious flylike fashion, prepared to recount further deeds of by-gone glorious days, when an indignant wail from Annie recalled him.

'D'ye see that sun?' she demanded, pointing to a west of rose and gold and lavender; 'and d'ye see that star?' pointing to an east of cool clear green where one silver star was set. 'And d'ye know that not bit nor bite nor sup

has passed our lips since day-dawn this morning? Let you come down out o' that and let us be off home to our supper.'

Tommy came down precipitately. 'Let ye follow me,' he said. 'We will go into the first house we meet and there we will have mead to drink and honey to eat with —'

'Talk sense!' interrupted Annie. 'I'm famished. I want my tea — and eggs with it.'

Reluctantly we wended our way through the gathering dusk to where the canoe waited to bear us back again

to Ireland. The sun had long set when we came in under the banks at Sikeen. A cold wind blew through the darkness and gusts of rain chilled us. Hand in hand we ran up the wet road to the brae and were soon drinking the tea beside a glowing fire. Through the window, when I pressed my face against it, I could dimly see in the darkness the looming mass across the bay that is Clare Island. And I made a silent promise to myself — and to Tommy — that I should never again embark for Clare Island. I might find it — and lose Tir-na-n'og.

HEWER OF WOOD

BY WILFRID GIBSON

THE timber I have hewn, stacked high,
Would overtop Saint Mary's spire
That soars into the windy sky,
Yet it has only served as fuel
To feed one little cottage fire —

Has only served to keep aglow
One ingleneuk when winter's storm
Raked heaven and earth with blinding snow —
A forest felled and lifelong labor
To keep a little household warm.

And that small fire that still devours
Fresh timber burns my life away:
The tale of gold and glooming hours
Of tree and man's the selfsame story —
Green flame, red flame, and ashes gray.

THE MOVIE THAT COULD N'T BE SCREENED

REEL III. RESCUE

BY NELL SHIPMAN

ONE morning, a handful of days later, I awoke with the surety that something very terrible was going to happen and that I must be very brave. It could hardly have been a premonition, because I surely knew that events had reached a climax. My Dear had not slept for three nights, sitting all through the dark in a rustic chair by the front-room stove, rubbing — rubbing — rubbing with the palms of his hands on the smooth ends of the chair arms. Sometimes I could hear him moan, but when I'd call out, the answer was always the same: 'I'm all right, all right.'

This morning the cabin was very quiet. We had mired our mare on the trail the day before and the men had been with her all night trying to save her. They mercifully shot her, just before dawn, and now they all slept, worn out. The armchair with the rubbed places was empty when I came out into the sitting-room. I lighted the kitchen stove and put the kettle on. Then I went outside to look. I found him wandering about in the snow. He said, quite rationally, that he had tried to go to our nearest neighbors, three miles away, for help to take him outside, but that he could not make it — his foot would not drag through the slush-ice. Now he was determined to harness the dog team and go out alone. I was not to go with him, nor was either of the men; he would go alone.

It was then that I saw his eyes and

realized that the worst had happened. Human beings, no matter how brave and strong they may be, can stand just so much, and then a little more; but finally comes the breaking-point. He had broken. He was quite out of his head, and with not the slightest idea of what he was doing, except that he must get outside and to a hospital. He seemed to hate me. I was some terrible creature who had kept him suffering and was even now executing a fiendish dance of glee over his condition. It was very sad. The doctor told me later that these strange delusions often occur in extreme cases and the dislike is usually aimed at some loved one.

Somehow he harnessed the team — nine dogs on the big Alaskan toboggan, which still bears the mail stamp of its old service on the Dawson trail. I put in coats, robes, and food, but all this he persistently threw out, refusing everything but his own suitcase and a sack of meat for the dogs. He seemed to have an idea that he would leave the team at a ranch halfway down the lake and walk the remainder of the way. When he saw me dressed and ready to go he flew into a terrible rage. I was not to stir from the place — not one step! In his temper his fever raced so high I was afraid to cross him further, so I slipped out by the back trail and got ahead of him. I knew the ice was good from our place to Canoe Point, two miles away, but from there on it would be hell.

Before going I woke the dazed men and told them to make for the nearest help.

Keeping a good half-mile ahead of the sled, I broke trail on snowshoes. There were two feet of snow on the ice and most of it slushy. The going was very bad. Looking back over my shoulder I could see My Dear trying to run behind the sled and urging the dogs on. At the Point he overtook me and ordered me to take the dogs back to camp. He could not drive them, he said. I begged him to get into the sled and allow me to drive, but he mumbled that this would be impossible — I must take it back. Then the horrible delusion of his fever gripped him and he cursed me — not as *me*, understand, but just some unknown beast of a thing standing in his way.

Then he stumbled on ahead, and every step he took threw his great weight upon a toe that was eaten away to the bone. All I could do was follow with the team and sled. If he fell and did not get up again perhaps I might be there to lift him up, if I could, or build a fire, or something. Anyway, I knew I must follow, and the team must follow.

We had reached the end of the ice now and must travel the shore line for three miles. Here again there was no beach — just a rocky ledge with dense forest upon one side and open water on the other. A day or so before, it had taken five men several hours to snake an almost empty hand-sled through this same place. I was tackling it with a great mail-toboggan, ten feet long and heavy with ironwork. There was no trail. Sometimes I guided the sled along the ice cakes at the lake's edge; again we ploughed through waist-deep snow, obstinately sticky snow that would ball up into a mound before the runners. Then a great rock would loom up in front of us, jutting out into the lake and forcing a detour into the tim-

ber, where the long sled would become tangled in the small growth and brush, jamming between tree trunks and hanging over stumps. The dogs would pull and pull, the leader looking back at me with his soft eyes, assuring me he was doing his best, but filled with wonder that I should pick so impossible a place.

Twice we encountered deadfalls that stretched out into the water, too high to jump over, too low for the high-sided sled to pass under. The last of these almost stumped me, for, pull and tug as I might, I could not lift the front end of that sled over the fallen tree.

I could have cried then — but I did n't. I do not remember that I felt any emotion whatsoever on all that trip. I had not eaten, and yet I was not hungry. There had not been time to find proper clothing, but I was n't cold. I knew my arms and back strained with the lifting and tugging, and yet I felt no hurt. Every thought was centred upon that swaying figure ahead, sometimes in sight, sometimes hidden by a rock or bend, sometimes falling in the snow only to stagger up and pull on — that and the thought of his foot pounding unmercifully down into the ice-crust beneath the snow.

I got my sled by the last deadfall by overturning it and digging a trail under the log with my hands. This lowered the sled and I pushed it through on its side. Once I unhitched the dogs and led them, one by one, over a very precipitous place, tying them to trees on the other side and returning for another dog via the lake. The water reached above my knees and I did not want to wade the dogs through it. This way I led the whole team over, then carried the suitcase and the sack of meat through the water. The sled I brought the same way, turning it end-over-end. I was very wet when I harnessed up again on the other side.

My Dear had fallen and stayed a

long time in the snow. I had almost overtaken him when help came. A big fellow from the logging camp answered my SOS. I can never quite forget the sight of his huskiness emerging over the last hump, huge hands outstretched in help, a grin a thousand times more helping on his face.

Joe bucked up things quite a lot. He could not get My Dear to ride in the sled, but they walked along together, and I breathed easier and loitered behind to wring out my wet socks. While I was doing this there was a cry from up ahead. My Dear had fallen again, collapsed in utter exhaustion and pain. I yelled up the dogs and raced behind them, barefooted, and when we reached the men a strange thing happened. My Dear saw my bare feet and all the vacant horror left his face. 'What is wrong?' he whispered. I told him my shoes and stockings were wet and I was afraid of freezing. It worked like a charm. Instantly he snapped out of his delusion and was back to sanity and kindness. I was in danger. I needed care. He knelt by me on the ice and rubbed my feet and fussed in a perfectly natural manner. After that we persuaded him to sit on the handlebars and drive the sled with me in it. We were on good smooth ice by then and we gained the first inhabited house, a ranch halfway down the lake, by nightfall.

That winter the Lone Star Ranch had been leased by four young Californians, a strange crew about whom there was much surmising. They were vaguely supposed to have been connected with 'oil' in the South and, always on the lookout for people with dramatic pasts and possible reactions, I was in hopes that these youths might have been mixed up in some oil-well swindle and were hiding out in our lonely country; but on sight they

proved to be most innocuous, running for the greater part to unbarbered hair and Main Street bandying. And they were shocking housekeepers. I shuddered to think what the dear wide-hearted owners of the ranch would say when they saw their domicile in the spring!

The ranch is a low, log, scrambling affair picturesquely perched upon a hill overlooking the lake and backed by an unconquered and unclimbed peak called the Chimney. In summer the Lone Star, with its unfailing supply of fresh vegetables, milk, and butter, is a haven for fishermen and campers. The previous winter when, as tenderfoot movie-actors from Hollywood, we made our first up-lake journey, the owners were at home and we reveled in their cheery welcome, the huge, crackling fire in the living-room, and the platter of cookies and tumblers of milk set forth for our benefit.

This winter it was very different; the ranch was cold and deserted and it took a hasty run around the outbuildings before I found the four transplanted Native Sons sawing wood. When I hailed they stared at me blankly, and I realized for the first time what an extraordinary picture I presented. In my haste to leave the camp ahead of My Dear, I had donned the first pair of pants available — washed-out, thread-bare khaki of the baggy type so unbecoming to feminine legs. I had taken off my rubber pacs down on the ice, and the only dry things I could change to were a pair of My Dear's 'city' boots, size nine. Between the wide shining tan-leather uppers of these and the scraggly ends of my breeches was an expanse of bare and very red leg. Above the trousers was a nondescript sweater; and a jaunty stocking-cap, relic of some French-Canadian rôle, topped my haggard, unwashed, unpowdered, wan and worried face.

'And who are you?' the four men asked. I might just as well have said 'The Queen of England!' for all the belief my name and station registered. 'Well, well!' one of them remarked. 'So you are Nell Shipman, the movie star? And how did you leave Mary and Doug? Or perhaps it's Charlie Chaplin in disguise!' glancing at the number nines.

But I finally persuaded them, persiflage aside, that their presence in the house, or at least the presence of some of the wood they were cutting, was very imperative and they came along, kind enough when the situation was made clear to them. We were soon settled around the fireplace, boots and socks steaming in every direction, while outside the dog team was unhitched, fed, and tied to various stumps and stakes.

With heat and food came relaxation and the need of rest, but this was out of the question in the noisy, overcrowded room, our hosts evidently feeling called upon to entertain their 'distinguished' company with blaring jazz-records, bleated forth incongruously from the old-fashioned horn of the ranch gramophone, and ancient, rehashed gossip of Hollywood, while My Dear sat numbly smoking cigarette after cigarette and praying that morning might come.

An addition to our party arrived in the form of Joe's brother, an older replica of the big woodsman who had been our Gibraltar that afternoon, and it was decided that Fred should continue the journey with us by boat while Joe returned to camp with the dog team. Egged on by the brothers, two of our hosts were pried away from the fire and gave help in dragging the big ranch rowboat over the ice to the open water at Cape Horn. It was planned to attach an Evinrude to this boat in the morning and make the bay ice at the village, a distance of about nine miles.

On their way across the ice with the heavy boat the men broke through, but fortunately they were all hanging to her sides and escaped with a wetting. When they reached home there were more clothes to steam, more records to play, and more conversation to chew, but by midnight they sought their bunks and left us in possession of the wet wash and the fire. We sat through the night, sometimes dozing, watching for daybreak and making little prayers of thankfulness for the shelter of the ranch roof, for the boat and the open water, for Joe and his brother Fred, and for the hospital that was drawing nearer.

After daylight and the delay of breakfast we started with the dogs to cover the remainder of the ice, taking care to skirt the jagged wound where the boat had gone through in the evening. At Cape Horn we faced a great stretch of open water lying blue and sparkling in the sunshine. I thought of the Lena and wondered where the poor old thing might be. The boat was launched, the motor attached to her stern, and we embarked, first wishing Joe luck on his maiden trip as a Malamute 'musher.' Poor Joe! He looked his alert-eared, bushy-tailed, sharp-tusked charges over with a dubious eye. 'If them was mules, now,' he said, 'I could shore skin 'em, but these here houn' pups—' His brother thoughtfully suggested that the best method to take the team home, since Joe was strange to the ways of dog-mushing, would be to let the lead dog chase him, providing he kept just two leaps ahead of that worthy's jaws!

So we were laughing when we said good-bye, heard Joe 'mush' the dogs on, cracking the long blacksnake whip over their backs like an old-timer, and set forth upon the last leg of our trip. After the hell of yesterday things looked so bright and easy! My Dear was in

better spirits and, for the time, more nearly sane than he had been for many days. And, by the grace of the gods, our motor worked, although it was very cold. Sometimes, even in good weather, motors are doubtful critters and, as Fred whirled and wiggled things, I sat in the bow and prayed hard: 'Dear Lord, make her start!' And she did, after a few coughs.

We crossed Indian Bay and passed Eight-Mile Island, our spirits rising with every onward chug, but with Six-Mile came a blow. Since my up-lake trip, such a short time before, the bay ice had extended a good two miles and we were up against it. At first it was just a thin, crackly sheet, which we ploughed through and ignored. Then it grew more solid and we turned frantically — a half-mile to the left — a mile to the right — hoping for a channel. But there was none. The lake, here at its widest, was frozen completely across. Soon the ice became too hard for the boat to buck, and yet not solid enough to hold us. There was nothing to do but break it with the oars, bit by bit, and force a channel to the shore, over two miles away.

Have you ever traveled two miles by inches? And with a passenger bound for the hospital and to whom your speed means life or death?

Chip — chip — bit by bit; drive ahead a foot and back up three. Again and again; dripping with perspiration in the bitter cold, hands and forearms wet and red, the oars wearing down to splintered slivers under the punishing blows. On and on, little by little, only looking up once in a while to gauge distance — try to keep a straight line. The sick man sitting, ominously still, in the stern. No sound but the endless hammering of oar-blade on ringing ice. One foot gained! Another! The shore still a dim blur of black. A new method is discovered — to lie out over the bow

and press the oar, lengthwise, into the ice, thus breaking off a two-foot section but wetting one's self to the armpits. What does it matter? It is all a nightmare anyway, and we shall wake up soon, or the movie will flicker to a fade-out and a happy ending! Another heave — crack — plunge. Do you see that little hillock of rough ice on our port? We're nearly abreast of it and fifteen minutes ago it was ahead of us. So we are gaining! Heave — crack — plunge!

But things do end, even nightmare things, and after seeming centuries we did reach good ice, a few hundred yards from shore, and disembarked. Then I flew, stopping not on the order of my going, my one object being to reach the village and beg on my knees, or with the barrel of a gun if need be, some men and a hand-sled to bring My Dear in. I say 'flew.' Really my progress was a sort of drunken goose-step through the foot-deep slush covering the ice; slush that was oh, so cunningly camouflaged under a smooth blanket of snow. With every painful step I sank down, the slush-ice cruelly grasping my tired feet and making the up-pull ten pounds heavier. Whole half-acres were completely submerged and I skirted these rotten spots, more by luck than knowledge. My Dear and Fred, the Good Samaritan, plugged along behind me, and it was well that they did, for with the sunset came the sickening drop in the temperature, and if they had stayed still they might have frozen.

No Doré-like dream will ever equal, in my mind, the inferno of that ice — the swift sinking through, the deadly grip on foot and ankle, the slush and suck of the water, the slow pull out only to sink again. My Dear was following in my tracks as best he could, sinking deeper than I and pulling out a mangled, dead foot at every step! It is a merciful God that takes away our

minds at these times. Afterward he remembered nothing of this last stage of the trip, nothing except that endless trail of tracks, etched, it seems, on his very eyeballs, because for a long time after, at night or when he tried to read, those tracks leaped out at him from the darkness or the printed pages of his book.

As I approached the village the buildings seemed to recede, to get farther away with every heartbreaking step. I could see the captain of the boat and his boys down on the shore, and as I came nearer and they did not seem to see me they became like figures in a dream — visionary and unreal. I tried to call out to them, to beg them to hurry, above all things not to fade away like ghosts on the silver screen, but I could not make a sound except harsh breath-cackles. I thought, 'If they do not hear me call, surely they must hear my heart thumping!' But they did not turn from whatever it was that occupied them, and I was beside them before they saw me. Then they stood and stared, dumbly. The captain's wife came from her house, and she too stared dumbly. I suppose I looked queer with my funny clothes and white face. They said later that from my expression they thought someone had drowned — out there in the lake.

So we just stood and stared at one another and I was afraid to speak; afraid that with the first rush of words I should faint and cause a delay. And truly I did. I managed but three syllables — the name of My Dear, 'sled,' and 'ice' — when I fell into a black place. But when I rushed out of the tunnel again it was to see five husky man-figures back-tracking on my trail, bound for My Dear and dragging a hand-sled.

Then a dramatic thing, far beyond my most turbulent scenario-izing, occurred — out on the lake the rescue party

almost passed by the two men they sought in the heavy fog that came up and blotted out everything. They would have gone by them completely had not the voice of the Good Samaritan been heard, asking through the fog, 'All right, old man?' and the other answering, game to the finish, 'All right, old man!'

I wish all urbanites might do for a day without electricity, good roads, and transportation facilities! They would be a more contented lot when the science-sent gifts came back to them. Our journey cityward was like a condensed era of civilized progress, for following our trek on foot, by dog team, and by boat, came the comparative ease of a horse-drawn bobsled, then a swift-moving seven-passenger car and a lucky connection with the West-bound Limited at the railroad junction.

We were safely installed in a drawing-room on the train before I awoke to the fact that we were almost famous! Conductors, brakemen, and passengers gathered with helpful hints, kindly inquiries, and curious eyes. At length it was disclosed that outsiders had become alarmed over my first trip up-lake and journalism had done the rest. The condition of My Dear and the possibility of my never having reached camp at all had stirred up a pother of front-page excitement. No less than five rescue-parties were being organized! One was by the lodge owning the allegiance of My Dear, another by the mighty matchmakers who control the timber of our land, a third by our dear boys, the Disabled War Veterans of Spokane (bless them, I suppose they would have come hop-and-jump, stick and crutch). A lone and singularly efficient effort was planned by our doctor, who was already packing his tool kit and bidding farewell to his large practice, and the fifth entry was a most spectac-

ular rescue by an ex-ace who decided to fly in and land on the ice at our cabin door. This last thrilling stunt was stopped only by the fact that the ace had been arrested for rum-running out of Canada on the previous night!

Oh, what gorgeous publicity! And if it had amounted to a two-line squib in a small-town paper we could not have cared less! This was not moving pictures, it was the real thing, and I actually dodged reporters and photographers when we got off the train at Spokane. Such traffic merely blocked our progress to the hospital and my mind's eye could still vision only an operating-table and the saving knife.

Both came soon enough, early one bleak, gray morning and without the blessed oblivion of ether. The strain upon My Dear's poor heart had proved too heavy for the extra draft. He asked if smoking would be allowed and they said 'No,' so I promptly slipped a packet of cigarettes into his hand before they wheeled him away. They say he smoked quite gayly throughout the ordeal, much to the admiration of his pretty nurse and the amusement of the doctor. When he came back there was less of him, but he still had his grin — and one lone cigarette!

Good clean blood did the mending and in ten days he was allowed to hobble out again, but only so far as his hotel, and any possibility of a return to camp was severely frowned upon. Meanwhile the camera man had arrived and gone up-lake with the Boy. It was necessary for me to get home and start things moving on our first picture.

On this third trip I had company

galore, for three new men joined our outfit and traveled up with me, and in addition we had the society of two cougar-hunters and their dogs. We made quite a cavalcade as we ploughed up through the slush-ice, wet to the knees, but one of us, at least, idiotically happy. I felt that I had licked the ice, the lake, and the whole snow-hushed, hard-bitten country. In fact I was dancing a mental jig on the prone foe when one of the men gurgled and disappeared without so much as a warning creak from the treacherous ice. Instantly we all leaped to his rescue, the additional weight hurtling the would-be heroes into the lake. Blind luck had led us into a shallow place and we stood up in about four feet of water, looking very foolish! After that there were no further adventures to record, for we gingerly followed the shore line to camp, stepping lightly and cautiously, like careful cats.

I might have known that neither professional decrees nor proverbial wild horses would keep that man buttoned up in town when there was work to do at camp! I had scarcely got the place cleaned up and a few bites of food in the gaping cupboards when My Dear came sliding around the point, perched upon a hand-sled and pulled by two weary men.

'When do we start shooting?' he demanded.

The very next day saw us at work in the woods filming the first of our little pictures of the 'Big Places,' the camera rhythmically recording our 'play-true' adventures while our hearts kept time to a bigger theme — the memory of a 'for-true' movie that was not screened.

RINGTAIL

BY RUDOLPH FISHER

I

THE pavement flashed like a river in the sun. Over it slowly moved the churches' disgorged multitudes, brilliant, deliberate, proud as a pageant, a tumult of reds and blues and greens, oranges, yellows, and browns; from a window above, outrageous, intriguing, like music full of exotic disharmonies; but closer, grating, repellent, like an orchestra tuning up: this big, broad-faced, fawn-colored woman in her wide, floppy leghorn hat with a long cerise ribbon streaming down over its side, and a dress of maize georgette; or that poor scrawny black girl, bareheaded, her patches of hair captured in squares, her beaded cobalt frock girdled with a sash of scarlet satin. But whether you saw with pleasure or pity, you could have no doubt of the display. Harlem's Seventh Avenue was dressed in its Sunday clothes.

And so was Cyril Sebastian Best. To him this promenade was the crest of the week's wave of pleasure. Here was show and swagger and strut, and in these he knew none could outvie him. Find if you could a suit of tan gabardine that curved in at the waist and flared at the hips so gracefully as his own; try to equal his wide wing-collar, with its polka-dot bow-tie matching the border of the kerchief in his breast pocket, or his heavy straw hat with its terraced crown and thick saucer-shaped brim, or his white buckskin shoes with their pea-green trimmings, or his silver-topped ebony cane. He challenged the

Avenue and found no rival to answer.

Cyril Sebastian Best was a British West Indian. From one of the unheard-of islands he had come to Trinidad. From Trinidad, growing weary of coindiving, he had sailed to Southampton as kitchen boy on a freighter, acquiring en route great skill in dodging the Irish cook's missiles and returning his compliments. From Southampton he had shipped in another freighter for New York under a cook from Barbados, a man who compunctionlessly regarded all flesh as fit for carving; and Cyril had found the blade of his own innate craftiness, though honed to a hair-splitting edge, no match for an unerringly aimed cleaver. The trip's termination had undoubtedly saved his life; its last twenty-four hours he had spent hiding from the cook, and when the ship had cast anchor he had jumped overboard at night, swimming two miles to shore. From those who picked him up exhausted and restored him to bodily comfort he had stolen what he could get and made his way into New York.

There were British West Indians in Harlem who would have told Cyril Sebastian Best flatly to his face that they despised him — that he would not have dared even address them in the islands; who frequently reproved their American friends for judging all West Indians by the Cyril Sebastian Best standard. There were others who, simply because he was a British West

Indian, gathered him to their bosoms in that regardless warmth with which the outsider ever welcomes his like.

Among these latter, the more numerous, Cyril accordingly expanded. His self-esteem, his craftiness, his contentiousness, his acquisitiveness, all became virtues. To him self-improvement meant nothing but increasing these virtues, certainly not eliminating or modifying any of them. He became fond of denying that he was 'colored,' insisting that he was 'a British subject,' hence by implication unquestionably superior to any merely American Negro. And when two years of contact convinced him that the American Negro was characteristically neither self-esteeming nor crafty nor contentious nor acquisitive, in short was quite virtueless, his conscious superiority became downright contempt.

It was with no effort to conceal his personal excellence that Cyril Sebastian Best proceeded up Seventh Avenue. All this turnout was but his fitting background, his proper setting; it pleased him for no other reason than that it rendered him the more conscious of himself — a diamond surrounded with rhinestones. It did not occur to him as he swung along, flourishing his bright black cane, that any of the frequent frank stares or surreptitious second glances that fell upon him could have any origin other than admiration — envy, of course, as its companion in the cases of the men. That his cocky air could be comic, that the extremeness of his outfit could be ridiculous, that the contrast between his clothes and his complexion could cause a lip to curl — none of these far winds rippled the complacency of his ego. He had studied the fashion books carefully. Like them, he was incontrovertibly correct. Like them, again, he was incontrovertibly British; while these Harlemites were just American Negroes.

And then, beyond and above all this, he was Cyril Sebastian Best.

The group of loud-laughing young men near the corner he was approaching had not regard for the Sabbath, appreciation for the splendor of Seventh Avenue, or respect for any particular person who might pass within earshot. Indeed they derived as great a degree of pleasure out of the weekly display as did Cyril Sebastian Best, but of a quite different sort. Instead of joining the procession, they preferred assembling at some point in its course and 'giving the crowd the once-over.' They enjoyed exchanging loud comments upon the passers-by, the slightest quip provoking shouts of laughter; and they possessed certain stock subtleties which were always sure to elicit merriment, such as the whistled tune of 'There she goes, there she goes, all dressed up in her Sunday clothes!' A really pretty girl usually won a surprised 'Well, hush my mouth!' while a really pretty ankle always occasioned wild embraces of mock excitement.

An especially favored and carefully reserved trick was for one member of the group to push another into a stroller, the latter accomplice apologizing with elaborate deference, while the victim stood helpless between uncertainty and rage. In Harlem, however, an act of this kind required a modicum of selectivity. The group would never have attempted it on the heavy-set, walnut-visaged gentleman just passing, for all of his suede spats and crimson cravat; but when Cyril Sebastian Best lilted into view the temptation was beyond resistance.

'Push me!' Punch Anderson pleaded of his neighbor. 'Not yet, Meg. Wait a minute. Now!'

The impact sent Cyril's cane capering toward the gutter; his hat described progressively narrower circles on the sidewalk; and before Punch

could remove his own hat and frame his polite excuse Cyril's fulminant temper flashed. Some would have at least considered the possibility of innocent sincerity; others, wiser, would have said nothing, picked up their things, and passed on; but Cyril Sebastian Best reacted only to outraged vanity, and the resultant cloudburst of vituperation staggered even the well-informed Punch Anderson.

'Soft pedal, friend,' he protested, grinning. 'I'm apologizing, ain't I?'

More damnation. Epithets conceived over kitchen filth; curses born of the sea; worded fetor.

Punch's round-faced grin faded. He deliberately secured the West Indian's hat and cane and without a word handed them to him. Cyril snatched them out of Punch's hand as if from a leper and flung out a parting invective—a gem of obscenity. Punch's sense of humor died.

'Say that again, you black son of a simian, and somebody 'll be holding an inquest over you!'

In the act of raising his hat to his head Cyril said it again. Punch's fist went through the crown of the hat to reach the West Indian's face.

A minute later Cyril, tears streaming, polka-dot kerchief growing rapidly crimson with repeated application, was hurrying through the unbearable stares of gaping promenaders, while in his ears seethed the insult: 'Now get the hell out o' here, you ringtail monkey-chaser!'

II

The entrance of the Rosina wears an expression of unmistakable hauteur and you know it immediately to be one of the most arrogant of apartment houses. You need not stand on the opposite side of the Avenue and observe the disdain with which the Rosina looks down upon her neighbors. You

have only to pass between her distinguishing gray-granite pillars with their protective, flanking grille-work and pause for a hesitant moment in the spacious hall beyond: the overimmaculate tiled floors, the stiff, paneled mahogany walls, the frigid lights in their crystalline fixtures, the supercilious palms, all ask you at once who you are and what you want here. To reach the elevator you must make between two lordly, contemptuous wall-mirrors, which silently deride you and show you how out of place you are. If you are sufficiently courageous or obtuse, you gain the elevator and with growing discomfiture await the pleasure of the operator, who is just now occupied at the switchboard, listening in on some conversation that does not concern him. If you are sufficiently unimpressed or imprudent, you grumble or call aloud, and in that case you always eventually take to the stairs. Puff, blow, rage, and be damned. This is the Rosina. Who are you?

What more pleasurable occupation for Cyril Sebastian Best, then, than elevator- and switchboard-operator in the Rosina? If ever there was self-expression, this was it. He was the master of her halls, he was the incarnation of her spirit; in him her attitude became articulate—articulate with a Trinidadian accent, but distinctly intelligible, none the less. There were countless residents and their callers to be laughed at; there were endless silly phone-talks to be tapped at the switchboard; there were great mirrors before which he could be sure of the perfect trimness of his dapper gray-and-black uniform; there were relatively few passengers who absolutely required the use of the elevator, and most of those tipped well and frequently. It was a wonderful job.

Cyril's very conformity with his situation kept him ordinarily in the

best of humor, the rendering of good service yielding him a certain satisfaction of his own. It was therefore with a considerable shock that one resident, flatteringly desirous, as she thought, of Cyril's aid in facilitating a connection, heard herself curtly answered, 'Ah, tell de outside operator. Whaht you t'ink I keer?' — and that a familiar caller in the Rosina, upon being asked, 'Whaht floor?' and answering pleasantly, 'Third, as usual,' heard himself rebuked with "'As usual"! You t'ink I am a mind-reader, 'ey?'

Clearly Cyril Sebastian Best was in no obliging mood to-day.

Nothing amused, nothing even interested him: neither the complexion of the very dark girl who persisted in using too much rouge with an alarmingly cyanotic result, nor the leprously overpowdered nose of the young lady who lived in fifty-nine and 'passed' for white in her downtown position. He did not even grin at the pomposity of the big yellow preacher who, instead of purchasing ecclesiastic collars, simply put his lay ones on backward.

Cyril sat before the switchboard brooding, his memory raw with 'monkey-chaser' and 'ringtail.' Now and then a transient spasm of passion contorted his features. In the intervals he was sullen and glum and absorbed in contemplated revenge.

'Cyril! Are n't you ever going to take me up? I'm starving to death!'

He looked up. Hilda Vogel's voice was too sweet, even in dissatisfaction, not to be heeded; and she was too pretty — fair, rougelessly rosy, with dimpled cheeks and elbows. How different from the picture just now in his mind!

Cyril had secret ambitions about Hilda. Like himself, she was foreign — from Bermuda; a far cry, to be sure, from Trinidad, but British just the

same. And she was sympathetic. She laughed at his jests, she frankly complimented his neatness, she never froze his pleasantries with silence, nor sneered, nor put on airs. One day, after a week of casual cordialities during their frequent ascents, she had paused for as long as five minutes at her landing to listen to his description of the restaurant he was going to own some day soon. It could n't be meaningless. She saw something in him. Why should n't he have ambitions about her?

'Cyril! How 'd you hurt your lip?' she asked in the surprise of discovery as the car mounted.

Merely that she noticed elated him; but he would have bitten the lip off rather than tell her. 'I bump' into de door doonsteers.'

'Shame on you, Cyril. That 's an old one. Do I look as dumb as that?'

He was silent for three floors.

'Goodness! It must have been something terrible. Oh well, if you ignore me —' And she began humming a ditty.

She had never been so personal before. Had his soul not been filled with bitterness, he might have betrayed some of those secret ambitions at once, right there between floors in the elevator. As it was he was content with a saner resolution: he would ask permission to call Wednesday night. He was 'off' Wednesdays.

'You soun' quite happy,' he observed, to make an opening, as he slid back the gate at her floor.

'You said it!' she answered gayly, stepping out; and before he could follow his opening her dimples deepened, her eyes twinkled mysteriously, and she added, 'I may be in love — you 'd never know!' Then she vanished down the hallway with a laugh, while the speechless Cyril wondered what she could mean.

III

In the flat's largest room a half-dozen young men played poker around a dining-table. A spreading gas-dome of maroon-and-orange stained glass hung low over the table, purring softly, confining its whitish halo to the circle of players, and leaving in dimness the several witnesses who peered over their shoulders. One player was startlingly white, with a heavy rash of brown freckles and short kinky red hair. Another was almost black, with the hair of an Indian and the features of a Moor. The rest ranged between.

A phonograph in a corner finished its blatant 'If You Don't I Know Who Will,' and someone called for the 'West Indian Blues.'

'That reminds me, Punch,' said Meg Minor over his cards. 'Remember that monk you hit Sunday?'

'Never hit anybody on Sunday in my life,' grinned Punch across the table. 'I'm a Christian.'

'Punch hit a monk? Good-night! There's gonna be some carvin' done.'

'Name your flowers, Punch!'

'"Four Roses" for Punch!'

Meg went on through the comments: 'He's an elevator-boy at the Rosina up the Avenue.'

'What'd you hit him for, Punch?'

'Deal me threes, Red,' requested Punch, oblivious, while Meg told the others what had happened.

'Serves you right for actin' like a bunch of infants,' judged Red. 'Punch in the Post Office and you supposed to be studyin'—what the hell are you studyin' now, Meg?'

'Serves *us* right? It was the monk that got hit.'

'Hmph! D' you think that's the end of it? Show me a monk that won't try to get even and I'll swallow the Woolworth Building.'

'Well, we were just feeling kind o'

crazy and happened to meet up with that bunch of don't-give-a-kitty kids. It was fun, only—'

'Bet fifteen cents on these four bullets,' said Punch.

'Call!'

'Call!'

'You stole the last pot, bluffin',' calculated Eight-Ball, nicknamed for his complexion's resemblance to the pool ball of that number. He tossed a blue chip into the growing pile.

'Have to protect my ante,' decided his neighbor, resignedly.

'I'm a dutiful nephew, too,' followed Meg.

Punch threw down three aces and a joker and reached for the pile of chips.

'Four bullets sure 'nough!'

'An' I had a full house!'

'The luck o' the Nigrish. Had a straight myself.'

'Luck, hell. Them's the four bullets that monk's gonna put into him.'

'Right. Get enough for a decent burial, Punch.'

'Deal, friend,' grinned the unruffled Punch. 'I'm up.'

'On the level, Punch,' resumed Meg, 'keep your eyes open. That little ape looks evil to me.'

'Aw, he's harmless.'

'There ain't no such thing as a harmless monkey-chaser,' objected Red. 'If you've done anything to him, he'll get you sooner or later. He can't help it—he's just made that way, like a spring.'

'I ain't got a thing for a monk to do, anyhow,' interjected a spectator. 'Hope Marcus Garvey takes 'em all back to Africa with him. He'll sure have a shipload.'

Eight-Ball finished riffling the cards and began to distribute them carefully. 'You jigs are worse 'n ofays,' he accused. 'You raise hell about prejudice, and look at you—doin' just what you're raisin' hell over yourselves.'

'Maybe so,' Red rejoined, 'but that don't make me like monks any better.'

'What don't you like about 'em?'

'There ain't nothin' I do like about 'em. They're too damn conceited. They're too aggressive. They talk funny. They look funny — I can tell one the minute I see him. They're always startin' an argument an' they always want the last word. An' there's too many of 'em here.'

'Yeah,' Eight-Ball dryly rejoined. 'An' they stick too close together an' get ahead too fast. They put it all over us in too many ways. We could stand 'em pretty well if it was n't for that. Same as ofays an' Jews.'

'Aw, can the dumb argument,' said Meg. 'Open for a nickel.'

'Raise a nickel.'

'Who was the pretty pink you were dancin' with the other night, Punch?' inquired the observer behind him.

The lethargic Punch came to life. 'Boy, was n't she a sheba? And I don't even know her name.'

'Sheikin' around some, hey?'

'Nope. My sister Marian introduced me. But I'm so busy looking I don't catch the name, see? When I dance with her she finds out I don't know it and refuses to tell. I ask if I can come to see her and she says nothing doing — would n't think of letting a bird call who did n't even know her name.'

'Really got you goin', hey?'

'Damn right, she did. I ask Marian her name afterwards and she won't come across either. Says she's promised not to tell and if I really want to locate the lady nothing'll stop me. Can y' beat it?'

'Why don't y' bribe Marian?'

'If you can bribe Marian I can be President.'

'All right, heavy lover,' interpolated Meg impatiently. 'You in this game?'

Punch discovered then that he had discarded the three queens he had

intended to keep, and had retained a deuce and a fivespot.

'Well, cut me in my neck!' he ejaculated. 'Did you see what I did?'

The man behind him laughed. 'Boy, you're just startin', he said. 'Wait till you locate the pink!'

The gloomy dinginess that dimmed the stuffy little front room of the Rosina's basement flat was offset not so much by the two or three one-bulb lights in surprisingly useless spots as by the glow of the argument, heated to incandescence. Payner, the house-superintendent, whose occupancy of these rooms constituted part of his salary, had not forgotten that he was a naturalized American of twenty years' standing, and no longer fresh from Montserrat; but Barbadian Gradyne had fallen fully into his native word-throttling, and Chester of Jamaica might have been chanting a loud response to prayer in the intervals when the others let his singsong have its say.

'No people become a great people,' he now insisted, with his peculiar stressing of unaccented syllables, 'except where it dominate. You t'ink de Negro ever dominate America? Pah!'

'Africa,' Gradyne lumberingly supported him, 'dat de only chance. Teng mo' years, mahn, dis Harl'm be jes' like downg Georgia. Dis a white mahn's country!'

'Back to Africa!' snorted Payner. 'Go on back, you b'ys. Me — I doan give a dahm f' all de Garveys an' all de Black Star liners in Hell. I stay right here!'

'You t'ink only for you'self,' charged Chester. 'You t'ink about you' race an' you see I am right. Garvey is de Moses of his people!'

'Maybeso. But I be dahm' if Moses git any my money. Back to Africa! How de hell I'm goin' back where I never been?'

Neither Gradyne's retaliative cudgel nor Chester's answering thrust achieved its mark, for at that moment Cyril Sebastian Best broke unceremoniously in and announced: 'De house is pinch'!

Like a blast furnace's flame, the argument faded as swiftly as it had flared.

'Where you was raised, boy? Don't you got no manners a-tall?'

Cyril banged the door behind him, stuck out his chest, and strutted across the room. 'I tell you whaht I hahve got,' he grinned.

'A hell of a nerve,' grunted Gradyne.

'An' I tell you whaht I'm goin' get,' Cyril proceeded. 'I'm goin' get rich an' I'm goin' get married.'

'How much you pays, 'ey?' asked Chester.

'Pays? For whaht?'

'For you' licker. You's drunk as hell.'

'Den I stays drunk all 'e time. I got de sweetes' woman in de worl', boy — make a preacher lay 'is Bible down!'

'Who it is?'

'Never min' who is it.' But he described Hilda Vogel with all the hyperbole of enthusiasm.

Gradyne inspected him quizzically. 'Dat gel mus' got two glass eyes,' he grinned.

'Or else you have,' Payner amended.

'How you know she care anyting about you?' Chester asked.

'I know.' Cyril was positive. 'She tell me so dis ahfternoon in de elevator. I been makin' time all along, see? So dis ahfternoon when I get to de top floor I jes' staht to pop de question an' she look at me an' roll 'er eyes like dis, an' say, "I may be in love!" an' run like hell down de hall laughin'! Boy, I know!'

Payner and Chester and Gradyne all looked at him with pitying sympathy. Then Chester laughed.

'You cahn't tell anything by that, mahn.'

'I cahn't, 'ey? Why not?'

'You had de poor girl too far up in de air!'

IV

'Did you see the awful thing Harriet wore?'

'Did I? Who in the world made it?'

'Noah's grandmother.'

'And that King Tut bob — at her age!'

'Maybe she's had monkey glands —'

Cyril, listening in at the switchboard, found it very uninteresting and, leaving off, deigned to take up three passengers who had been waiting for five minutes in the elevator. When he reached the street floor again, the instrument's familiar rattle was calling him back.

'Apartment sixty-one, please.'

Something in the masculine voice made Cyril stiffen, something more than the fact that it sought connection with Hilda Vogel's apartment. He plugged in and rang.

'Can I speak to Miss Vogel, please?'

'This is Miss Vogel.'

'Miss Hilda Vogel?'

'Yes.'

The masculine voice laughed.

'Thought you'd given me the air, did n't you?'

'Who is it, please?' Cyril noted eagerness in Hilda's voice.

'Give you one guess.'

'My, you're conceited.'

'Got a right to be. I'm taking the queeniest sheba in Harlem to a show to-night, after which we're going to Happy's and get acquainted.'

'Indeed? Why tell me about it?'

'You're the sheba.'

Hilda laughed. 'You don't lose any time, do you, Mr. — Punch?'

'I don't dare, Miss — Hilda.'

Cyril, bristling attention, shivered. Despite its different tone, he knew the voice. A hot wave of memory swept

congealingly over him; he felt like a raw egg dropped in boiling water.

'How did you find out I was — me?'

'Oho! Now it's your turn to wonder!'

'Tell me.'

'Sure — when I see you.'

'I think you're horrid.'

'Why?'

'Well, I've got to let you come now or I'll die of curiosity.'

'Dark eyes, but a bright mind. When do I save your life?'

'Are you sure you want to?'

'Am I talking to you?'

'You don't know a thing about me.'

'More'n you know about me. I looked you up in *Who's Who*!'

'Now you're being horrid again. What did you find?'

'You work in the Model Shop on the Avenue, you live with your ma and pa, and you're too young and innocent to go around with only girls, sheikless and unprotected.'

'How do you know I'm sheikless?' Cyril's heart stumbled.

'You're not — now,' said the audacious Punch.

The girl gasped. Then, 'You did n't find out the most important thing.'

'To wit and namely?'

'Where I am from.'

'Nope. I'm more interested in where you're going.'

'We're —' she hesitated gravely.

'I'm — do you — object to — foreigners?'

It was Punch's gasp. 'What?'

'There! You see, I told you you did n't want to come.'

'What are you talking about?'

'We're — I'm a Bermudan, you know.'

Punch's ringing laugh stabbed the eavesdropping ears. 'I thought you were an Eskimo, the way you froze me that night.'

'You're not — prejudiced?'

'Who, me? Say, one of the finest boys down at the P. O. is from Bermuda. Always raving about it. Says it's Heaven. Guess he means it's the place angels come from.'

She was reassured. 'Not angels. Onions.'

'I like onions,' said Punch.

'What time are you coming?'

'Right away! Now!'

'No. Eight.'

'Seven!'

'Well — seven-thirty.'

'Right.'

'Good-bye.'

'Not on your life. So long, Hilda.'

'So long, Punch.'

'Seven-thirty.'

'Seven-thirty.'

The lift was full of impatient people audibly complaining of the delay. The only response from the ordinarily defiant Cyril was a terrific banging open and shut of the gates as he let them out, floor by floor. His lips were inverted and pressed tightly together, so that his whole mouth bulged, and his little eyes were reddened between their narrowed lids.

'I may be in love — you'd never know.' He had thought she was encouraging him. He would have made sure the next day had there not been too many people in the car. Fortunately enough, he saw now; for she had been thinking of the ruffian whose blow still rent his spirit, whose words still scalded his pride: 'Now get the hell out o' here, you ringtail —'

He had seen Counselor Absalom. Absalom had said he could n't touch the case — no witnesses, no money, prolonged litigation. Absalom had n't even been sympathetic. Street brawls were rather beneath Absalom.

Cyril slammed the top gate to and reversed the controlling lever. As the car began to drop, something startled him out of his grim abstraction: the

gate was slowly sliding open. It had failed to catch, recoiling under the force with which he had shut it. Yet the car was moving normally. The safety device whereby motion was possible only when all the gates were shut had been rendered useless — perhaps by his own violence just now. He released the lever. The car halted. He pushed the lever down forward. The car ascended. He released it. The car halted again. He pushed the lever down backward. The car descended. Its movements were entirely unaffected.

Cyril paused, undecided. For a long moment he remained motionless. Then with a little grunt he rose again and carefully closed the open gate. His smile as he reached the ground floor was incarnate malevolence, triumphant.

V

Meg Minor was following a frizzly bobbed head and a bright-red sweater up the Avenue. In the twilight he was n't sure he knew her; but even if he did n't — he might. Introductions were old stuff. If the spark of attraction gleamed, blow on it: you might kindle a blaze.

As he crossed a side street an ambulance suddenly leaped from nowhere and rushed at him with terrifying clangor. He jumped back, the driver swore loudly, and the machine swept around the corner into the direction Meg was going.

'Swore like he was sorry he did n't hit me,' he grinned to himself. 'Must be out making patients or something. Where's that danger signal I was pacing?'

The red sweater had stopped in the

middle of the next block. So had the ambulance. When Meg reached the place, a gathering crowd was already beginning to obstruct passage. Since the sweater had halted, Meg saw no reason for going on himself, and so, edging as close to it as he could, he prayed that the forthcoming sight might make the girl faint into his arms.

He paid no attention to the growing buzz about him. There was a long wait. Then the buzz abruptly hushed and the crowd shifted, opening a lane to the ambulance. In the shift Meg, squirming still nearer to the red sweater, found himself on the edge of the lane.

Two men, one in white, came out of the house, bearing a stretcher covered with a blanket. As they passed, Meg, looking, felt his heart trip and his skin tingle. He started forward.

'Punch! For God's sake —'

'Stand back, please!'

'It's Punch Anderson, Doc! What — what — is he —?' Meg pressed after the white coat. 'Doc — good Lord, Doc — tell me what happened! He's my buddy, Doc!'

'Tried to hop a moving elevator. Both legs — compound fractures.'

Doors slammed. The ambulance made off with a roar and a clamor. Meg stood still. He did not see the bright-red sweater beside him or hear the girl asking if his friend would live. He was staring with mingled bewilderment and horror into the resplendent entrance of the Rosina. And, as he stared, the sound of the ambulance gong came back to his ears, peal upon peal, ever more distant, like receding derisive laughter.

THEODOSIA BURR

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

CONSIDERING that women in general are not seafarers, and that their perils and disasters are rather of a domestic order, it is curious that two of the most notable, brilliant, and interesting figures among American women, Margaret Fuller and Theodosia Burr, should have been lost at sea.

But, indeed, Theodosia's life was picturesque, sudden, and tumultuous in every way. Her distinguished, disreputable father said of himself: 'It seems I must always move in a whirlwind.' Theodosia wrote: 'What a charming thing a bustle is. Oh, dear, delightful confusion. It gives a circulation to the blood, an activity to the mind, and a spring to the spirits.'

If bustle was what she liked, she got it. She was the great-granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards, and no doubt she received so much of his pious inheritance as her father had not frittered away. Born in 1793, before the new American nation had settled down, she lost her mother when she was ten years old, and her existence became involved in the eccentric orbit of her father's fortunes. She watched him first in the hurly-burly of New York politics, then she saw him become Vice-President of the United States in 1800, then he was thrown into disgrace by the duel with Hamilton in 1804. Meantime, at seventeen, she had married a wealthy South Carolina planter, Joseph Alston, who later became Governor of the State, and she swung back and forth between

her father in New York and her Southern home.

Then in 1806 Burr developed his wild dream of Spanish-American empire. Theodosia shared it, and visited the victimized Blennerhassets on their exquisite Ohio island. Her father was arrested and tried in Richmond for treason. She shared that episode also. Then he went abroad for four years, practically in exile, and she longed for him and labored for him with passionate ardor, though her affections were also absorbed by the husband and the one boy at home. Just as her father at last achieved his return, she lost the boy, and her life was wrecked forever. On the last day but one of 1812, when she was twenty-nine years old, she sailed from Charleston to meet her father in New York, and was never definitely heard of again. It does not require legendary pirates, who deliberately drowned her, to complete the tragedy. Surely by that time the poor child had had bustle enough, and would have relished the beautiful epitaph which Byron found in an Italian cemetery — *Implora eterna pace*.

Theodosia's mother was a delightful person, and her influence on the child's earlier years must not be overlooked. His wife's devotion to him is one of the assets in Burr's singular career, for it is evident from her letters that she was a woman of unusual nobility and charm.

In view of the wide later ambitions

of her husband and her daughter, it is interesting to observe that Mrs. Burr was not without her frank confession of interest in the upward efforts of the world. In speaking of Catherine the Second she says, 'What a glorious figure will she make on the historical page! Can you form an idea of a more happy mortal than she will be when seated on the throne of Constantinople? How her ambition will be gratified.' To such an ardent spirit a mythical throne in Mexico might have had a certain appeal. Yet what is most striking about Mrs. Burr is her earnestness and loftiness of moral tone. Whatever her husband may have been, she was consistently noble and high-minded, and her religion, though probably not narrow or dogmatical, was pervasive and sincere.

That this lady kept a close and careful watch on her daughter's education we may take for granted, but there is less evidence of the mother's control than of the father's, because, owing to his frequent absence, his interest was expressed in letters that have come down to us. It may be said at once that few fathers manifest not only a more affectionate, but a more intelligent and judicious, concern for their children's welfare, and spiritual and intellectual development. Burr was determined that his daughter at least should not be given over to the frivolities and drawing-room accomplishments which were then considered all that was necessary for her sex. She was to study serious subjects and to master them — mathematics, sciences, history, languages, literature; he advises her as to all of them, and sees that she keeps at it and makes progress.

When one thinks of what he himself was, and what his life had been and was about to be, one sometimes gasps at the quality of the advice which he pours out so freely; but taken in itself

it is excellent, and might well produce the best results, even if the source was somewhat tainted. 'Negligence of one's duty produces a self-dissatisfaction which unfits the mind for everything, and ennui and peevishness are the never-failing consequences. You will readily discover the truth of these remarks by reflecting on your own conduct, and the different feelings which have flowed from a persevering attention to study, or a restless neglect of it.'

As a result of these paternal efforts, Theodosia used her intelligence faithfully and zealously all her brief life; and it was evidently clear, acute, and penetrating. The reading which her father prescribed for her was somewhat remarkable. She seems to have studied both Latin and Greek at an early age. When she was ten years old, her father writes, 'I am sure you will be charmed with the Greek language above all others,' and a few months later he remonstrates against the neglect of Greek verbs. He recommends the *Odyssey*, recommends Terence, and when she is married and a busy mother he hopes she reads 'Quintilian in the original, and not in translation.' And Theodosia's own letters are not without allusions to the authors that she loves. Perhaps she may have had a little more leaning to the romantic and frivolous than her father approved; but, if so, he had succeeded bravely in eradicating it, and by the time she was twenty she had eschewed light fiction as unprofitable: 'Novel-reading has, I find, not only the ill effect of rendering people romantic, which, thanks to my father on earth, I am long past, but they really furnish no occupation to the mind. A series of events follow so rapidly, and are interwoven with remarks so commonplace and so spun out, that there is nothing left to reflect upon.'

It must not be supposed, however,

that the girl was a pedant or a blue-stocking. She was thoroughly feminine in her tastes and instincts, enjoyed society, and was fitted to shine in it. She was lovely to look at, with a strangely simple, round, baby face, but clearly intelligent and sensitive. There is no sign that she was coquettish or overfanciful in her dress; but she liked pretty things, and liked to display them: 'You must send me the shawl. I shall be down at the races, and want to have the gratification of displaying it.'

How charming is her appeal to her father about her appearance at a party: 'I danced twice, but am unable to tell you whether I looked well or danced well; for you are the only person in the world who says anything to me about my appearance. Mari generally looks pleased, but rarely makes remarks.'

Indeed, as in intellectual, so in social education the father was the trusted adviser and guide. And, on the whole, it must be said that his counsel here too was excellent. She is to seek the society of her fellows and not to avoid it, she is to be careful not to bore anyone, she is to understand, to sympathize, to learn to bear the little rubs and vexations without annoyance. Above all, he begs her to cultivate the appearance of cheerfulness and kindness, well understanding that the substance is bound to be developed by the manifestation; and I do not know what saner social advice could come from any source: 'There is nothing more certain than that you may form what countenance you please. An open, serene, intelligent countenance, a little brightened by cheerfulness, not wrought into smiles or simpers, will presently become familiar and grow into habit. . . . Avoid, forever avoid, a smile or sneer of contempt; never even mimic them. A frown of sullenness or discontent is but one degree less hateful.' It is easy to

understand that the man who formed his conduct on such a principle was one of the most beloved, as well as hated, of his generation.

His daughter was beloved also. Such expressions as we have about her are quite ecstatic in their enthusiasm. Even Blennerhasset, who detested her father and her husband, says of himself and of that strange Luther Martin, who defended Burr in his trial, 'I also find his idolatrous admiration of Mrs. Alston almost as excessive as my own.' And Mrs. Blennerhasset goes further still: 'I should not think my life even worth its present value, did not I hope once more to see and converse with that woman whom I think almost above human nature.' Theodosia's own expressions of friendship show that this popularity was founded on a singular tenderness and power of delicate apprehension and comprehension.

Unfortunately circumstances contributed too much to blight these gentler feelings. The disgrace which overtook her father reacted largely upon Theodosia's own social prospects and surroundings, and she was forced to recognize the shallowness of much of the world's affection and the bitter lining of its apparent kindness and grace. When such blows come, it is hard to keep the cheerful countenance, harder still the cheerful heart. Burr himself was born so infallibly gay that nothing could shake him. Friends might fail, hopes might wither, strength and means might vanish—he could still smile on. But his daughter was made of more delicate stuff, and it is clear that at times her eyes filled and her heart died within her.

How much religion did she have to strengthen her? We do not know. Her father was pretty largely skeptical. One of her biographers insists that this skepticism was never allowed to affect her, that Burr kept it to himself. This

I doubt. But, after all, his own skepticism was not violent and he regarded God with the same fine tolerance that he bestowed upon all animated beings. His is the truly admirable remark: 'I think that God is a great deal better than people suppose.' As for Theodosia herself, we have hardly more than the exquisite words in regard to her husband and child, written when she thought she was dying, but I do not know that we could ask for anything more convincing or more lovely: 'Oh! my heavenly Father, bless them both. If it is permitted, I will hover round you, and guard you, and intercede for you. I hope for happiness in the next world, for I have not been bad in this.'

II

These words are from a letter addressed to Theodosia's husband, and her husband played a conspicuous part in her life, though less so than he would have done if it had not been for her father. Joseph Alston was an important personage in South Carolina, belonged to a considerable family, and had considerable possessions and abilities. Theodosia seems to have chosen him from affection. But Alston's Southern life, habits, and tastes were naturally strange in many ways to a girl who had grown up in New York, and his wife did not always find it easy to adapt herself to them.

It would appear that Alston was an excellent man and an indulgent and devoted husband. We have a number of his letters, which bring out many of his traits in an interesting fashion. For example, there is the long and most curious epistle, written to Theodosia in the days of love-making, to overcome her objection to early marriages. It seems the young lady — at seventeen — had cited the august authority of Aristotle to the effect that 'a man

should not marry before he is six-and-thirty.' The lover admits the weight of this learned opinion, but insists that even against Cicero, 'who stands higher in my estimation than any other author,' he cannot possibly accept her point of view. Early marriages are generally bad, no doubt; but his case is different. They are all always so touchingly different, are n't they? He is not a child. They never are. 'Introduced from my infancy into the society of men, while yet a boy I was accustomed to think and act like a man. On every occasion, however important, I was left to decide for myself; I do not recollect a single instance where I was controlled even by advice; for it was my father's invariable maxim that the best way of strengthening the judgment was to suffer it to be constantly exercised.' And, to be sure, at thirty-seven instead of seventeen one might have stopped to wonder whether such a character was too well adapted to marriage at all, early or late. But Theodosia was not thirty-seven, and she gave up Aristotle, and consented. Who can wonder?

It is very clear that her husband retained his affection and admiration for her to the end. No doubt she was amply worthy of both. Still, one can see that he might have found some drawbacks. There is that terrible, engrossing, meteoric father. It might easily be imagined that a husband would have found such a father difficult to put up with, might have been sometimes indignant with him and sometimes jealous of him. Perhaps Alston was both; probably he was. But nothing of it appears, even in the few of his own letters that we have or in the comments of either the father or the daughter. What he writes to Burr, after Theodosia's death, certainly indicates the deepest and finest appreciation of all he had lost: 'The man who has been deemed worthy of the heart of

Theodosia Burr, and who has felt what it was to be blessed with such a woman's, will never forget his elevation.' And Alston gave the best testimony of his attachment by dying a few years after his wife and son, practically of a broken heart.

On Theodosia's affection for her husband we have much more vivid light than upon his for her. In the early days of her marriage, when she was absent in New York, she frequently wrote to him, and the letters have a charming touch of tenderness and grace. 'Every moment I feel that I have lost so much of your society which can never be regained. Ah, my husband, what can be pleasure to your Theo, unassisted by the charms of your presence and participation? Nothing. It is an idea which has no place in my mind unconnected with you.' When he is ill, she writes: 'You have been imprudent, and all my fears are fulfilled. Without anyone near you to feel for you, to attend to you, to watch every change and share every pain. Your wife only could do that. It is her whose soul clings to yours, and vibrates but in harmony with it; whose happiness, whose every emotion, more than entirely dependent on yours, are exchanged for them.'

The passage of years brought some rubs and flaws in the beauty of this tenderness. Alas, it must be always so. These husbands perhaps live in the wilds of South Carolina, far from the sparkle and gayety of New York society. Again, these husbands have families, and sometimes it is wearing. Theodosia takes a journey with two of her husband's relatives, and the mischievous creature writes to her father: 'We travel in company with the two Alstons. Pray teach me how to write two *A's* without producing something like an *Ass*.' Then there is always that father, and the strange complication that he makes of life, complication

which is certainly enough to distract and terrify the best of husbands, so that there are times when it seems best to conceal one's doings from marital observation altogether.

Yet there can be no doubt that Theodosia not only retained her husband's love to the end, but returned it fully, and her influence over him must have been in proportion to the depth of their affection. The beautiful words of the farewell letter, from which I have already quoted, though written in 1805, would, I am sure, have been just as appropriate in 1812: 'Death is not welcome to me. I confess it is ever dreaded. You have made me too fond of life. Adieu, then, thou kind, thou tender husband. Adieu, friend of my heart. May Heaven prosper you, and may we meet hereafter. . . . Least of all should I murmur, on whom so many blessings have been showered — whose days have been numbered by bounties — who have had such a husband, such a child, and such a father. . . . Adieu, once more, and for the last time, my beloved. Speak of me often to our son. Let him love the memory of his mother, and let him know how he was beloved by her.'

III

As a housekeeper and mother, Theodosia, young as she was, seems to have borne herself with dignity and success. Her health was never robust, and the entirely new conditions with which her Southern married life was surrounded were not wholly favorable. There are times when continued and prospective weakness depress and discourage her. But it is evident that she was not one of those who cherish imaginary symptoms, or count on an enfeebled condition to create sympathy: 'I exert myself to the utmost, feeling none of that pride, so common to my sex, of being weak and ill.'

When effort was called for, she displayed it, and she clearly had the gift of getting things done. Her father is impressed with the rapidity with which her 'house has been furnished and established.' And the daughter quietly and simply states her view of the way in which life ought to be met and dealt with: 'In running away from duties, there is something cowardly which I never could bear.'

There is one point on which I wish I had more light, and that is Theodosia's management of money. Did she share her father's incurable thriftlessness? Was she affected at all by what I call the reaction of alternate generations, through which we so often see a child instinctively avoiding the weaknesses and excesses of its parent, perhaps even falling into an opposite excess? Certainly the daughter in this case had no trace of narrowness or meanness, but I cannot help thinking that hard experience in childhood had taught her something more of prudence and forethought than her father ever learned. At any rate, she bewails his European poverty and makes desperate, if not very successful, efforts to relieve it.

Whatever her economic abilities, she undoubtedly had occasion for them in running her establishment, which must have been at all times a large and difficult one. Alston had the slaves, the general equipment, and the elaborate as well as primitive living-arrangements of a great Southern planter, and Theodosia, at seventeen, had to go in and take charge of these. I have no question but that she did it, and did it well. She had always been accustomed to a similar elaborateness in her father's house, however great may have been the uncertainty of paying for it. This well appears in Burr's account of his preparation for one of her visits: 'Of servants there are enough for family purposes. Eleonore, however, must

attend you, for the sake of the heir apparent. You will want no others, as there are at my house Peggy, Nancy, and a small girl of about eleven. Mr. Alston may bring a footman. Anything further will be useless; he may, however, bring six or eight of them, if he like.' While another brief passage, with its charming suggestion of 'bustle,' gives a vivid picture of the state in which Mrs. Alston traveled: 'Heigh-ho! for Richmond Hill. What a pity you were not here, you do so love a bustle; and then you, and the brat, and the maid, and thirty trunks would add so charmingly to the confusion.'

In her attitude toward her little son Theodosia is as faithful as she is attractive. Her letters to her father are full of the child, though not more so than her father's to her. Burr adored his grandson and namesake, and poured out incessant counsels and suggestions as to his education. Tutors? He must have the best tutors, must be taught languages, and mathematics, and literature. His mother must keep at him, and if she does not she must be scolded. 'If you had one particle of invention or genius, you would have taught A. B. A. his *a, b, c* before this. God mend you. His fibbing is an inheritance, which pride, an inheritance, will cure. His mother went through that process.' Burr wants him taught energy also, outdoor sports, and some contact with life, such as is essential to fit him for success in a democracy. When the child, at four years old, meets an infuriated goat and puts him to flight with a stick, the grandfather's soldier-heart is entirely delighted.

Theodosia listens quietly to all this paternal advice, and takes it in, and profits by it. But it is quite clear that she manages her child in her own way, and intends to do so. She superintends his lessons, superintends his morals, watches over his health, wants him to

be a man and a brave one and a good one.

How pretty is her anxiety when, on some trifling occasion of alarm, the boy is terrified and runs to her and catches her skirts. 'Do you think this trait ominous of a coward? You know my abhorrence and contempt of those animals. Really I have been uneasy ever since it happened.'

But through all the anxiety and all the care and all the discipline it is evident how much she loved him. And then he died — was snatched away from her just when she had enshrined all her hope in him, and all her pride, and all her life. The two letters written to her father shortly after the loss are tragic in their dry-eyed misery, their quiet revelation of a spiritual universe in ruins: 'Alas! my dear father, I do live, but how does it happen? Of what am I formed that I live, and why? Of what service can I be in this world, either to you or anyone else, with a body reduced to premature old age, and a mind enfeebled and bewildered? . . . Whichever way I turn, the same anguish still assails me. You talk of consolation. Ah! You know not what you have lost. I think Omnipotence could not give me an equivalent for my boy; no, none — none.'

Again I turn back to that pathetic farewell letter, written years before, when she had no thought that the child's death would precede hers; and it is touching to see the three strands of interwoven love, which made up all her life, so closely mingled together: 'Let my father see my son sometimes. Do not be unkind towards him whom I have loved so much, I beseech you. . . . Adieu, my sweet boy. Love your father, be grateful and affectionate to him while he lives; be the pride of his meridian, the support of his departing days. Be all that he wishes; for he made your mother happy.'

IV

But, interesting as Theodosia was in her relations to her husband and her son, it is unquestionably the relation to her father that is the predominant and most impressive thing in her life.

As to Burr's worship of her there can be no doubt whatever, and it is the finest and most attractive element in his chequered character and career. I have already indicated his solicitude for her education in her youth and for her health at all times. But his attention and absorption appear everywhere in his letters and journals. 'The happiness of my life depends on your exertions; for what else, for whom else do I live?' If he has sudden hopes of fortune, if his wild speculations for once promise to turn out well, the instant thought is that he can do much for her. When the direst poverty oppresses him, the very last resort is to sell the precious keepsakes that were hers: 'The money must be raised or the voyage given up. So, after turning it over, and looking at it, and opening it, and putting it to my ear like a baby, and kissing it, and begging you a thousand pardons out loud, your dear, little, beautiful watch was — was sold.' The final disaster of her death did more to shatter his extraordinary equanimity than anything else that ever happened to him, and though he lived for many years, and loved and laughed and spent and trifled, the scar on his heart was never quite obliterated.

What is perhaps most singular about this paternal affection is the utter confidence of self-revelation in it. There seems to have been no fold of his subtle and complicated spirit that this man was not ready to open before the child whom he adored. There was no reluctance, there was no modesty, there was no shame. Few men would think of writing to their sons as he writes to

this high-minded and exquisite daughter. All his earlier love-affairs and projects of remarriage are submitted to her criticism and comment. Above all, when he was in Europe, he kept a minute daily diary, which was confessedly intended to be perused by Theodosia, and to form notes for future talks with her. Again and again she expresses her delight at the thought of seeing it. Yet there are few more scandalous records of erotic adventure extant anywhere. Can you imagine Pepys keeping his diary expressly to be shown to his daughter? But that is apparently what Burr did. The only possible solution of the puzzle lies in the extraordinary temper of the man, his combination of an extreme subtlety and sophistication with a childlike naïveté, such as we see so often exemplified in the elder Dumas. But even so it is a singular spiritual phenomenon, both for him and for her.

At any rate, as a result of so much confidence and affection, he acquired a very great influence over her. It is touching and beautiful to see how she turns to him for advice and guidance in every crisis of her life. In one of the most curious passages of his journal he shows how great he felt this influence to be. 'From any man save one, if I cannot vanquish, I can escape. In the hands of that one, I am just what Theodosia is in mine. This was perceived after the first two hours; and seeing no retreat, nor anything to be done, I surrendered, tame and unresisting, to be disarmed, stripped, hacked, hewed, dissected, skinned, turned inside out, at the will and mercy of the operator.'

Nevertheless I cannot help feeling that he somewhat overrated his power, at least that in reality the daughter's was the stronger nature of the two; that when she was really convinced she went her way with true feminine persistency, and even that perhaps in the

end she swayed him more than he did her. She advises him almost like an older sister in his matrimonial perplexities, and it is evident that he wants her advice, and takes it. With what a noble cry does she stimulate him to endeavor and to hope. 'Tell me that you are engaged in some pursuit worthy of you. This is the subject which interests me most; for a long time it has been the object of my thoughts.' And indeed in more than one passage he indicates his sense of how near and intimate her sympathy and influence were. 'I wish to say more, but in this way and at this moment cannot; and, besides, as I have never a good idea which does not occur to you first, it is deemed unnecessary.'

Whatever her influence was, it is certain that she followed every step of his career with passionate anxiety and interest. His doings, his plans, his projects — she demanded to be kept cognizant of them all. 'As soon as you have formed any determinations, I conjure you to inform me of them as soon as possible. I know that entreaty is not necessary. I am too proud of your confidence to affect a doubt of it; but my mind is anxious, impatiently anxious in regard to your future destiny. Where you are going, what will occupy you, how this will terminate, employ me continually; and when, forgetful of myself, my brain is dizzy with a multitude of projects, my poor little heart cries out — and when shall we meet?'

Naturally what interested and fired Theodosia most was her father's plan of Mexican domination and sovereignty. After the Hamilton duel, in 1804, had ruined his political prospects in the United States and he had parted forever with that phase of ambition in his farewell speech to the Senate as Vice-President, Burr traveled through the great Western country and conceived his cloudy scheme of empire.

Details are vague in the narrative of historians, as they were probably vague in Burr's own mind. But that they included a dream sovereignty of some kind for himself and Theodosia and her boy, established on the ruins of Spanish-American dominion, is hardly to be questioned. Two brief but immensely significant passages alone are sufficient to prove this. There is the sentence in which Blennerhasset, writing to Alston, refers to 'your sovereign in expectancy,' and the still more remarkable phrase of Theodosia, written after it was all over and referring to a possible disturbance in Mexico: 'Thank God, I am not near my subjects; all my care and real tenderness might be forgotten in the strife.'

The scheme, whatever it was, failed hopelessly, partly because it was in its nature too vast to be realized, still more no doubt because Burr was practically incapable of keeping up with the great sweep of his imagination.

What concerns us is Theodosia's attitude toward the whole affair. First, how did she herself feel? Were her imagination and her ambition excited? There is no indication that in general she took much interest in politics. It was persons, not causes, that primarily appealed to her. Yet we must remember her mother's admiring comment on the triumph of the great Catherine, and there is also in Theodosia's own remark about her Mexican subjects something which suggests that the strange dream had taken a hold upon her fancy. Sensitive and sensible as she was, there are touches implying that she was not wholly indifferent to the distinctions of the great world: 'I would to Heaven I could be with you,' she writes to her father in Paris. 'I long to visit a region where the Muses and Graces have some favorites . . . and circumstances

have, for a long time, been inimical to my advancement in any respect.'

But, whatever her own personal aspirations, there can be no question about her passionate interest in her father's success. She would have liked to see him emperor of the world, and devoutly believed that he deserved to be so. As to Mexico, her grief at the abandonment of the project is intense and lingering and shows in reference after reference in her later letters. And when the project was abandoned, when failure and disappointment came, her affection, her devotion, were un-failing and illimitable, as in all other phases of her father's career. She loved him when she was a child, she loved him in her mature age; loved him for his gentleness, for his thoughtfulness, for what seemed to her his unselfishness and consideration, and because he liked to see people happy. When disgrace and ignominy overtook him and he was being tried in Richmond for his life, she stepped right out and stood beside him, as proud to be his daughter as when he was Vice-President of the United States.

Far more astonishing than the child's devotion and loyalty is her inexhaustible belief. She was not only completely subjugated by her father's charm, — 'I find that your presence threw a lustre on everything around you. Everything is gayer, more elegant, more pleasant where you are,' — she accepted him as perfect with an almost superhuman perfection: 'Indeed, I witness your extraordinary fortitude with new wonder at every new misfortune. Often, after reflecting on this subject, you appear to me so superior, so elevated above all other men; I contemplate you with such a strange mixture of humility, admiration, reverence, love, and pride, that very little superstition would be necessary to make me worship you as a superior being; such

enthusiasm does your character excite in me. . . . I had rather not live than not be the daughter of such a man.' And this was written after the conspiracy, after the trial, when Burr had certainly shown all the defects he had.

Perhaps, in spite of her enthusiasm, she was not quite oblivious of all of them. If you look very carefully, you can find an occasional touch of criticism. Errors? Oh yes, he makes errors, slight ones: 'You know, I love to convict you of an error, as some philosophers seek for spots in the sun.' And, for all his superhumanity, even she suspects him of delaying and dallying too idly with the sweet of life: 'I tell you this, because I begin to think that Hannibal has got to Capua.' Yet these are trifles; the sun of her existence remained for the most part unspotted.

And then one thinks of the man as history sees him. To Americans in general he is simply one branded with eternal ignominy and with the mark of Cain upon his forehead. In the most charitable view, one must admit that, while he may have liked to see people happy, he made thousands wretched. He ran a wild, disordered career, with little spiritual guide except his own whim and the passionate fancy of the moment, with little regard to whom or what he sacrificed. And, if sexual morals have any social significance whatever, he was certainly an abominable reprobate. Worse still, as it

would have appeared to him, and possibly to Theodosia, he was not only a bad man — he was a small man. By a petty love of mystery and disguise, by a constitutional incapacity of living with great purposes, he managed to give to even vast designs a perpetual flavor of comic opera. The little things of life were just as important to him as the big, and such a disposition is surely fatal to greatness, if not to happiness. Yet this superb woman, with an intellect as keen as her character was lofty, made an idol of him!

Surely a peculiar and exquisite tragic pathos is infused into her love and loyalty by the very worthlessness of the object, as so often happens in this troubled and unequal world. She had the nobler, the finer, the more dignified nature, as well as the stronger, and all her nobility and dignity were lavished upon Aaron Burr.

Yet with it all there was a certain similarity between them in their eternal childlikeness. With one of his charming touches of insight he says: 'Oh, yes! I knew how much of a child you were when I sent the pretty things. Just such another child is *ton père*.' The world, to both of them, was instinctively a matter of pretty things. Love, hate, empire, life, were toys to be trifled with and flung away, in view of the vast ocean of illusion, which tosses up men and gods and worlds and hopes in ceaseless admired disorder forever and ever.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

BY ELIZABETH CHOATE

I

THREE white swans settle on a sapphire stretch of water — three white swans that have escaped from somewhere. What is the weight of a swan, when one tulip petal is too great a burden to carry in the mind when the wind is thus and so? We think of life and how it passes, death and the worms that will eat us — all because white swans have escaped to blue water and we must stay at home and listen to the sad imploring frogs.

Some days are worse to live than others. In winter New England dies particularly dead, locked in such stillness that, standing in the middle of a winter night, our intimate earth becomes detached and strange. In March she holds a pallor like a drowned man, and back yards show the disarranged affairs of the deceased. Who would at such times dream of yellow roads around the hills to Samarkand, or the beauty that a breaking universe gives out when galaxies of stars are chipped to pieces on a skiff's flat bottom? But after dandelions torch the lawns! Cardinal birds and a revolution! Then there are days when the wind has its way with us, when the wind or a small brown owl on the branch of a tree sets us longing for the beautiful ones, whom we do not know, nor what, nor how, nor who they are, only that two things are carried across the morning, memories of the 'old-gold' downs and a voice from the hills which says: 'Life is the sea, so go a-fishing

while the tide is high,' and says: 'How have you planned to circumvent the gray November days forever?' until we must rush out to meet life face to face and kiss the lady on her lips, or grab the time of day to stop its ticking until we can discover the most winelike way to use it.

So on a certain day of a certain spring I longed to find some well-born ease to thwart a season's capricious pain which forces us to weep at mouldy cabbages and laugh at dead relations; I wished to pluck December roses to lighten and brighten the latter winds. And as I remembered that Héloïse and Abélard, riding to Orléans, 'snuffed the faint fragrance of the chestnut trees now all in flower' I looked at the white road round a hill from our town, and knew that because it is across a bridge and past a signpost, is divided by one clump of birches and a lane, the distance held a flavor that would never walk down our main street; for though a frog sits on a stone in our river, and farther down the blown narcissi hold themselves with pride, and though these things made life seem like a 'perfect gift' to Héloïse, yet even so Romance lies over the mountain and always will while we remain at home. Therefore I planned a way to go through 'hilly lands and hollow lands' until I should come to the Mountains of the Moon and cross to El Dorado, or, as this case might be, from where I could see that open

space of water below my hill to the magnolia gardens of Charleston, South Carolina.

I had thought to travel by rail, having heard of how, after the death of a day and night, the hope of resurrection stirs when reaches of low yellow meadows catch the eye, meadows bordered in heavy shade-trees and split by a winding river colored like the words that Conrad argued over — *bleu de faïence*. But the gods have their own plans; therefore boast not, ye humans, about this and that or the state of your health, for an' you do they will see you have thrown all your handkerchiefs into the wash and give you a cold in the head. So it was from the deck of a boat that I observed how between here and there is nothing to help one recognize Romance. For, unlike most journeys hither and yon, going is not the better part of arriving. On the contrary, boats for tourists smell of tourists — which is not the smell of the open road, where dirt is frankly dirt with no half-measures, but, picked up from labor, heartily brown and weathered, takes on some of the clean atmosphere of work. This other is a pallid sort, dirt wrung from pleasure and the peels of oranges, covered, as if to give it respectability, with the damp perfume of stewardesses' linen. And the sea goes by the bows, not this time like the white sea-horses, but paid out by the yard, as if each passenger would hold it for a measure to discover the length of this unending trip. So I said, as I leaned to look at the chocolate-colored harbor water while Fort Sumter passed on the left, shrunk in size like the giants of childhood, that the earth had never been so modern, so symbolical of corrugated-iron roofs and billboards for Castoria.

Yet let it be understood at once that a city such as Charleston would never

allow a guest to remain in such a frame of mind for long. It knows its business far too well, its heritage is much too deep. That is why its Customhouse faces the sea, where it stands a little above and apart, like the true master of the house waiting to bid one welcome. That is why also there was an entertainment on the lower deck where, as the hawsers were thrown to the dock, the Negroes began to unload.

Orders came to start uncovering the hatch, and a small confusion worse confounded was the purpose of the joy. There were grunts as ropes were pulled away and bars removed, interspersed with shouts and wails — mere sound — just any kind of satisfactory loud sound to please themselves with, sometimes like moose, sometimes like children; and a yellow nigger shouted above the general pandemonium while bars were hoisted into the air.

'Yo-ho! Comin' again!' he yelled at each displacement. 'Yo-ho! Comin' again!' And the heads ducked to the sound of half-smothered bellows of laughter.

'Májaw!' one nigger called out to another. 'Hi, Májaw, doan't yuh wahnt some ice water?'

'Suah ah do,' the other answered. 'Hand it down heah, you. Ahm doin' some almighty boilin' up in this yeah kettle er soup.'

'Look to yerse'f, den,' shouted the first. '*Hit's* a-comin'!' And he poured the pail of icy water full on his friend's head.

Chaos was in the air. Then there came a voice from the bridge, carrying over the madness below.

'Good Gawd,' it cut down, toneless and quiet, 'Good Gawd, we won't get tied up for a week.'

It was a hose sprayed on the fire. The gang in the hold ceased their buffoonery and went to work, giggling behind their hands.

And then I heard a tired voice behind me saying something that I did not catch until I turned to listen.

'It's full of freaks,' he said, and pointed to the city.

I answered 'Oh,' not knowing what to say.

'I'm one myself,' he said, in such a tone that I could not tell if I were meant to admit it or to contradict him.

He wore a soft brown hat like anybody else.

'I have an aunt,' he said.

But then, I had a dozen aunts, and what it was about his aunt that made him particularly strange I could not tell, for in that minute we were hurried off to go ashore.

II

The best way to discover a city is to go out and about day after day, up and down its streets, through and between and around again and again, until they come to have a meaning and an air. Strange beauty is a pleasure, but familiar beauty is a pleasure enhanced an hundredfold by its familiarity. Therefore we must acquire, as soon as possible, associations for our sunsets and our mornings. This is not hard to do in Charleston. But for the first few days we note simply the tangible form and feature of the town, and that to one who has never visited the South is difficult.

Charleston is a city, but one may be waked in the early morning by the chant of the street criers singing the wonders they have found in the deep waters. Charleston is a city, and our ideas of cities mean brownstone houses either on or off the proper sides of streets. What then do we make of the delicate color of these sun-steeped buildings? For in the latter days of April the sun is bright indeed and falls on baked old yellow walls which here are bare and glittering and there are

covered with dark-green vines which frame hung blinds and lattices. There are no rules concerning wood and stone. One house behind an iron fence is brick with white verandahs, and gone-to-ruin quarters of its slaves crowd on its wings; another has a porte-cochère and broad admittance over cobblestones for coach and four; another is wood with crumbling corners, and yet another is weathered plaster. There are no rules even for iron fences, except that should you stop to lean on one you will be asked at once to share the hospitality which it encloses.

It is in the first few days also that we note the configuration of the city, how business keeps its proper station in the background and allows its better half to live in undisputed decoration on the river and the bay. We note how the streets are neither short nor long nor wide nor narrow, but all four unexpectedly, and how the angles of the buildings face them in a fashion quite unlike the ones we know, having as it were been slid in sideways to escape the heat, instead of arranged close, cheek by jowl, with back yards carefully concealed. Indeed, back yards in Charleston are rarely concealed at all, many of them being as gracefully overrun by greenery as the more formal lawns. This is no creation of a day, as are the modern Southern towns. The long progress of its growth can be seen in its casual unset appearance. King Street blazes in the sun, polished and clean as the knockers on its doors or the curtains in its windows, but turn to the right and go down a block or two and Legaré Street shows gates and rambling lawns with heavy trees and balconies where creepers run up to the second story, turn over backward, and drop down in waving tails. Or turn to the left and pass three corners — there is a tumble-down wooden ruin or a rose-red shanty for pickaninnies; or

follow your nose with your back to the river and you will come into squares for churches and the attendant space they use to bury people in, where grass has overgrown the gravestones and vagrant flowers intersperse the green.

In the first few days will be seen light and shadow, names and faces, but after all they will be only untranslated lists of 'things,' until on a sudden, as if by wandering there had been found a key, the inward spirit of its outward grace will spring to life.

In the tale of the place one may know that Charleston was settled first by the French, 'but, misfortune overtaking them, they abandoned the place, only to be done to death by the Spaniards at St. Augustine, dying for their faith and scorning to abjure.' Nothing whatever did they leave behind them but a tumbled fort, the name of their king for the Province, and the spirit of their heroism. The English settlers who came some hundred years later found it and nailed it to their mast as if it had in verity been a flag. They also died for their faith in their own right to exist, to govern themselves, and to make of their city and state a thing of beauty, honor, and industry after their own fashion; so, though Indians harassed them, Spaniards massacred, and pirates — those (to us) red-bandaged, fearfully delicious symbols of the real Romance — even though pirates burned and killed and pillaged, still they too 'scorned to abjure,' and so, although they died, the Province lived.

When the tumults of birth were over, the city grew, but it did not grow with ease. The young man began his education in the rice-fields and the young woman at the cotton-loom, with malarial fever bonily rattling the door, while more than one generation saw the work of the last swept to perdition by fire or flood.

Yet out of these efforts came the

prosperity which stands behind what the popular fancy regards as a desirable pattern of fine, cultured society. We know the picture of it. Fair women in billowing laces who spoke 'with the tongues of men and of angels.' Upright, courteous men who rode like knights, thought wisely for their State, founded churches, schools, and libraries, and gathered together as the representatives of a people who flourished in fine minds. Charleston, as it lived in the old days, stands somewhat to the imagination as the *Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*. Indeed Charleston fits so precisely in this frame that it is hard to remember the working-clothes she wore. One is apt to be carried on the wind of the story which includes banquets and dances, corn cakes and stuffed pheasants' breasts, elopements, escapades, luxury, and love, and is half inclined to leave her first prosperity, after her first battle with the wilderness, inseparable, as it was not left by the cannon balls of the Revolution. But these are a part of her life — or death — and must roll murderously in to put a period here and there to the phrases that write of civilization.

We of the North are too prone to imagine that we alone fired 'the shot heard round the world' and that, as is the rule to-day, no one would be invited to the Boston Tea Party but Bostonians. This, however, was not the case, for not only would Carolinians have been most welcome, but, oblivious of outside invitations, they held one of their own, which took place in Hog Island Channel outside Charleston Harbor, and afterward held to their defiance, sending the British fleet packing before the half-finished palmetto-log barriers of Fort Moultrie.

We Northerners are too apt to believe that we bore the whole burden of that war, yet Charleston was eventually captured and the British came in and

sat in the high places for three interminable years. That was the time of Marion's Men, the troop of outriders made up from the bluest blood of the city as well as the reddest blood of the farms, who galloped through the country rescuing beleaguered houses whose men had joined the army, ambushing the British columns, and bringing help wherever a hint flew through the swamps on the heels or tongue of a Negro boy that someone was in danger. Wild gallops there were, mad escapades, performed by thoroughbreds and gentlemen, with a country to lose for the one who faltered. High hearts, in short, with danger and distress spurred by spurred heels of bravery and laughter. But they were also the days when whole families were turned out of their houses by British officers with no warning and no excuse, when plundering was rife, when houses were burned to emphasize the terror and women harassed for sheltering their own relations, when in fact a conquering army made itself at home.

But Charleston awaited the end, and when Cornwallis surrendered she started at once to build herself anew. The old struggle was fought through once more. She was plagued by fever and destroyed by fire and flood, but even so, during the following period of peace she was able to dress herself in such becoming colors and appear so strong and splendidly made that Washington and Lafayette declared the whole could truly represent the part, an individual beauty of that time.

Such was the blossom Charleston grew from her beginnings. She took her name from a king and bore it with a greater grace than Majesty itself. She was prosperous, she was fair, she had suffered and had won. Charleston was a queen.

Yet, as I walked my century's hour through her streets, their quietness

belied this pride and wonder. They slept in the sun. Odd phrases for her wandered through my brain. 'She is a maiden lady thinking of her lovers,' 'she is a fragile beauty, died before her time,' 'she is a ghost that never found fulfillment.' Even an invasion into the heart of the town left me only half convinced of its existence. There was an evanescent quality. 'America with its hurtling vitality has no place here,' I said.

Then, not content with exploring the immediate vicinity to establish its reality, I pushed out to the surrounding country, anxious to find the rock it sprang from. But the surrounding country spreads out in low marshes, which tell no tale except of fever; and the roads that lead through them, arched overhead by feathery branches, end for the most part in grandeur that has been and is no longer, or only inasmuch as all things live again in other forms, and the ruins of bygone gayety are run ariot in a bonfire of azalea bushes.

On my return I found a statue near a park. It was much like the statues made to-day; the face was younger, the figure slimmer, the uniform a different sort, but underneath was written all the answer.

Charleston was no maiden, but a mother.

It is from backgrounds such as hers that land begets a love for itself—a fiery, unbreakable, enduring passion, stronger perhaps in the South than elsewhere, on account of the sumptuous rewards she gives her children. So it was that when she most needed them, so it was that when her real ruin stared her in the face, 'quick and bright was the answer,' for 'the State knew her sons,' so it ended that when 'the best of Carolina lay dead in their jackets, unmarked by band or star, even their mothers said: "It is well."'

III

One morning, after the city had been got to acknowledge my acquaintance, I was wandering here and there in the desultory fashion which is the only way to learn the hidden ways of cities, when a brown hat and a bald head parted company and gravely saluted me.

'Mornin', ma'am,' he said, 'seein' the town?'

I said I was.

'They mostly do,' he said. 'P'r'aps you'd like to hear about this town of Charleston?'

I said I would.

'As I was tellin' you, I'm one of those freaks I was mentionin'. There's lots here — every sort and kind. See that balcony yonder? Used ter be a judge who sat there in a rockin' chair. He'd drop things on people as they went by. Yankees, of course you understand, ma'am. He was n't crazy, either — just a freak like the rest of us. The women are the same, ma'am — full of kinks and queerness.'

'But why?' I asked.

'I don't know, ma'am. I suppose it comes from stayin' here all their lives. Most of 'em have n't the money to go anywheres, and they get to livin' on memories.'

'Yes,' I said, 'but these people never could have known —'

'Not they, ma'am, of course,' he said with obvious patience, 'but I expect the fathers of most of these ladies put ideas into their haid. Maybe you passed a big white house on your way down?' He looked at me while I nodded. 'Well, there's three women livin' in that house, poor as church mice, ma'am, but they won't speak to any livin' soul who did n't have a relative near nor far in the Confederate Army.'

I looked my amazement.

'That's true as gospel, ma'am,' he said.

'Why, I've an aunt,' he said, 'she was ninety-four last winter. I went to take dinner with her on her birthday. Ma'am, the house was a sight for sinners. That old lady had chased the servant girl outter the house for knockin' over a picture of General Lee.'

I laughed.

He looked me in the eye.

'The fact is, ma'am,' he said, 'the people of Charleston in the old days never did have ter put up with ignorant discourtesies.'

I winced a little under his look.

'Just freaks, you see, ma'am,' he forgave me.

So with this escort I saw the result of that sacrifice, and looked at the face of the city from the other side of its windows; for an' I promised to take care of how I spoke of General Lee, I was taken to call on the aunt who had known him, where she lived on a street not far from me across a thoroughfare.

From this view Charleston is the color of lavender. There 'where the world is quiet' live the gentlefolk, and most of them are poor — so poor that living does not vary in the year, and washing dishes must be lied about, for all are fiercely proud and all at the same time insistently hospitable. The surrounding color is lavender. The women's faces make you sure of it, soft hands and low voices press it on you. You are led through small lanes into sweet entangled gardens to the tune of it — gardens which are the most unpublic places, which wipe from your mind other more open spaces where tramps sleep on the benches; which are full of nice, private flowers that you may touch and personally praise aloud, and are kept like Spanish beauties behind veils of delicately manufactured iron lattices. Even the musty smell of the wooden halls makes one aware of its presiding presence, so that you feel that you have found an atmosphere of

cobweb delicacy, a spun existence that a noise would shatter.

But on the other side of this soft color there are bloodstains, and these are never forgotten; indeed they form a halo for the host of young husbands, young brothers, — that darling youth! — all children, so they tell, all beautiful, all loved, who died æons and æons ago, it seems, for the same old causes, and have become, as they sit in their tiny dignified gilded frames in the half-dark Southern parlors, audibly worshiped, heroically portrayed, the symbol of all the beauty of all their world. They are told to you simply, in spite of their grandeur, as 'my father's only brother' or 'my mother's youngest cousin,' and it is rather like an epitaph which says: 'I will not speak at all for fear I say too little.'

I noticed about the mouth and eyes of all these figures a certain wistfulness. Now these are half-done baby pictures of them all, made before they were really grown, made for their mothers who loved their youth, made before they went away to war; so I stood before them and wondered: 'How did they find that gentleness before they knew? Was Youth *then* not a little hard?'

I have thought to myself that these pictures say: 'We wish a little that we had not had to die.' How did they acquire that? Youth throws itself away like a running song; it is only age that has time to regret that the notes are gone. It is because of this that I surmise that the twist to their mouths does not belong to the pictured people after all. It has been transferred by some mysterious magic from the ones who have looked so long at these fair faces and have wished so hungrily that they had not had to die. For not only did they take love with them, but their promise, which for a miracle to

help the world goes hand in hand with love. Old hands have had to carry on the work they were to do, old age has had to fight the aftermath, and take the staff of dreams. And Age dreams back, not forward; it cannot manufacture something out of nothing, or build a castle on a charred remains, as Youth can, simply by the contemplation of its endless undeveloped years. So Charleston shut its doors and, being very tired, slept, clasping its past, and let its azalea blossoms blaze its only defiance to the rushing world.

That for many years was Charleston. I do not mean 'was' in the sense that it is over — only it is past. It exists still in the tangled gardens that one looks at through the latticed gates; there are still tears and graves, and voices that tremble to explain how bullets were made from the leaden gutters; there are still hot words to say to Yankees; there is still sacred ground where you may not put your foot, or if you are fool or cad enough to try you will be met with spears.

But mark! Now a difference begins. Not everyone is poor. The city builds on its foundations still another time. And more! For Charleston holds a secret.

Step quietly, and perhaps you'll hear an echoing laughter, and after it has gone you will turn to your neighbor and say: 'Sir, is it the darling youth come back again?' And you will not need an answer, for they are all before your eyes.

Charleston sits quietly, decorated with fat roses and racing children. Death has departed: it has been packed in a box and put away. Tears there are and legends, but after these — well, you can see the resurrection in the tousled heads; for the first time you may remember that to have a son ranks one with the immortals.

FEEDING THE WORLD

BY SIR A. DANIEL HALL

I

At the present moment the position of agriculture in both America and Great Britain presents certain contradictory yet significant conditions which demand the most earnest consideration. That the situation of the farmers themselves is uneasy is indicated by the commissions of inquiry that have been set on foot in each country in the hope of discovering legislative action for the benefit of agriculture, and by the statistics of abandoned farms in the United States and of the shrinking area under the plough in Great Britain. The farmer is not finding his business worth while. On the other hand, the public is restive under the rising prices of food, prices which seem disproportionate to the share which gets back to producer. Yet no one has discovered a method of clipping the toll taken by the dealer and the retailer; and though coöperative marketing is being pressed upon the farmers, and in some cases successfully pursued by them, it is doubtful whether the marginal saving it can effect will fundamentally remove the difficulties of the producer.

In despair the American farmer is being counseled to reduce his output to the amount that will satisfy the home market — a procedure difficult enough in any case, with the fluctuating yields due to season, but impracticable for farmers who are not united in an association that can enforce instructions upon its members. An individual

can rarely see safety in limiting his output — his natural tendency is to aim at getting ahead of the average; if, however, he works to cheapen his output, that effort will on the whole be attended by smaller gross yields. Lessened production follows in unconscious response to the pressure of low prices; farmers cheapen and lower their standard of cultivation, abandon the marginal land, or turn it down to grass as in Great Britain. The continent of Europe presents a not dissimilar situation; though tariff walls safeguard the position of the farmers, they are not producing enough food for the needs of the community, and complaints of the high cost of living are universal. Despite poverty and adverse exchanges, European countries are being forced to import foodstuffs; in few cases do the statistics show increasing agricultural production.

In face of these universal complaints of high and rising food-prices, can it be supposed that a general policy of reduced production will solve the difficulties?

Long before the resulting scarcity enables the farmer to satisfy his requirements, the dealers handling commodities that are indispensable, yet in short supply, will have forced up prices to intolerable limits; they, rather than the farmers, would hold the community to ransom, and war-time experience shows pretty clearly the impossibility of disciplining traders

without an adverse reaction upon production.

We have to face the fact that food is in the process of becoming scarce in relation to the increasing population of the world. In his *Mankind at the Crossroads* Professor East has just published a striking exposition of the path the world is following. Populations are continuing to rise and, except in France, at an increasing rate; even the World War has caused no more than a flicker in the ascending curve. Yet where during the present century can be seen the corresponding expansion in food-production? With the exception of the growth of the cultivated area in Canada, there has been nothing since 1900 to compare with the opening-up of the Middle West, of Argentina, and of Australia during the previous half-century. That was the great period of growth of agricultural supplies, of cheapening food, and we have got into the way of regarding the sources as illimitable and the process as continuous. But new lands are no longer available.

Russia used to be a considerable exporter of wheat and is expected eventually to resume that position, but as far as Russia in Europe is concerned it is doubtful whether the land is able to do more than support the existing population, provided it is adequately fed. Past surpluses for export were often accompanied by need on the verge of famine, and though better methods and organization might result in greatly increased production, it is hardly likely to keep pace with the growth of population. Russia in Asia is a more unknown factor, as are tropical South America and Africa, but we know enough to be able to say that they cannot be organized rapidly for the export of foodstuffs, as were the great prairies of Central North America. The gradual shrinkage of food-supplies

relative to the consuming population was becoming evident in steadily rising prices from 1900 onward — a rise which is being again resumed after the wild fluctuations due to war, to boom and deflation. It was significant that even before the war the United States was being compelled from time to time to supplement by imports her production of corn, of wheat, and of meat; it is significant now that the new factor in the market to which some of the rise in wheat prices is attributed is an increasing volume of purchases from China and Japan. Scarcity will not come in a night; for a long time, as the Chicago operators say, wheat can always be found somewhere by scraping the bottom of the bin; but it is only prudent to calculate on a continued hardening of prices and the more frequent recurrence of panic rises, as a seasonal deficiency strikes a market denuded of reserves.

The orthodox economist will say at once that this situation will create its own remedy; under the stimulus of rising prices more people will be attracted into agriculture, production will be increased and the balance restored.

It has already been indicated that there is no new land very accessible; the settled countries possess no potential reserves, as may be seen from the way the United States has been driven to experiments in the reclamation of 'bad' lands, with no conspicuous measure of success. Nor as a rule do men who have once taken to urban life migrate back to the country because conditions are more promising; the tide sets always the other way, and if the agricultural population is to increase, it will have to be by its own growth. But here comes another factor into play: if food-production is diminishing, relative to population, so at the same time agriculture as a calling is losing in

attraction relatively to industries and commerce.

The drift from the country to the town has been a secular subject of lament, needlessly so in so far as the movement is only the reflection of the fact that the land cannot carry more cultivators in one generation than another, when no change in the system of farming is going on. Son may succeed father on the land, but the second son must move off. There is no real need for lament if increased efficiency, due to the use of machinery, enables the same output to be attained with fewer men; the dangerous situation comes when the migration is caused by abandoned farms or a lower standard of cultivation. Now at the present time agriculture cannot compete with the other industries either for capital or for men, because it has not been, indeed cannot be in the nature of things, subjected to the speeding-up processes that have attended cotton-spinning, steel-making, or the like. All the world over, the capitalist farmer is not getting the same returns on his investment as is attainable in other industries; his prospects of expansion are poorer, his credit is inferior, and though he may stick by the farm his active-minded sons tend to seek other outlets. Financiers are not looking for farming enterprises, except as an elegant way of losing money in order to demonstrate their wealth. The peasant farmers, or rather their sons, are wondering whether the returns are worth the toil of such a life. Peasant farming has never yet succeeded in maintaining itself when it has been brought into such close contact with urban life that an escape was available.

Lastly, the wage-earners in agriculture are always the worst-paid class in the community. No farming enterprise, whatever the skill with which it is conducted, could earn for its workers

the wage rates paid by Ford to his mechanics. In England the son of a farm laborer may be found on the railway, earning twice his father's weekly pay, though living under the same conditions and doing far less skillful work.

Here lies the real difficulty of the situation, that just when the world is needing increased food-production those very developments of science and organization which have caused population to expand are making life on the land less and less attractive. The town is becoming so much nearer; improved transport, education, the cinema, radio, are all elements in showing the country child the other sort of life and the way to it. Census returns, as far as they are available since the war, would seem to show an absolute as well as a relative diminution of the agricultural population in most of the civilized countries.

II

The only way out of the dilemma is, then, to find some way of raising the level of production on the land already in cultivation, since no great extent of new land appears to be available. At the same time the efficiency of the methods of production must be raised. Indeed the efficiency of the individual has to become such as will enable him to earn returns or wages commensurate with those obtainable in the industries; otherwise men will continue to drift away from the land.

First we may examine whether the level of production can be raised, and in this connection it is instructive to look back upon the history of English land.

In mediæval times the average yield of wheat in England appears to have been in the order of eight or ten bushels to the acre; Walter de Henley explains that a threefold yield will not

pay for the cultivation, and his anonymous contemporary says that wheat ought to yield to the fourth grain — that is, eight bushels for the two bushels sown per acre. This, then, was the level of production attained under the open-field system of winter corn, spring corn, fallow, where everything was taken away from the soil and nothing put back. Then followed the enclosures and the introduction of crops like clover and turnips, possible only when the land was in several ownerships and not thrown open to common grazing after harvest. Gradually too, under economic pressure, lands began to be thrown together, and the yeoman exchanged for the typical British farmer, occupying something between one hundred and fifty and four hundred acres — a process that was far advanced by the close of the eighteenth century. Under these conditions, with a rotation that included the recuperative clover-crop and turnips from which to make farmyard manure, — thus constituting a conservative cycle which put back everything to the soil except the corn and meat sold away from the farm, — a new level of production was reached. Arthur Young estimated the average yield of wheat at the close of the eighteenth century as twenty-four bushels per acre, but probably Lawes's estimate of twenty bushels per acre as the prevailing crop when he inherited his Hertfordshire estate, about 1835, is nearer the mark.

At any rate this new level of production, and the improved farming that accompanied the larger farming-units, proved able to furnish England with food during her first period of industrial expansion and increasing population. From 1840 onward ensued a new development; science began to be applied to the growth of crops and animals, artificial fertilizers and foreign feeding-stuffs became available, with the result

that by 1870 a new level of production had been attained — of about thirty-two bushels of wheat per acre. It was not so much that farming-methods had been altered as that the fertility of English land had been enhanced by the fertilizers employed and the plant food that had been transferred to it in the shape of maize, linseed, and cotton seed, grown on foreign soils but consumed on English farms.

At that level of production, however, about thirty-two bushels per acre, English farming has stayed for the last fifty years. Indeed it has fallen away somewhat, for the arable area has shrunk and the present ploughland is the pick of what was formerly under cultivation.

This arrest in the upward march of the yield from the land was a response to the new factor that became operative in the middle seventies — the opening-up of the Americas and the flooding of the market with cheap wheat and other agricultural produce. The law of diminishing returns came into play; the English farmer could no longer afford to go out for such high yields. He had to cheapen his production, and this he could do only by reducing costs, for such reduction is not attended by a proportionate diminution in yield. The competition that was overmastering the English farmer was not due to bigger crops; it was the United States with an average yield of thirteen bushels per acre or so, Canada with a little more, Argentina and Australia with less, that were underselling the producers of thirty-two bushels per acre. In order to keep his business going the English farmer had to move, not in the direction of bigger crops, but toward the methods of his competitors — cheap if slovenly farming, where the crop was left as much as possible to grow itself.

That a higher level of production is

feasible over a great part of the world is easily evident.¹

The potentialities of many American states with richer soils than those of Great Britain are obviously enormous; a doubled production is easily in sight. But as the law of diminishing returns informs us, such increased production per acre can be bought only at an enhanced cost per unit — per ton of wheat or per stone of beef. The cost will be in fertilizers and above all in labor, provided always that the system of farming cannot be changed to one of greater intrinsic efficiency.

On examination of this question of system we find that the greater part of the farming of the world is still done by peasants or, more exactly, on single-man holdings, large or small, where the work is carried out by the occupier and his family with only occasional help in seasons of pressure. Such peasant farming prevails generally throughout Europe and Asia, the exceptions being the great domain-farms belonging, as a rule, to the local nobility. Post-war legislation has in most cases aimed at breaking up these great estates; notable examples of this procedure may be found in Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and the Baltic States. Only in Great Britain and Southern Sweden is the prevailing type the middle-sized farm of one hundred to five hundred acres, as a rule rented, and depending for the actual cultivation on the hired labor of a wage-earning class. In the

newer countries settlement generally begins with the creation of large pastoral estates, some of which are afterward put under cultivation as large productive enterprises. But as a rule closer settlement cuts the land up into blocks, into single-man farms of size depending upon the land; and in South America alone is the great capitalist farm the characteristic mode of handling the land. The United States shows perhaps an intermediate state of organization; while the single-man occupier-owner holding is typical, most farmers employ some hired labor, though a definite agricultural-laborer class does not exist.

This peasant or yeoman form of landholding is generally regarded with favor, and many countries have adopted some form of legislation in order to foster it or to repair wastages. 'The land for the people' is always a good slogan for politicians; land hunger is the most powerful of all passions to exploit. It produces a stable conservative class in the community, hard-working and broken to labor, always regarded as the most dependable war-material. It seems to promise the maximum of population supported by and living upon the land. Families run large and furnish healthy and industrious recruits for the urban population, not excitable or easily moved by class agitation. From the time of Vergil and Horace the sturdy independent peasant has always been the subject of admiration and encouragement by literary men who love to contemplate honest toil and the dignity of labor — in others.

III

But is this form of landholding economic, and even effective in producing food for the community at large? Obviously when pushed to an

¹PRODUCTION OF WHEAT AND POTATOES, 1920-23
Quintals per hectare

	<i>Wheat</i>	<i>Potatoes</i>
Germany.....	17.6	121
Denmark.....	29.2	152
France.....	13.8	73
Great Britain.....	21.6	153
Russia.....	5.1	78
Canada.....	11.1	105
United States.....	9.1	70
India.....	7.9	—
Argentina.....	8.4	—
Australia.....	9.0	64

extreme, so that the land available for each family becomes too small, the surplus of food for sale after the needs of subsistence have been satisfied is little enough. This occurred in Ireland in the congested districts and prevails in India and China to-day, where agricultural populations of two and even three thousand to the square mile hover on the brink of starvation. It is not in itself desirable that a maximum population should be engaged upon the land; in a self-contained community the smaller the proportion of the workers employed in the work of producing necessary food the wealthier the community, because thereby a greater number are set free to produce other items of wealth — houses, boots, clothes, amusements — available for distribution.

Among civilized nations to-day we may find as much as half the population engaged in food-production, yet that proportion is excessive unless the nation on balance is a large exporter of foodstuffs. East estimates that in current Western agriculture 2.2 acres are needed to support one person; or one hundred acres will support forty-five persons, of whom twenty may be reckoned as workers. From other data we may estimate that three workers could cultivate one hundred acres of mixed farming-land and attain, under proper organization, the present level of production, in which case only one seventh of the workers would be required to provide food for the rest of the population. In typical peasant countries like Italy or France forty per cent of the workers are engaged upon the land, and as these countries are not completely self-supporting this disproportion of itself would seem to demonstrate the comparative inefficiency of peasant farming. In England and Wales six per cent of the male workers are engaged in agriculture,

though they produce only some forty per cent of the food consumed by the total population. This agrees with the previous estimate that if about one seventh of the workers were cultivating the land they could feed the community, provided they had an adequate supply of land. England and Wales could not be fed merely by increasing the proportion of farm workers from six to fifteen per cent, unless at the same time additional land was available. But even on land of the average quality that is now under cultivation one hundred acres could be made to support more than forty-five persons on an ordinary Western dietary, without departure from good normal farming-methods — that is, without having recourse to the intensive production that is physically but not economically possible. The better-farmed land of England — not the whole cultivated area, but such as under present conditions could be four fifths under the plough — requires no more than four workers per hundred acres and would feed a hundred persons on their produce. This is equivalent to saying that with proper farming only ten per cent of a total population need be 'on the land' in order to feed the rest.

On the score of efficiency it is often argued that the division of the land into small holdings is attended by an increase in its productivity. This is true, but only on the condition that such division is accompanied by a change to a more intensive method of cultivation. When an Australian pastoral estate, carrying perhaps a sheep to the acre, is laid out for closer settlement, grazing is exchanged for the plough and production increases. Similarly, when a dairy farm on the grass in the Vale of Evesham is cut up into small holdings of ten or fifteen acres, upon which men grow asparagus and other vegetables and fruit, the output

from the land has been greatly enhanced, but the gain comes from the change of system, not from the size of the holding. In the same district are other larger holdings, as intensively cultivated as the small ones, and with greater efficiency as food-producers.

For obvious reasons the small farm is less efficient, less economic of human labor than the large one. It is handicapped physically in that the size of its fields does not permit of the effective use of machinery or the orderly disposition of labor. Overhead charges are high; the capitalization of the small farm is excessive. Economically the small farm is a weak unit for buying or selling, and though this handicap has been largely removed by coöperation in countries like Denmark, the handicap still exists. Intellectually the small farming community tends to become hidebound and unprogressive; it is more difficult to carry enlightenment to it or to get new developments of science put into its practice.

It is, indeed, generally recognized that the peasant farmer maintains himself only by virtue of the hard work and long hours he gives to his holding. His day lasts from dawn to dark, and the work of his wife and children is freely thrown in. Moreover it is work of a different quality from the regulated pace of a trades-union laborer; often it becomes toil that ages and does not ennoble. What are the motives that maintain such a class?

Use and secular tradition count for much; in an old peasant community men feel they have a right to a piece of land — something inherent like the right to a 'soul' or a 'vote.' Then there is the desire for independence, to work without any man as master. There are always men who fit with difficulty into the organized framework of modern life, who cannot function as cogwheels in a machine. To them the

peasant holding is worth while; indeed it is a necessary outlet if such men are to be made useful in society. Even where a larger system of farming prevails, as in England, small holdings are desirable as jumping-off places for men with little capital; they are the first rungs of the ladder up which many have ascended. For these privileges and opportunities men are willing to pay — to pay in labor out of all proportion to their immediate pecuniary return.

Given this deep-seated passion among men, cannot the business of food-production be with confidence entrusted to those who are moved by it, provided that steps are taken to allow it full development by facilitating access to the land? If the peasant population is to increase, more land must be found for it, and since there is now little marginal land not in cultivation the extension could be obtained only by taking land from the larger occupiers. We have already given reasons to suggest that this process would not be effective in increasing food-production. Further, it is difficult to suppose that peasant farming will continue to be attractive and that one group of men will be permanently content to work much harder than their fellows.

Viewed historically, peasant communities never appear to have been able to persist when brought into close contact with the town and against the competition of industries and commerce. Such was the story of early Greece and Rome, and later English agricultural history is a long lament for the decay of the yeoman. If peasant farming has been better maintained on the continent of Europe, it is because industrial life has remained more remote; only recently have other alternatives been available, and modern life is bringing them ever nearer. Peasant communities always carry certain seeds

of decay — on the one hand the pressure to divide the holdings in order to provide for sons, on the other the land hunger that leads men to mortgage their holdings in order to extend their acreage. Many states have had to adopt measures to preserve the small farms against the economic pressure that tends to absorb them in larger units. It was not so much robbery and oppression that deprived the poor man of his land in England, as the ordinary processes of sale or forfeiture for debt. Nor did the latifundia bring about the decay of the small farms of Italy — they were consequences and not causes.

If the peasant farmer is likely to be inadequate to the task of food-production, what then is the alternative? In some way or other the world must be fed; nor can we suppose that men, attaining even greater control over processes and materials, will consent to let their development be limited by the primitive and unorganized methods by which the agricultural side of the community supplies the urban population with food.

IV

A century or more ago England's growing population, expanding as industrialism made its first advances, was supported by the increased productive power of the large farms that were being organized from the yeoman holdings. Progress in this direction is still open and is much more likely to provide a surplus of food than attempts either to intensify the production on single-man farms or to add to the number of them. If the peasant becomes prosperous through rising prices, he does not to any extent set out to increase his output; his aim is less to make money than to live comfortably. Nor, as we have indicated, is there much new land available for new

settlement and increasing numbers. The way to enhanced production from the land lies in the creation of large corporation farms, working with all the advantages of command of capital to turn the land to its fullest use, organization of labor, employment of machinery, utilization of commercial and scientific knowledge.

The objection that the English farmer, who has already proceeded along this path, has been achieving no great success during this last half-century, even though he has been enjoying his land at a noneconomic rent, is not really relevant. In the first place, the English capitalization, effective as it was in its day, has not gone far enough for modern conditions; as an economic unit the average English farm is carrying too great overhead charges. When the farmer's function is that of manager only, it is not a man's job to control three hundred acres and to overlook eight or ten laborers, nor can such businesses be expected to yield the incomes that farmers have demanded from them. Secondly, the English farmer during this period has been struggling against the run of low prices due to the expanding farming-area and to the cutthroat competition of the unorganized peasant farmers. The necessary condition for the industrialized farm is the reestablishment of prices that will permit of a commercial return on capital and of wages at something comparable to the industrial level, and this condition of higher prices is being brought about by the way the demand is increasing faster than the supply. The unit of farming should be something between two and ten thousand acres of mixed farming, and the management should be a hierarchy of director and assistants such as prevails in any great business. This of itself would present certain advantages, in that capable and educated young

men would be recruited for farming even if they possessed no capital. At present farming is too much an hereditary affair; access is limited to young men to whom money is accessible, and the free entry of talent and brains is cut off.

The advantages of the large unit in economic production are various. It becomes possible to survey the area of land under exploitation and allot the varying land to its most suitable use. Large-scale enterprises for the amelioration of the land, such as works of drainage, soil improvement, reclamation of waste, can be undertaken. It is difficult, if not impossible, to secure such agreement among a group of peasant farmers as will enable a joint drainage-scheme to be carried out and afterward maintained in efficiency; small men too are very averse to expenditure on any form of improvement, such as liming, of which the benefits are not immediately realizable. The management, again, can afford such aids to efficiency as a system of cost-accounting and with its help can direct the policy of the farm in accordance with the potentialities of the land or the tendency of the markets. Too often the farmer persists in a line of business that has ceased to be profitable, partly because he cannot count the cost, partly because he is not accustomed to consider alternatives. Again, the large corporation farm will have capital enough at its command to equip itself with adequate buildings, machinery, and appliances. More capital is needed in farming; as an example we can see all too many farms on which the buildings will hardly permit of the production of milk of the quality demanded by modern hygiene, yet if there were to be a drastic enforcement of sanitary conditions the milk-supply for the towns would be dangerously curtailed. And as with buildings so with such

appliances as machinery and silos — neither has the small farmer the money wherewith to buy them, nor will the size of his business pay for so much locked-up capital.

Similar advantages are attainable in the organization of labor; there is room for specialization, and in all critical operations, such as sowing and harvest, a management that can throw a large staff on to a necessary job at the right moment is strongly armed against the vagaries of the weather. It would be superfluous here to go far into detail. The principles that govern the conduct of other big businesses apply equally to agriculture; farming can no longer be regarded as a 'mystery,' dependent wholly on the craft of the individual.

One must not, however, disguise the fact that there are many difficulties in the way before the large industrial farm can become general. Not immediately will there be available a race of managers who are capable of running such enterprises with success. Until some businesses of the kind have got going there are no training-grounds for future managers. However, the economic studies of farming that have been so considerably developed in both the United States and Great Britain within the last few years are providing data and criteria for scientific management. It may be urged again that labor difficulties will wreck the enterprise, that with the difficulty of supervision an adequate day's work can never be secured when the laborer is not working as one of a family group. British experience would show that this fear is hardly grounded. There is a danger perhaps that if industrialism becomes firmly entrenched in agriculture, and the laborers are organized into a powerful union, standards of hours, overtime, and the like would be set on lines completely inapplicable to farming. Agriculture must have its own special

conditions of work; if cast-iron regulations framed upon factory models are imposed, then all forms of farming based upon employment become impossible, as has been experienced in Australia. Probably the best prevention of labor troubles would be the introduction of an equitable system of profit-sharing, a procedure particularly applicable to farming. Not only is employment stable, for men naturally remain for long periods, if not their whole life, upon the same farm, but the work of the farm laborer is far more individual and responsible than it ever can be with the minder of an automatic machine. Profit-sharing may supply just that touch of personal pride and joint proprietorship which is the mark of the good agricultural laborer to-day, but which is tending to fade away under the modern organization of labor.

Overcapitalization may be dreaded. So often has it been seen that when the wealthy man embarks upon farming, his enterprise is crushed under the burden of doing things properly. He calls in a contractor where the workaday farmer makes shift with an old orange box and a bit of wire. But this is just where scientific as distinct from amateur management comes in; the trained director is not obsessed by the idea that he must have the best — he will set off probable returns against costs.

A more serious objection is that the land of most countries is already so parceled out that it will be well-nigh impossible to make up units of the desiderated size. Undoubtedly much English land is in need of reallotting. Boundaries both of farms and estates are capricious and inconsiderate of economic working; in some districts amazing anomalies exist, just as in others hedges and ditches occupy no small proportion of the available surface and, apart from the direct injury

they cause to crops, cut the land into fields that are wasteful of time and labor.

How the remedy is to come about, by slow economic adjustment or by legislation, cannot be discussed; if the economic pressure grows severe enough the cure will be effected, just as the far more difficult transition from the common fields to enclosures was brought about a century or two earlier.

The first steps will be the most difficult, because in Britain, at any rate, the tradition is firmly established that no money is to be made out of farming except by the old practitioners in their retail way. Neither lawyers nor capitalists have any confidence in farming as a business, and though money may be forthcoming for joint stock enterprises to grow tea, cotton, rubber, copra, and the like in the tropics, a similar venture in England would find little support. This after all is a temporary phase, the result of the falling prices of the last half-century and of the late development of systematic management and administrative control in agriculture. If the prime thesis is correct, that food prices are rising and must continue to rise as population tends to outstrip supply, the incentive to the entrepreneur and the investor will soon be supplied. The evolution of agriculture toward the large industrialized farm devoted to economic production may be delayed, but it must come, if for no other reason than because it makes the most effective use of man power, and man power is becoming the most expensive item in cost of production. Even in Britain, where the small farm is generally forced into a more intensive form of agriculture and produces more per acre, the production per man — and therefore the surplus for sale — is greater on the larger farms. How soon the change

will begin to be operative depends upon the course of prices, but higher food-prices must follow the inevitable growth of population, even if for one unforeseen cause and another they lag behind expectations.

The peasant farmers cannot meet the demand except by increasing in numbers and expanding upon new land, and no extension of the agricultural area is now in sight such as took place during the last half of the nineteenth century. Moreover the peasant population, with its standards of heavy work and long hours, is being continuously unsettled by the increasing proximity of the town, by facilities of movement, and by the growing

consciousness of labor conditions. It can hardly be supposed that Western peoples will ever accept an Eastern mode of life—unlimited breeding, complete vegetarianism, and endless subdivision of the land, with the creation of a serf-like agricultural community, existing on the verge of starvation. They will insist upon their own standard of living and limit their numbers, whereupon the only way of getting the maximum of food-production for the urban population will be to make the individual worker as effective as possible by becoming a unit in a large organization armed with all the resources that machinery and science can give him.

FRENCH NAVAL POLICY AND ITS REACTIONS

BY HECTOR C. BYWATER

I

THREE years ago it would have been difficult to write informatively on the naval policy of France, for at that time French statesmen, and even French strategists, were still uncertain as to what policy should be pursued with regard to the development of their naval power. It was by no means only a question of *matériel*, though even on this subject the most conflicting views obtained, some officers urging the construction of battleships, while others condemned the dreadnought as obsolete and pinned their faith to speedy cruisers, submarines, and aircraft. The French Parliament desired to know first the rôle of the navy in future national defense. To lavish money on

new ships without previously determining their function in an emergency would be folly, it was argued. On the eve of the Washington Conference a French admiral was invited to outline his country's post-war naval plans. He replied: 'The answer is simple; we have none.' But much has happened since 1921. It is a fact, ironic yet indisputable, that the rebirth of French naval power dates from the Conference.

For three years following the peace the navy languished in almost complete neglect. Though its war losses had been cruel, nothing was done to repair the wastage. True, the bureaus, the navy yards, and the arsenals were treated very tenderly in the matter of

retrenchment, because the horde of officials and workmen employed therein constituted a voting element that the politicians did not wish to estrange. So much money, indeed, was absorbed by the shore-going personnel that little remained over for the fleet itself. As late as 1923 the civil employees on the navy pay-roll numbered no less than 36,500, or nearly two thirds as many as the fighting personnel. Repeated attempts have been made to cut down this preposterous total of ineffectives, but local interests have so far defeated every plan of reduction. France, as a consequence, does not reap anything like the full advantage of her expenditure on naval defense.

At the close of the World War French sea power, both relatively and absolutely, was at its lowest ebb. During the preceding four years no warship of major importance had been laid down. Construction in the war period was limited to antisubmarine craft and other *poussière navale*, most of which ceased to be of value immediately the crisis was over. Instead of building and arming ships for the navy, the navy yards and marine arsenals were engaged throughout the conflict in manufacturing munitions for the army. They furnished a large percentage of its artillery and transport equipment, but the construction of ships was virtually suspended. France, in effect, relied on the British navy to look after the 'sea affair,' while her own resources were devoted almost exclusively to the prosecution of the land campaign. Let us admit, however, that the French fleet co-operated loyally and gallantly to the full extent of its meagre powers. The heroism and self-sacrifice displayed by the sailors of France in the Dardanelles attack evoked the warm admiration of their British comrades. But by the end of 1918 the navy had

shrunk to a miscellaneous assortment of obsolete ships, its impotence being accentuated by the enormous dimensions to which the British navy had then attained. Without entering into a detailed analysis of relative strength, it may be mentioned that Great Britain had over forty dreadnoughts and France only seven, a disparity that was almost as marked in other types. Nor was it only vis-à-vis Britain that French sea power had waned. Before the war her fleet stood on an equality with that of the United States, and was considerably stronger than that of Japan. But she now found herself outdistanced by both those countries and, what was particularly mortifying, hard pressed by Italy, whose margin of strength in certain types was already superior.

None who knew the proud spirit of France, her inspiring naval traditions, and her extensive maritime commitments, can have supposed that she would tolerate indefinitely the humble status at sea to which circumstances had reduced her. But for a long period she remained quiescent. Her inactivity in the early post-war years was due, first, to financial embarrassment; and, second, to the influence of her military leaders. Concerning the first reason, she appears to have taken a darker view of her financial future in 1919 than she does to-day, though foreign spectators are at a loss to explain why. As for the second reason, French military men naturally attached more importance to the land than to the sea, contending with every appearance of justice that it would be madness to spend a franc on the naval service until the demands of the army had been satisfied, and those demands were already imposing an onerous burden on the treasury. Had military opinion undergone no change, the French navy would still be a negligible

quantity. But, in fact, the soldiers have since become ardent champions of a powerful navy, and it is to their advocacy that the navy owes in large measure its gradual restoration to power and prestige. The reasons for this change of attitude will be dealt with anon. Here it suffices to emphasize the support which the navy is receiving from the highest military authorities, for as long as this support continues the growth of French naval armaments will proceed unchecked, because in all matters of national defense the influence of the soldiers is paramount.

II

It is impossible to appreciate the French point of view on naval policy unless one takes into account the historical background. France is no parvenu in the community of naval states, no upstart claimant to a voice in the control of the seas. Her ships of war ploughed the waves when Charlemagne ruled, her fleet was puissant when the first Crusaders sailed for the East, and from those remote days to our own times it has been a commanding factor in world affairs. In the reign of Louis XIV it boasted an armada of forty ships of the line and sixty frigates, led by such doughty seamen as Jean Bart, Duquesne, and Tourville. French warships of that epoch were unrivaled in excellence of design, and under Colbert the system of administration became a model of efficiency. All through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the navy remained formidable, nor was its strength permanently impaired by the disasters of the Napoleonic Wars. For thirty years after Trafalgar there was little naval activity in Europe, but the old rivalry between France and England was dormant—not dead. By 1840 the

renovation of the French navy was in full progress, and for the next sixty years Great Britain was often hard put to it to maintain her traditional supremacy. Ambition to challenge the sea power of Britain was undoubtedly the mainspring of French naval effort; but with the creation of the Entente Cordiale this motive lost much of its original force, and so it came about that in the decade preceding the World War the French navy steadily retrogressed, and was soon left behind by the rapid expansion of the German fleet.

When France sent her delegates to the Washington Conference in November 1921, she had already begun to reconsider her naval position in the light of post-war political developments. Though the entente with Britain still existed in name, it had lost much of its former significance. The interests of the two countries were visibly diverging, and France thought it high time to adopt an independent line of policy in respect of sea defense. Debates in the Paris Chamber during 1920 and in the spring of 1921 had foreshadowed the introduction of a new shipbuilding programme. Expert opinion in France was partial to the submarine, and eulogies of this arm, for both defense and offense, dominated the Parliamentary discussions. Applause greeted the declaration of M. de Kerguezec, reporter of the committee on finance, that 'the day on which France is backed by a fleet of 250 to 300 submarines she will be able to contemplate the future without any misgiving whatever.' In the meantime Captain Castex and other naval publicists had been lauding the achievements of German submarines and upholding the legality of their war on commerce. These outspoken French comments did not pass unnoticed on the other side of the Channel, where every favorable allu-

sion to the German submarine campaign aroused feelings of bitterness and mistrust. It will be perceived, therefore, that the seeds of that controversy which marred the harmony of the Washington Conference were sown a year or two beforehand. While France had a perfect right to her own views on submarine warfare, it was scarcely politic to air them so freely at a time when the British nation was still seething with anger at the recollection of Germany's U-boat crimes.

France, on her part, conceived herself affronted at the very outset of the Conference, when she found that the Hughes plan of limitation bracketed her with Italy. It was a sore blow to her pride, and was resented as such. Important as the maritime interests of the Italian State may be, they are much less extensive than those of France, who in addition to a lengthy coast-line in Europe and a thriving overseas trade has a great oceanic empire to defend. Moreover, it was only because of the special circumstances of the war period, referred to above, that the French navy had momentarily declined to a level that left it barely stronger than the Italian. At no earlier period had Italian sea power approached the French standard. The presumption of naval equality between these two countries was a defect in the Hughes scheme, and one that was destined to have enduring consequences. From the practical point of view French interests were not prejudiced by the Limitation Treaty. The restriction of her battle fleet was of minor consequence to a State that had previously denounced the capital ship as an anachronism. Five huge dreadnoughts left unfinished at the end of the war were voluntarily scrapped in 1920, not because they were of obsolete design, but because French naval opinion regarded them

as superfluous. Therefore the French grievance at Washington was based upon sentiment, but history warns us that national passions may be inflamed as readily by sentimental as by practical grievances.

In an interview published one year later, M. Georges Leygues, Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Chamber and a former Minister of Marine, candidly avowed the reasons for the unpopularity of the Washington Treaty in France. He declared:—

We refuse to accept naval equality with Italy, because France faces two seas, and has a vast empire only eighteen hours from Marseilles, with which we must amply protect our communications. We protest vehemently against taking a post-war instead of a pre-war formula of strength for establishing a naval ratio for the next ten years. This would penalize France for its enormous military efforts during the war at the expense of normal naval construction. The present weakness of our navy is abnormal. It may be impossible for France to add considerably to her navy for some years, but French national pride has been deeply wounded.

M. Leygues added that a vote taken in the Chambers would be overwhelmingly against ratification of the Washington Treaty. Events fortunately proved him wrong, but it is common knowledge that only the personal intervention of M. Poincaré—who recognized the far-reaching issues involved—saved the Treaty from being cast ignominiously into the discard by an adverse vote in Chamber and Senate.

Since influential French writers continue to assail the Treaty on the ground of its alleged injury to the material interests of France, it may be as well to present briefly the other side of the case; and here the writer ventures to quote some remarks he penned in

December 1923, nothing having occurred in the interval to modify the thesis then presented.

'In view of the generous provision she has recently made for sea defense, it is not easy to see why France should affect to be so perturbed by Italian efforts in the same direction. France, so far from losing ground as against her Italian neighbor, will soon be in a much stronger position than she is at present. Moreover, unless the large expansion of her torpedo and submarine flotillas is offset by a corresponding increase in the light forces of other navies, she will have effected a considerable improvement in her relative standing toward all other foreign naval powers. French criticisms of the Washington Treaty are therefore difficult to comprehend. One thing is quite certain: but for that Treaty, and the consequent scrapping of so many tremendous battleships abroad, France would now be occupying an almost negligible place in the naval hierarchy. Furthermore, the Treaty has greatly enhanced the relative value of those cruisers and other light forces which are all that France, on her own admission, can afford to build. In sober fact, the Treaty has been a boon to France. Since she appears to have lost faith in the battleship and, in any case, had no intention of building more of these ships for the time being, the adoption of a common ratio of capital ship tonnage for her and Italy can have no practical effect on her future naval position. France might have had reason to complain of the Treaty had it involved the limitation of all types of fighting ships, but, in fact, it leaves her free to build an unlimited number of the very types which she believes to be most useful for her purpose.'

At an early stage of the Washington parley the French delegates found themselves at variance with their

British colleagues. The latter, having proposed the total abolition of submarines, failed to win support from any quarter, and this rebuff appears to have rankled, for the French claim to an allotment of 90,000 tons of submarines was opposed by them with what now seems to have been unnecessary heat. Once more, however, we must remember the peculiar reasons which Britain had for detesting the submarine and all its works — reasons dictated partly, but not wholly, by self-interest. When Lord Lee and Mr. — now Lord — Balfour protested so vigorously against the perpetuation of this weapon, they were not thinking solely of its power to wound their own country. To them, as to many other thoughtful people, in the United States as well as in Britain, the submarine had become the symbol of organized barbarism and brutality, and it may be that they spoke as much from the heart as from the head. No doubt their denunciation went too far. In denying all legitimate military value to the submarine they did violence to acknowledged facts. That undersea craft are capable of most useful service, when employed in a strictly lawful manner, is attested by war experience. To mention but one example: the British watch on the North Sea was rendered possible only by the cordon of submarine scouts which lay off the German coast and gave warning by radio of every hostile naval movement. No other type of vessel could have performed this work with equal efficiency.

But if the British case against the submarine was overstated, it is to be feared that M. Sarraut and Admiral de Bon, in behalf of France, failed to make sufficiently clear their motive in demanding so large a ratio of submarine tonnage.

Mr. Balfour asked: —

How are French assurances consistent with the building of this huge mass of submarines, which anybody who looked at the matter from a strategical and tactical point of view would certainly say, from the very geographical situation, was built against Great Britain? Men will inevitably ask themselves, What is the ultimate end underlying all that is being done? Against whom is this submarine fleet being built? What purpose is it to serve? What danger to France is it intended to ward off? I know no satisfactory answer to such questions.

France, however, could not be persuaded into modifying her claim, and as Great Britain, in these circumstances, naturally declined to limit her production of antisubmarine vessels, the whole scheme of regulating the so-called auxiliary fleets fell to the ground.

Proof that the French interest in submarines was not merely academic was soon forthcoming. Less than six weeks after the Washington Conference had ended, the Paris Chambers adopted a provisional shipbuilding programme in which undersea craft occupied a prominent place. In the course of the debate on this measure M. de Kerguezec, now speaking as president of the Senate naval committee, expressed great satisfaction that the Conference had set no limit on the building of submarines, and declared, with the tacit approval of Ministers, that French naval policy would not be changed. 'It is necessary,' he added, 'for France to have her hands free to pursue a foreign policy suitable to her greatness and her dignity. We must not abandon our destinies to anybody, not even to our dearest allies.' At the same time, both M. de Kerguezec and the Minister of Marine insisted that French submarines must 'act in conformity with the laws of honor and humanity.' No reference was made to the British view, expressed at Washington, that with submarines once let

loose to attack merchantmen it is incredible in the stress of war that their powers will not be abused in the future as they were so grossly abused in the past.

III

The programme approved on March 17, 1922, has since been amplified to cover French naval requirements for a period of several years. The project is divided into two sections, and it was announced in January 1924 that the building of vessels authorized under the second half would be accelerated, with a view to having them all in commission by 1931 at the latest. For the sake of clarity the main provisions of the scheme are tabulated below:—

First Section

- 3 cruisers of 8000 tons
- 6 flotilla leaders of 2400 tons
- 12 destroyers of 1400 tons
- 12 submarines of 600 to 1148 tons
- 1 aircraft carrier

All these vessels are now completing, and should be ready for service at the end of this year.

Second Section

- 6 cruisers of 10,000 tons
- 15 flotilla leaders of 2400 tons
- 24 destroyers of 1400 tons
- 2 submersible cruisers of 3000 tons
- 30 submarines of 1385 tons
- 7 submarine mine-layers of 600 to 1300 tons
- 2 surface mine-layers

These vessels are to be completed by December 1931.

Such, then, is the new fleet that will be under the French flag seven years hence. It is not a high-sea fleet in the broad meaning of the term. Save for the cruisers and the larger submarines, it is composed of vessels that would be most formidable in the comparatively confined waters of the Mediterranean, though hardly less so in the English Channel. For overseas warfare they would not be so effective. France is

therefore entitled to claim that her new naval policy is essentially defensive. But the line of demarcation between offensive and defensive warfare at sea, never clearly drawn, has long ceased to be visible. If France were fighting Great Britain, she would doubtless consider herself to be acting on the defensive if her cruisers, destroyers, and submarines attacked British shipping wherever it could be found. Could a submarine, issuing forth from Cherbourg to sink a British ship twenty miles offshore, be regarded as engaging in defensive action, if a larger boat, doing the same thing a thousand miles out at sea, were adjudged to be taking the offensive? Size is no longer a guide to the potentiality of a war vessel. Most of the German cruisers that played havoc with British trade in the early part of the World War were ships of less than 5000 tons, and four fifths of the shipping lost in the U-boat campaign was sent to the bottom by boats of 900 tons or less.

In fact, there is scarcely one of the 120 vessels named in the French building programme that could not, under favorable conditions, act effectively as a destroyer of commerce.

No rational person supposes that the destruction of British commerce is the sole, or even the cardinal, aim of French naval strategy, despite its traditional leaning toward the *guerre de course*. But it would be futile to deny the existence of a certain uneasiness at the large number of submarines included in the programme. Irrespective of the new boats, France already possesses about forty-five submarines, of which more than half will retain their efficiency for a considerable time to come. This means that the completion of her building scheme will find France possessed of more than seventy effective submarines, and Great

Britain does not forget that Germany began the World War with less than thirty submarines.

Parisian writers continue to deride the 'morbid fears' entertained by their cross-Channel neighbors on the subject of French naval activity, and are indignant at 'the implication that France is preparing to emulate the misdeeds of German U-boat commanders at the expense of British shipping.' There is, they maintain, no vestige of excuse for 'this willful misunderstanding of French naval policy.' One can only reply that British misgivings arise from the published statements of eminent French strategists, to say nothing of the less responsible opinions which the French press has voiced since the war. It is they who have reminded us, with ill-concealed pride, that the methods of sea 'frightfulness' practised by Germany were first recommended by French naval officers, and were, indeed, strictly in accord with the doctrines preached by the *Jeune École*, of which the French Admiral Aube was the founder. More than this, one of the ablest of present-day French naval critics has declared the Germans to have been 'absolutely right' in employing the submarine as they did. French statesmen, it is true, have deprecated the use of submarines in such a way as to transgress the law of humanity; but we know from bitter experience that in time of war the fighting men are prone to follow their own devices. The consistent opposition of the German military power could not restrain the German military authorities from adopting ruthless submarine warfare in its extreme form. Consequently, when we find French naval experts of weight and standing openly praising the submarine as the one weapon capable of striking deadly blows at Britain's naval power, and

when we also see France developing this weapon on a most formidable scale, it is inevitable that certain conclusions should be drawn of a nature not calculated to promote amicable relations between the two countries.

So much has been heard lately of the doctrines of the *Jeune École* that it may be useful to quote from the writings of Admiral Aube, who founded this school of progressive naval thought in the eighties of the last century. It should be interpolated that the *Jeune École* waged war on the battleship, arguing that, since France could never hope to compete with wealthy Britain in the building of costly ironclads, she should devote all her resources to the production of smaller, cheaper, but deadlier craft, whose very multiplicity would render the seas unsafe for the mastodon. Under the impulse of this teaching, France, in the closing decades of the century, spent most of her energy in building squadrons of cruisers and veritable swarms of torpedo boats, all of which speedily became obsolete. In the end she found herself weaker at sea than before, notwithstanding a lavish outlay on construction, and but for the coming of the submarine and the airplane the *Jeune École* would have been hopelessly discredited. Today, however, this school is again in the ascendant, and if Admiral Aube were still alive he would be the first to give his benediction to a building programme which reflects so faithfully his views on naval strategy.

Dealing with the 'next war' with Britain, Admiral Aube wrote:—

All of England's littoral towns, fortified and unfortified, whether purely peace establishments or warlike, will be burned or pitilessly ransomed by cruisers of great speed and power. In any future war France will come down from the heights of the cloudy sentimentality which has created

that monstrous association of words, *rights* of war, and her attack on every source of English riches will become not only legitimate but obligatory.

Elsewhere he wrote:—

To-morrow war breaks out; a torpedo boat has sighted one of those ocean steamers freighted with a cargo of greater value than that of the richest galleons of Spain. The torpedo boat will follow at a distance, keeping out of sight, and when night comes on will, unobserved, close with the steamer and send to the bottom cargo, crew, and passengers, not only without remorse, but proud of the achievement. In every part of the ocean similar atrocities would be seen. Others may protest; for ourselves we accept in these new methods of destruction the developments of that law of progress in which we have a firm faith, and the final result would be to put an end to war altogether.

The fatal, facile doctrine that war can be abolished by intensifying its horrors still persists on the Continent.

Although the name of Captain Castex has figured so often and so prominently in discussions on French naval policy, some uncertainty still exists as to what he has really written on the German submarine campaign. Lord Lee is charged with having misquoted this writer in a discussion at the Washington Conference. But, in truth, the study entitled 'The Synthesis of Submarine Warfare,' which Captain Castex contributed to the official *Revue Maritime* in 1920, what time he was on duty at the Ministry of Marine and as professor of naval strategy at the Naval and War Staff College, is too clear to admit of misconstruction.

Here is one passage, not wrenched arbitrarily from the context, but in keeping with the whole tendency of the article:—

Submarine warfare has frequently been called 'piracy,' and 'pirates' those who participated in it. These expressions trans-

lated in a weak manner, a little too openly, the feelings which at the time were entertained by most of Germany's foes, the surprise created by this unusual method of warfare, the unreadiness in facing it, powerlessness in regard to it, and anxiety as to its final results. Astonished, taken by surprise, momentarily impotent, anxious, they found nothing better to do than to show their vexation by stamping their feet and calling down abuse upon the evil opponent, who despised the rules of fair play and struck in secret. . . . Before thus attacking the Germans in words we should have remembered that this cruising war, using torpedoes, was, like many other novelties of our planet, the application of a conception most essentially of French origin. Further consideration leads to the admission that the Germans had an absolute right to follow this kind of warfare. Germany had the right, for her cause, to put in action all her means, and to require of her submarine armament the doing of the utmost harm to her enemy. This constituted, as it were, a fencing thrust aimed at the lower part of the body, but a perfectly regular one. The omission of warning previous to torpedo action, which has given rise to so many protests, is not so inadmissible as at first appeared. To this contention the Germans have replied, not without some semblance of right on their part, that they had 'once and for all' warned all ships not to proceed through the dangerous zone.

It is recognized in Britain that Captain Castex speaks for himself, not necessarily for the French Government or the French nation. None the less, his opinions cannot be ignored, and they unquestionably acquire weight from the fact of the author's semi-official position. Is it, then, surprising that the publication of such views, closely followed by the ordering of more than fifty submarines, should have caused many Britons to regard French naval policy with the eye of suspicion? When in addition we see France expanding her air force, which is already supreme in Europe, and

legislating for a war reserve of 4800 modern airplanes, the wonder is that British public opinion as a whole remains quite calm in the face of martial preparations that might easily be construed as a direct menace to Great Britain.

IV

In responsible circles, however, France is not credited with aggressive designs against her island neighbor. There, at least, a clear appreciation of her strategical requirements exists. The object of these lavish preparations by sea and air is, first and foremost, to ensure the safety of the sea routes which link France with her vast African domain. During the World War nearly a million troops were brought from Africa to swell the French legions in the field. But for this host of colored levies depopulated France could never have maintained her armies at the requisite strength. As a consequence, reinforcements from Africa now play a highly important part in the scheme of national defense. Every plan of mobilization and strategy framed by the General Staff postulates the punctual arrival on French soil of half a million or more fighting men from North Africa, Senegal, and the Niger. For this reason sea power has for the first time become a dominating factor in French military strategy, and here we discern the reason for that lively interest which Marshal Foch and other eminent soldiers are displaying in the strength and welfare of *l'armée navale*. Upon the safety of the sea routes in time of emergency depends the prompt arrival of those reinforcements from Africa without which France could not bring her army up to war strength. It is with a view to this supreme need of open sea communications that the new shipbuilding programme has been

launched with the full approval of the highest military authorities.

But while all are agreed that command of the Western Mediterranean is a *sine qua non*, many contradictory opinions prevail as to the best method of securing it. For the moment, preference is given to a combination of fast cruisers, well-armed torpedo vessels, submarines, and aircraft, which it is thought would be able to form an impenetrable screen across the sea lanes by which the transports conveying African troops must voyage to France. No hostile battleship, it is argued, could approach this guarded zone without courting certain destruction. On the other hand, there is a dissentient school in the French navy which holds that intruding battleships could not be dealt with so easily, and should be met by French ships of equal power. So far, however, this view has not been accepted.

It is, in the writer's judgment, no more than a regrettable coincidence that the material by which France hopes to guard her vital line of communication with Africa should be precisely that which she could use with maximum effect in a war with Great Britain. But the coincidence is not at all remarkable when we look into it more closely. Since cruisers and their lighter satellites are cheaper than dreadnoughts, it is natural that they should appeal to a country such as France, whose coffers are by no means bursting with gold. Furthermore, these light vessels, both surface and submersible, may really possess, collectively, a higher tactical value for Mediterranean warfare than a fleet of dreadnoughts. That the majority of them would make very efficient commerce-destroyers is true, but beyond the writings of Captain Castex and a few other publicists of his way of thinking there is nowhere an atom of

proof, or even of suggestion, that the current French programme was drawn up with any special reference to Great Britain. So far, at all events, it has had no marked reaction on British naval policy, from which one may infer that its true significance is not misunderstood in London.

Frenchmen, on their part, have taken an equally rational and objective view of the present concentration of British naval force in the Mediterranean. Within the past few months the strength of the British fleet in those waters has been practically doubled. At Malta are now assembled eight first-class battleships, two cruiser squadrons, two airplane-carriers, many destroyers, and a flotilla of submarines, comprising an armament which equals — if it does not surpass — in power the entire French navy as at present constituted. The presence of this immense fleet so close to her shores, and its obvious ability to menace the trans-Mediterranean routes that are vital to her safety, does not appear to have excited misgiving in France. Indeed, the calm and sensible tone in which the French newspapers, with a few insignificant exceptions, have discussed the matter is an assurance that Anglo-French relations are, at bottom, more amicable than superficial observers might infer. It is well known in France that the gravitation of British naval strength toward the East is influenced by considerations which have nothing to do with European politics. They are inspired by the same motives which have led the Conservative Government to proceed with the development of Singapore as a great naval base. Ever since the war the attention of British strategists has been focused on the Pacific, and the choice of Malta as the headquarters of their strongest fleet has a purely fortuitous bearing on the European balance of power.

In conclusion, a few notes on the future composition of the French navy may be of interest. It is weakest in capital ships, for the six modern vessels of this type under the Tricolor are all of pre-war design, and do not compare favorably with the newest units of the British or American battle fleet. At best they serve as a stiffening to the lighter craft, which represent the real spearhead of the navy. The former German cruisers now embodied in the French fleet are mostly obsolete, and not more than three will remain effective when the new ships are completed. By 1931, therefore, France will have a squadron of twelve cruisers, six being of the powerful 10,000-ton type, armed with 8-inch guns, as permitted by the Washington Treaty. She will have, besides, approximately one hundred destroyers, including twenty-seven which in tonnage and gun-power are equal to small cruisers. More than half the total of one hundred boats will be armed with 5.1-inch guns, a battery that would enable them to make short work of any destroyer afloat to-day. By the same date she will possess at least seventy submarines, without reckoning boats which may be scrapped in the interim on account of age and deterioration. With few ex-

ceptions, these submarines will be of the long-range, ocean-going type. It is noticeable, also, that the destroyers are to have a radius of 3000 miles.

Concurrently with the building of this new material, numerous reforms have been instituted in the governance and personnel of the navy. No difficulty is foreseen in manning the new fleet with officers and men of the best quality. Naval bases in the Channel, the Mediterranean, and along the African littoral are being modernized and equipped with new defenses. The active fleet frequently engages in manoeuvres at sea, and nothing is left undone to promote efficiency in gun and torpedo practice.

In fine, the modern French navy aspires to, and probably has reached, a far higher standard of preparedness for war than was deemed necessary in 1914. In all this we can detect the exhilarating influence of army patronage, which was never extended in pre-war days. Almost for the first time in the annals of France, the prestige hitherto monopolized by the soldiers as the true defenders of *la Patrie* is now shared in equal measure by the sailors. From now onward the French navy is destined to count as a weighty factor in world politics.

TOWARD PEACE

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. A. COURT REPINGTON

I

It is possible that our American friends may care to hear, from one who is quite independent of official pressure and suggestion, how Europe is getting on without American official help, and whether we have made any progress of late in that pacification which is certainly a very ardent desire on the part of most people, however strange and occasionally absurd may be some of the methods to which we have had to resort in order to attain our purposes.

I think that we may expect the sympathy, at least, of a great body of opinion in the United States, for, without complaining of the action of your country after the war, all the world knows that the reversal of the American undertaking to go bail for French security after the Peace has been the main reason for the very great difficulties which we have encountered in putting Europe on its legs again. On the other hand, we have had the active sympathy and the very valuable help of several American citizens who have taken a prominent if unofficial part in reconstruction, and their names, at least, will always be remembered with gratitude by this generation and will assuredly be greatly honored by the historians of the future.

The London Conference of 1924 is certainly a landmark in the reconstruction of Europe. France and England had to settle their differences and to agree upon a common policy before anything serious could be effected. If

that was done it was primarily thanks to the Dawes Plan, and next to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and M. Herriot, the Prime Ministers of England and France, who, by mutual concessions, created an atmosphere which permitted the great work of pacification seriously to be begun.

Europe owes a debt to these two Prime Ministers for having determined that the long wrangle over Reparations should cease. Possibly M. Herriot made the greatest sacrifices because France had been so long convinced that the Ruhr sanctions would succeed. That they had some influence upon German resolutions must be admitted, but M. Poincaré missed a chance of coming out of the business with a certain amount of glory when he failed to seize the chance offered by the cessation of active opposition on the part of the Germans. He made no use of that moment, and in the end the patience of the French became exhausted. They put out the Bloc National, and returned a party of the Left to power.

This very great change represented a real reversal of French sentiments, which was not immediately recognized in England. France had grown tired of isolation; she had been disturbed by the condition of her state finances; she had come to regard a militarist policy with aversion; and with some dread she remembered that she was up against a nation of sixty millions who were constantly increasing, while the birth rate

of France showed no signs of improving. The French people decided that they had taken the wrong road and would follow M. Poincaré no longer. They decided that their best course was to revive the Entente Cordiale with England, and for this purpose they were prepared to make terms which would enable our two people to work together. That was the instruction which the French general election of 1924 gave to the Herriot Government when it assumed office, and M. Herriot carried it out when he made terms with us at the London Conference.

Before indicating the possibilities of the revival of a real Entente Cordiale I must refer to what followed in September during the fifth meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations. The League has many merits and some defects. No one should wish idealism to be banned from a world that has little enough of it, but in the realm of practical affairs idealism must be kept within bounds. The worst thing about the League is that the majority of its members appear to be idealists. All applaud each other's speeches in the Assembly and form a mutual admiration society in which each tries to cap the idealism of the last speaker, and to go one better. Upon this most unworldly, enthusiastic, and devoted band there descended three representatives of our late Labor Government, with the firm and fixed determination that they would strike a deadly blow at war.

The plan was simple. Establish first of all that arbitration should be compulsory. Accept next that compulsory arbitration provides security. Conclude that security permits disarmament, and the thing is done. So it would be if the premises were right — but they happen to be wrong. Compulsory arbitration has many warm admirers, and aforesaid I have been

permitted to advocate it in the *Atlantic Monthly*, hoping that the United States would take the lead in it. If we have arbitration as a law of the world in disputes between Powers, then it must be compulsory, because if these Powers are permitted to claim that honor or vital interests prevent them from arbitrating, then the whole virtue of arbitration falls to the ground. It was a great point gained at Geneva that arbitration should be compulsory, and even if the present form of the Protocol disappears it will be necessary to return to the principle of compulsory arbitration.

With this was coupled the excellent American suggestion that the aggressor in a dispute should be the Power that refused to arbitrate. That was a slightly rough-and-ready but still a Solomon-like means of identifying the Power that was in the wrong. Such Power was then to be banned with bell, book, and candle, and all the mighty powers of the League were to be directed against him. That sounded all right till we looked into the matter, when we found that the League could not move a ship, an aeroplane, or a man, for the excellent reason that it had no military forces at its disposal. The League, in short, could only recommend certain action to the Leaguers, but each separate Power became the judge of what it should do. The aggressor might find the world ready to move all its armies and fleets against him, or it might not. Certainly no country would be in a hurry to attack a previously friendly country, and in fact the possibly complete powerlessness of the League jumped to their eyes. In spite of this, the idealists and others, led if not driven by our Labor men, said, 'Here is your security,' and proceeded to call a disarmament conference for June 1925. Nay, more — it was artfully contrived, in order to

keep everybody in line, that if the disarmament conference failed the whole of the Protocol should be scrapped. It was artful, because there was much good in the Protocol, and many if not all the States represented at Geneva desired to keep the good things. I can only believe that France and a few followers swallowed the Protocol holus-bolus because they wanted to keep in with England; for certainly few Frenchmen approve of the proposed conference of next June.

The fact was that no real security was offered by the League to a country which disarmed, and that consequently no country could disarm. If we all disarmed how could we keep an aggressor in order? Disarmament is not a plank of the League Convention. What the Convention lays down in Article VIII is that each Power should reduce its armaments 'to the minimum compatible with national security,' and that is a perfectly sound and reasonable provision to which no exception can be taken. In this case each State preserves its sovereign rights, and is not bound to enlarge or reduce its forces according to some arbitrary scale arranged by the League. An artificial scale for the reduction of armaments is a wholly impracticable proposition. No one ever has found or ever will find a formula for reducing the world's armaments in an equitable manner. I sat on a Peace Conference at The Hague in 1899, when we attempted to square this circle and hopelessly failed. Even supposing that we were all idealists, and all disarmed, the strongest Power would be the one with the largest population and with the most complete industrial equipment which could rapidly be diverted to the manufacture of war material.

The Japanese threw a bomb among the idealists at the close of the session, when everybody wanted to get away.

The injury done was patched up by phrases which may mean anything or nothing. If they mean that the Japanese may break the written or unwritten laws of the United States and the British Dominions respecting the yellow races, then the phrases are useless, for everyone knows that neither the United States nor the British Dominions will admit any claim of the sort without war, nor will care a hang for any arbitral decision which may order them to do so. If the phrases do not mean this, what do they mean? The immediate effect of the Japanese amendments, as finally drafted, has made it impracticable for us to sign the Protocol until the Dominions have been consulted.

But this particular issue is not the only reason why the Protocol must be amended. The disarmament conference of next June is not honestly acceptable to any leading nation. It is founded on a complete illusion; and no one will be more relieved than the French when they learn that the conference is postponed *sine die*. On the other hand, much of the Protocol is good and worth preserving, and our Conservative Government certainly hopes to preserve it when all the unreasonable things have been taken out of it.

Disarmament and even reduction of armaments cannot come in a hurry or by the fiat of any League or Super-State that may arise. If a means for arbitrating compulsorily be accepted by the world, and a long course of a few score years demonstrates that the plan works, and succeeds in the difficult cases and against great Powers, then it is conceivable that, little by little, armaments will fall for the simple reason that there is no employment for them. A century of peace may not be too long for a trial of the perfected League system; and in the mean-

time the best thing to do is to perfect the League and not to destroy it by visionary proposals.

II

Americans who are anti-Leaguers may well smile when they see what a morass the idealists have led us into at Geneva, but human beings commit follies at all times, well-intentioned ones as well as others, and our present business is to revise the Protocol on the first occasion open to us and to bring ourselves back to the world of realities. No doubt this will be done, and when it is done the Geneva Protocol will stand and may prove a benefit to the world. If there are no new principles in the Protocol or in a revised Protocol there will be better definition of the Covenant, and that is something. Our Labor men tried to disarm the world by a coup de main. They have failed, and the sooner we get back to common-sense arrangements the better for the world. Does any American believe that, had an American been a member of the League, these follies would have been perpetrated?

Meantime Europe has to look after itself and is doing so by a system of regional accords that are considered a much better protection than the shadowy forces of the League of Nations. Many of us here wish to see a regional accord of a purely defensive character arranged between England, France, and Belgium, designed to enable us to combine in case of attack upon our European territory, and strictly regional in its scope. We want it because there is at present no security for France and Belgium on their eastern frontiers, and because we cannot permit that a hostile Power should again overrun Belgium and northeastern France. It is true that Germany has been to a large extent disarmed, and

that the French army is still strong, but the weight of Germany's sixty millions, the constant proofs which we receive that a gigantic system of camouflage is in operation to renew German effective armaments, and the hostile attitude of German Nationalists, make it necessary for us three States to come together, and to prepare plans, and to guard against the contingency of surprise.

An account of this German camouflage has recently been given to our public by Brigadier-General Morgan in the *Quarterly Review* for October last, and from many other sources confirmatory evidence comes in that Germany is continuously endeavoring to repeat the methods by which Prussia jockeyed Napoleon between the years 1806 and 1813. Many of us feel that we cannot allow this practice to continue any longer without precautions, and we hope that these precautions, which, if adopted, will certainly be of a purely defensive character, may help to arrest Germany in a dangerous course of action and keep her within bounds. At present no arrangements whatsoever have been made by the old Allies for conjoint action in case of danger, nor can there be until the signature of a triple accord enables the respective staffs to set to work.

It is needless to say that, if this course is taken, it will be because the Anglo-American guaranty of France failed, for reasons which every American knows, and because, whatever may be the relative strength of the responsible forces to-day, they may not have the same relation in future. France herself is reducing the service of her annual contingent to one year, and it goes without saying that her army will be less good and more costly. In fact, Europe appears to be tending toward the armies of the old professional stamp. We have this system, of

course, on account of the numerous garrisons overseas, inclusive of India, that we have to keep up, and Germany has a professional army under the Treaty of Versailles. The armies of the immediate future look like becoming militia with a strong permanent cadre; but what changes these new armies will eventually entail in the conduct of war cannot, for the moment, be assessed.

Many of us are dissatisfied about this situation. Belgium no longer possesses the shield — or rather the supposed shield — of neutrality and inviolability, and the provision of Article XXXI of the Treaty that there should be a convention between the Allies on the one part and Belgium and the Netherlands on the other, to which convention Germany agreed in advance to adhere, has never been carried into effect. We have all been too busily engaged in wrangling over imaginary reparations to bother about this convention, and it is high time that it were drafted and signed. Historically, England is mainly responsible for the existence of modern Belgium, since English statesmanship, from 1814 to 1839, took the lead in effecting the arrangement which ultimately left Belgium in that position of neutrality and inviolability which she occupied until international law was broken by the Germans, under the plea of military necessity, in August 1914.

The neutral position of Belgium was naturally abrogated by this greatest of modern international crimes, for it had proved a lure to lead Belgium to her ruin. Something has to replace it; and it is not creditable to us that the situation of Belgium has not been defined as the Treaty foreshadowed. Belgium indeed made a military alliance with France in 1920, but it must be accounted an imperfect safeguard, for either Power can get out of it when the pinch comes.

III

That was the position when the Conservative Government won its greatest triumph on October 29 last, and those of us who had been watching the situation carefully asked ourselves what should be done. I thought it advisable to run over to France and Belgium last October to consult the leading statesmen of those countries, for it was evident that it would be useless to make suggestions to which all three Powers could not agree. It did not take long to find out that all the leading statesmen in France and Belgium were very anxious about the position, and that all whom I consulted, whether they were in the Governments or out of them, were of opinion that only an Anglo-French-Belgian accord could secure peace. By this was meant a mutual agreement to protect each other's European territories, whenever and by whomsoever they were attacked. The arrangement desired was strictly defensive and purely regional in its scope.

It was a considerable obligation for us to assume, but after turning the whole thing over I thought that we should assume it. Belgium was an old protégé of ours; we had been her friend and protector for a century. France was our ally of the war time, and we could not afford to see these two countries overwhelmed when Germany recovered her strength. Nor could we afford to find these countries hostile territory if Germany beat them. It was plain to me that we could not keep out of such war if it arose, and it therefore seemed a more prudent course to make due preparations in advance than to allow ourselves once more to be surprised. All the foreign statesmen told me that nothing but such accord would secure a lasting peace, and most of them hoped that the signature of such

a document would induce Germany to abandon the idea of a war of revenge, which idea not only existed but was growing in intensity.

So I gave the whole argument in the *Daily Telegraph* of November 12, 13, 20, and 24, and was supported by two editorial leaders of great weight and authority. All these articles have been extensively translated by the press of France and Belgium, and have, in some papers abroad, been given verbatim. It is known that Mr. Baldwin's Government in England is ready to give attention to the security of our two neighbors, but as I write I cannot tell what the decision of our Government will be. We have caused to be postponed the consideration of the disarmament conference, but until conversations and negotiations have ensued between us and the Franco-Belgians no one can say exactly what will be done.

My view is that Germany would never have broken loose in 1914 had she been aware that she would find England across her path, and had the fact been clearly stated to her. That would be a serious reflection on our Government were it not the case, as everyone is now aware, that our Cabinet of 1914 was not united until Germany broke the Treaties of 1839 and violated Belgian neutrality. It was then too late to check the fatal march of the German armies; but at least, if we cannot recall that fatal indecision or all the horrors of the World War, we can make clear to Germany now that we are not going to repeat the error, and that we shall resist her with all our might if her Nationalists lead her into fresh adventures.

We want peace, and the old adage, *Si vis pacem, para bellum*, holds good despite the League and Geneva. We can even say that we are equally

following the Pacifist version, '*Si vis pacem, para pacem*,' for that we should be doing too. The Germans are a strong and combative people who have never acknowledged any law but that of force. It is no good preaching peace to the Germans. Their cherished armies and navies have been beaten. They are unable to forget or forgive, and unless they are fooling themselves as well as us they mean to wage a war of revenge at the first favorable moment. I do not imagine that the moment is very near, but opinions differ rather upon the exact number of years than upon the intention. We have no illusions left respecting Germany, and since the policy of fulfillment practically ended when Dr. Wirth was upset, we have ceased to worry about the question whether Germany intends to be a good European or not. On all the evidence she means to break out again when she can, and everything in her military history and present policy points to no other conclusion.

IV

In what way can the United States help in averting another war? Let me recall my old argument of 1921 in this magazine, and repeat that the restoration of European currencies — not ours — on the basis of the redistribution of gold is not only the best thing to do for the nations which are suffering from the evil, but the best thing for England and the United States. We two are in much the same position respecting foreign labor: namely, that we are undercut by the relatively cheap labor of our competitors. A combined movement of the United States and England to restore the currencies would succeed, but so long as we look on and do nothing the present disadvantages to our respective trade

will continue. The efforts of some recent minor endeavors in this direction have been crowned with success, and it is evident that a larger scheme has at least as good a chance of succeeding. It is the inevitable step that must be taken before we can all settle down to business again and see our industries flourish.

But this is certainly not all. Not without fidgeting can an American look at the list of members of the League and remember that the team of dissidents includes the United States, Russia, Mexico, and Turkey, and that eighteen American Powers are members of the League. In the American team of dissidents are three Powers which cannot be called progressive except by a misuse of words. We need America badly at Geneva, but as she stands out we are learning to get on as best we can without her. Her presence and power at Geneva, if she came in, would be immense and wholly salutary. We should not have such mistakes as were embodied in the Geneva Protocol had the United States been represented at the fifth Assembly of the League. We need the moral force and sterling common-sense for which the United States stands to be voiced at the League Meetings, and until these forces are represented Geneva will take ten times as long as otherwise to complete its work, if indeed it can ever do so.

But there it is. The United States

will not lend her official countenance to the proceedings, however much she may take part in the work by more or less elusive, evasive, and private effort; and so we go on, postponing to the Greek kalends any real result from what is, in origin, an American conception. But there are eminent statesmen in Europe who hope that the Pacific agreements, signed at Washington, the European accords that have been or may be signed as temporary safeguards and alleviations, and the Convention itself may in time be joined together in a world policy of peace, dominated not by idealism alone, but by men of affairs with a practical sense of the realities of things.

It is no good denying that if the United States aids in this great work, and more particularly if she takes a lead in it, all our difficulties would vanish, and the present generations of Americans would not be described by future historians as a people who cared much for their rights and little for their duties toward humanity at large. History rightly associates power with responsibility, and though we know — or think we know — that the outlook of Americans is essentially the same as ours, we still regret that, in the hardest part of our still unfinished task of the World War, we are left to bear a burden and a responsibility incurred by all the Allied and Associated Powers of the war years.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A DOWNCAST UPLIFTER

Do reformers, I wonder, ever feel regret for the evils they have abolished? Did Saint George, in his later years, come to speak of the dragon with a hint of affection in his tone? I am prompted to ask because I have recently gazed, with wistful memories awaked, upon the graves of things I had my humble share in killing — and slaughtered with a will. These graves were large steel filing-cabinet drawers, ranged along one side of a spacious room devoted to the sale of plays to amateurs. The firm name on the outer door is a famous one, and has been famous for two or three generations. This firm published plays for amateurs when your father and mine were young. And in these steel drawers, deep at the bottoms, were the plays it published then. They, however, caused me no wistful regrets. But on top, piled rank on rank, were the plays the firm published when I was young, and at sight of them I sorrowed, sorrowed for what I had helped to slay. Nor do I mean that I helped to slay them by acting in them, for I was an excellent actor, being applauded by all the Congregationalists in the audience as well as by the people of my own church. I was not at all like the amateur who once acted *Hamlet* at Wallack's Theatre in New York because, he announced, he wished a verdict. 'And,' wrote one of the critics, 'he shall have it: Murder in the first degree.' No, I helped to slay them by joining in the modern theatrical renaissance, and preaching from coast to coast the gospel of better plays.

Now, as I stood before an opened

grave, — I mean drawer, — I saw what I had done. Here were the plays my childhood and youth knew so well, buried deep in steel, so seldom asked for, the clerk informed me, that many of them would not be reprinted when the stock was exhausted; while over them, brazenly displayed on open shelves, in all the pride of starched covers, were whole battalions of dramas fresh from the professional playhouse, subtle comedies from Europe, farces by Clare Kummer, melodramas difficult to mount, delicate fantasies, Socialistic satires, racy American genre-plays like those by Ade and Craven and Forbes — anything, in fact, which the professionals dare try. These are what the amateurs are now buying. Even as I gazed, the clerk sold to a schoolboy twelve copies of *The Dover Road*, and to the representative of an amateur dramatic club fourteen copies of *Only 38*, and quoted the royalty on *Pomander Walk* and *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. (Times have changed indeed, thought I, when amateurs consider paying the royalty!)

All of which, of course, is as it should be — and as for twenty years I have been trying, so far as in me lay, to make it. I ought to have rejoiced and been exceeding glad. But I was n't. I shed a tear into the dusty drawer. And the tear fell on a copy of *A Pair of Lunatics* — which was why I shed it.

What, I wonder, has become of my fellow lunatic? She must now be — but no matter; she probably does n't admit it. She was very beautiful, and had been told that she could act. Some charity at the Maine resort where we were that summer needed

money, and we needed an opportunity for what would now be called 'self-expression'; so we sent to this same firm for two copies of *A Pair of Lunatics*, and presented it at the Casino, as our share in the entertainment. Do you remember the silly thing? A man and a girl have each called at an asylum for the insane, and each mistakes the other for an inmate. The play, perhaps, is well devised for amateurs, because each player is called upon to act like a lunatic. The efforts of my fair companion and myself, I know, must have been highly successful, for we were greeted with howls of appreciative delight, and after the curtain fell I had to lead her before it by the hand — almost as sweet a reward as the applause! Our services were thereafter in much demand, and we repeated our impersonations up and down the Maine coast, affording much innocent merriment and greatly enriching the local charities. Do any amateurs have such success with *The Truth About Blaydes*? Bah!

Then there was *Mr. Bob*. I don't remember much about *Mr. Bob*, except that, as the juvenile lead, I had to go off-stage at the command of my aunt and bring back a kitten, and that on page 19 I had to kiss said aunt. As my aunt was, in private life, a somewhat shy but extremely presentable young female of my own age, — which, as I recall, was about eighteen, — the rehearsals always became brisker near the bottom of page 18, the rest of the cast gathering in the wings to watch and to criticize our technique. On the night of the performance we heard many appreciative murmurs from the audience, even, indeed, the then equivalent of 'Attaboy!' It is to be feared we had not so far roused illusion in our house that they were insensible to our off-stage personalities! It is to be feared, of course, that there was noth-

ing in the direction we received — or the lack of it — or in the play itself to rouse true illusion even in us, let alone in the audience. A modern amateur director who allowed his cast for one moment to consider a stage kiss as anything but a stage kiss is quite inconceivable. Besides, his cast would all be too busy with the problems of their Art. But what a lot of fun they are missing!

Years later I put on a play for the high-school boys and girls in a somewhat rural community. By that time I was working for the uplift. They wanted to do 'something funny,' but I insisted on *Riders to the Sea*. I had in my cast two Irish girls of rather exceptional sensitiveness, even for Irish girls, and to this day I can hear the cry one of them sent keening through the Town Hall — 'It's Michael, Nora!' — as she recognized the garments of her drowned brother. She certainly inspired that spinal shiver which Billy Phelps says is the test of great acting. Two servant-maids in the audience went home weeping. Other Celts in the town declared the play libeled their race. There were ugly murmurs regarding my status as a citizen. I began to realize that, at the beginning, a little art goes a long way, or, as Sam Bernard used better to phrase it, 'Too much is enough.'

How different it was before the Abbey Theatre had begun the uplift by furnishing masterpieces for amateurs, royalty free! Then we always did do 'something funny.' We consulted the catalogue of plays for amateurs, knowing little and caring less about plays for professionals, and selected according to the available talent in our school or church or club. '*Obadiah Slick, or Love Finds a Way* — comedy in 3 acts. Characters, 5m., 6f. Comedy of rural life; young couple fool miserly and cranky old father; excellent barn-

dance scene, may be expanded *ad lib.* Full of laughs. Plays 2h.'

'Fine!' we cried. 'Dan Sanborn can play the old man. He's awful funny when he puts on whiskers and talks through his nose. And we can bring in some real hay for the barn dance, and have a cart wheel sticking out from the wings.' 'Who's going to play the lovers?' 'Aw, no, not Jim and Florence; gee, that would n't take any acting!' Whereupon Jim and Florence registered embarrassment, and our fun began. We did n't take our Art seriously. We did n't know it was Art.

And, of course, it was n't.

Just to-day, after my shed tear had prompted me to plan this little plaint, I received a circular from the — Players, the omitted name being that of a famous New England rural town. Last year, I read, they made a most successful production of *The Countess Kathleen*, much praised for its beauty of setting and its light-effects. As a climax to the present season, the club is planning an even more ambitious undertaking. They are going to produce *The Merchant of Venice*, playing the entire text, uncut and untransposed. A week ago I should have cried 'Splendid!' But to-day I shed another tear. I shed a tear for a play buried too deep, I fear, in one of those steel drawers ever to be found again, a play which in my boyhood would have been — nay, was — the crowning achievement of the winter's community theatricals — *The District School* — or was it spelled 'Skule'?

This dramatic masterpiece was, in my day, almost a Yankee *commedia del arte*. On a framework of dialogue and situation supplied by the printed text, the men, women, and children taking part hung whatever adornments they could supply of impromptu comedy. The leading female spirit in the community was the teacher, and all the

rest of the cast were pupils, the men dressed as boys, the women as girls — so far as propriety permitted. Propriety, however, was assisted by trips to the attic and the discovery in old trunks of voluminous pantalettes. Deacon Sims sat in the corner wearing a dunce cap. Benny Manning, who was six feet four, and weighed 240 pounds, got a whipping. Spitballs hurtled through the air. Pigtales were pulled. But the great moment came when Tom Atkinson — he was Town Clerk and Assessor, and something of a humorist — was sent to the blackboard to take dictation. All the other pupils ceased their individual improvisations and watched. The entire attention of the vast audience was concentrated on Tom and teacher. Grasping a piece of chalk in upraised hand, Tom listened to the crisp sentence from teacher's desk: —

'There is a worm. Do not tread on it.'

The hand bore down heavily on the board, and the chalk began to leave great white marks, which quickly and unmistakably resolved themselves into the following: —

'There is a warm doughnut. Tread on it.'

Then a rain of spitballs flew suddenly at Tom from all quarters of the school-room, teacher raised her threatening ferule, and the vast audience rocked with mirth.

What is there in the ill-tempered plays of G. B. Shaw to compare with such cosmic humor as this? Or even in the plays of Shakespeare?

When you are playing Shaw or Shakespeare, at any rate, you can't be a cut-up. You have to behave according to a disciplined scheme, and your audience will watch you, not as Tom Atkinson cutting up, but as a cog in Shaw's or Shakespeare's machinery of illusion. The result is that both you and your

audience lose something of legitimate delight. Of course I should n't dare to say that both you and they don't gain something vastly more worth while. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, even with *The Merchant of Venice* in the offing, I must pause and shed a tear for *The District School*, for our Yankee commedia del arte, for that warm, immortal doughnut, now trod upon no more.

CANDLELIGHT

My candlelight self was laying the table for tea. I say my candlelight self, because I am not at all the same person by candlelight that I am by day. I assure you that mentally and spiritually, and even physically, I am a different person. Experiment has proved, physiologists will say, that we are actually shorter in the evening than we were in the morning, that our spinal column becomes jolted down by the day's wear and tear. But not all kinds of growth can be measured in terms of inches and centimetres. The physiologist does not take into account the change in my mental attitude and its effect upon other people. I feel taller by candlelight, and therefore I look taller, — for others, after all, take us pretty much at our own valuation, — and so, for all practical purposes, I am taller.

This increase in stature is quite fitting, for it indicates, in some slight degree, the greater growth that has taken place within the mind. With the coming of night and the lighting of candles, my mind has expanded and grown until, like Vergil's *Fama*, I walk with my head in the clouds.

My eyes, too, which are open wider than they were in the morning, speak of the opening of my spirit. Not until the bats awake, it seems, do I really awake. At no time during the day am

I so vitally awake as I am in the early evening — the time of candlelight. The increase in my vitality, the quickening of my pulses, shows itself in my heightened color — and candlelight intensifies the color of red.

No wonder that the Sangreal shone gloriously crimson when it appeared to the knights of Arthur, for was it not always accompanied by a 'fair clean candlestick, which bare six great candles'? The mediævals were discerning enough to realize that the beauty of red samite was enhanced by candlelight.

Similarly our personalities are either intensified or subdued by our light. We have been not inaptly called children of light. Bridget who hangs the washing out in the morning and Bridget who brings it in in the evening have different personalities. The white hands and calm eyes of her who comes down the garden path at twilight, her arms filled with fragrant starchiness, are an exterior indication of her transformed spirit.

When the sun goes down, our prosaic workaday selves withdraw — go to roost, as it were, with the stupid hens; and when, in the twilight, the evening primrose opens its pollen-laden blossoms, then our souls open too, and all their golden treasure, which has been invisible during the day, is disclosed to those who have owl's eyes to see it. All day long the bumblebees have been buzzing in the hollyhocks. Noisy bees, gaudy flowers! Our spirits were stupefied by their noise and color. But when the phlox gleams white in the starlight, and the silent-winged moth is astir, then our wilted spirits revive, and their cells grow turgid in the dewy air as do the cells of the plants.

I was asleep, but my heart waked . . .
For my head is filled with dew,
My locks with the drops of the night.

While the sun shines, both plants and men must work and lay up provision against the rainy day. Not until night comes is there time to grow. Growth takes place in both man and herb by the lesser light of stars and moon, and candles.

As for the stars — what are they but the heavenly counterparts of our earthly candles? 'The mystery of the seven stars which thou sawest in my right hand, and the seven golden candlesticks. The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches: and the seven candlesticks are seven churches.' Perhaps the stars have a closer relation to our world than we are wont to believe. Is not the music of the spheres the music of our world as well? And by their harmony are men and beasts and trees attuned to each other. With the coming of the stars there is a fluttering of flowers, birds, and human hearts. When the sun goes down, we who have blinked in its light all day open our eyes as do the owls, or as the primroses open wide their petals. 'The night has a thousand eyes,' and our eyes are of the thousand. Our minds, which have been a pillar of cloud by day, become a pillar of fire by night.

We love our friend, says Cicero, 'quod in eo quasi *lumen* aliquod probitatis et virtutis perspicere videamur,' because in him we seem to see a certain light, as it were, of goodness and worth. 'The Owl and the Pussy-Cat' who went to sea 'in a beautiful pea-green boat' — were they after all such an ill-mated pair? They had, in common, eyes rich in rod cells, eyes adjusted to lights of night. Doubtless, therefore, it was in perfect harmony that they 'danced by the light of the moon.'

Since we are the children of light, and since we seem to require the more subdued lights for growth, in this age

of electricity is it any wonder that spiritually we have failed to keep pace with our civilization? We can work at any hour by merely turning on the electric switch. Therefore we take too little time to sit quietly and reflect. We never withdraw long enough from the fray to see life objectively. If our evenings were spent in the dimness of candlelight, so that when night came we had to lay aside the strenuous duties of the day, should we not then have keener sight and grow faster mentally and morally?

What was the secret of spiritual vigor in the Middle Ages? I am wondering how much their light had to do with that strength. The mediæval cloisters were lighted by candles. Thus these religious men of old kept constantly before them the symbol of the spirit: 'I have seen, and behold, a candlestick,' writes Zechariah, 'all of gold, with its bowl upon the top of it, and its seven lamps thereon. . . . And I answered and spake to the angel that talked with me, saying, What are these, my lord? . . . Then he answered and spake unto me, saying, This is the word of the Lord unto Zerubbabel, saying, Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.' The mediævals, at least those of them 'who attained,' took these words to heart.

Some such thoughts as these on candlelight — though, of course, less articulate and less well organized — came to my mind as I was laying the supper table for Cousin Jane. As I unfolded the tablecloth and smoothed out its satiny surface in the soft light, I wished earnestly that electricity had never been discovered. If I was guilty of ingratitude that night for our modern conveniences, it ought to be remembered, in justice to me, that it is very easy to feel enthusiasm for the

'good old times' when you are in Cousin Jane's dining-room, because it is such a beautiful old-fashioned room. At night it is irresistible. The white wainscoting and paneling about the fireplace — if these are fair by day, by candlelight they are a dream of loveliness; while the pewter on the dresser glows, at night, with that subdued silvery lustre which is like nothing in the world. I discovered that night the answer to the complaint that early American interiors lacked color. They did not need color — they had light. They had firelight and candlelight, with pewter and brass to reflect it.

Old brass, I have noticed, has a glow that new brass does not have. Its color is a kind of silvery gold — it is less yellow than that we see in the shops to-day. I observed this difference the first time I had slept in Cousin Jane's west chamber. Cousin Jane was passing through the room with a candle in her hand, when suddenly the warming pan in the corner caught the rays of her candle and gleamed with a lustre half silver, half gold. There is an undeniable charm in the old.

As I laid Cousin Jane's spoons on the table, how they gleamed from the white cloth — thin as eggshells they were, with sharply pointed bowls. Those spoons had belonged to our grandmother, a wedding gift from a certain Cousin Phœbe.

Years ago, as my mother — then a little girl — was walking along the country road to school one morning, she met a strange lady, a stately Quakeress, rustling along in drab-colored taffeta. The stranger gazed quietly at the little girl and said, 'Thee looks like thy mother!' That was all. The lady was Cousin Phœbe.

To my yearning for old loveliness was added, that night at Cousin Jane's, my yearning for an old friend. We were expecting Anne. Anne, whose

bright hair makes an aureole about her face, is not unlike a candle herself. She was late in coming. The supper had been ready for the last half-hour. Snatches of poetry came to me as I waited.

I saw you as you passed
A hundred times before;
Oh, come you in at last
And close the open door.

Oh, come you in and mark
How deep a night is this,
And light our common dark
With the candle of your kiss.

And, as if in answer to my yearning, the clack of the knocker was heard through the house. At last Anne had come to put an end to my reflections on candlelight.

THE ALPHABET AND THE WREDS

My attention has been called to an article in the Contributors' Club wherein established American institutions are subtly attacked under the guise of an appeal to those whose names begin with W to unite against the custom of arranging school classes, telephone books, and voting-lists in alphabetical order. As a loyal American I rise to protest against this outburst of Bolshevism.

The article, it is true, looks innocent enough. Those whom the author especially calls upon for succor to the cause of an overturned alphabet are all apparently Nordics and one-hundred-percent Americans. He speaks of Walkers and Warrens, of Whipples and Whitneys, of Wolcotts and Woodwards. Such ruses, however, are transparent to the officers of the Army Intelligence Service, the American Defense Society, the National Security League, and others whose duty it is to penetrate the disguises in which Moscow cloaks its nefarious plots. The fact is that this article was conceived in the councils of the Third International, written by a

hiring of the Soviet, sent by wireless to a Bolshevik agent in the Wyzanski Building, New York, and submitted to the *Atlantic* by a contributor named Wimpfheimer; and its concealed purpose is to overthrow the American Government, destroy American business, undermine the foundations of the American home, and substitute a Wrule of Wiolence and Wrapine by a Witenagemot of Winerskis, Wolinskys, Wiedenbachs, and Weisenbergs.

The whole plot is now clear. The first step is to overturn the alphabet with a Wrapid fire of Wridicule, employing for this purpose even such Admirable Allies of Alphabetical Aristocracy as the *Atlantic*. Then, when the Weissmanns and the Wolinskys are firmly placed in the front seats of classrooms, the front pages of Social Registers, and the top of voting-lists, the rest will quickly follow. The Navy will be Wrecked, the Child Labor Amendment will be Wratified and the family Wronged, the hard-earned profits of the American business man will be Wrung from their owners and Wickedly Wasted, the Government will be Wreduced to Weakness, and all will be over but Weeping and Wailing, Wrebellion and War.

It may not come to that; I have implicit faith in the good sense of the American people. But they must be Wroused from their sense of false security, from the fool's paradise in which Wred Wradicals and misguided pacifists have lulled them with soft phrases, while it is still not too late to preserve the institutions established and glorified by Adams, Agassiz, Audubon, and Chester A. Arthur. Let the *Atlantic* audience be on their guard against this dastardly propaganda emanating from Wrussia. Hold together, you Amesess and Arnolds and Appletons; call out the militia if they try to take away your front seats; use the machine-guns if

they suggest rearranging the classified telephone-directory.

We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the American Alphabet.

WASTE ADVICE TO YOUNG WRITERS

EVERYONE who writes is called upon to advise young writers. Usually the latter come bearing letters from mutual friends. The thing happens so often that I have reduced my answer to a formula. If the applicant is male I tell him to become a fireman; if female, a governess.

Courtesy forbids that I launch at once into this solution; but after a few verbal passes the way opens. Usually the applicant says, not too tactfully, 'I am trying to decide whether to write or work.' To which I reply, burying the wrath of a toiling craftsman deep in pity for their ingenuousness:—

'Don't write for publication if you can possibly avoid it. Know that when you publish you are giving hostages never likely to be ransomed. There are critics lying in wait to tear your frail children limb from limb. If you write, the chance is that you will live unhappily and die young. But if you simply must write, if there is that in you which bids you write against such terrible odds, then work at writing in your leisure time until you have wrought something worth taking to market.'

But there are always but's. 'But'—thus my last visitor—'the boys get on my nerves so that I simply can't write after hours.' He teaches at —, a private school where no one is overworked and where the atmosphere for literary effort seems well-nigh perfect.

Whereupon I smile inwardly at the opening which youth and innocence leave for the insertion of the fireman formula. 'Then try this. You want a job which provides the necessities of

life and at the same time gives abundant leisure for the perfection of your art. If the work also offers an opportunity to learn the ways of men and the inwardness of life, so much the better. And if your situation does all that and at the same time is rich in action and thrills, it may be said to be the ideal incubator for budding talent. After surveying the entire field of employment, I have no hesitancy in recommending that you join a metropolitan fire department.'

At this point I pause, while my listener's jaw drops and his eyes tell me he is trying to decide whether I am in jest or in earnest.

'I am quite serious, my boy, quite serious. As a fireman you could do your routine work with a rush. Then, while the other lads are reading, telling stories, playing cards, snapping their suspenders, doing crossword puzzles, or ogling the neighbor girls, you could write. The fireman's leisure, I have observed, is imperial in extent, but that is only half of his royal bargain with life. Think of the glory of rushing through the streets on a red truck, bells clanging, pedestrians scurrying, traffic held in its tracks against your passing. The centre of the stage belongs to Friend Blueshirt in one of the few dramas left in our workaday world. Think of the thrill, too, in hunting the red demon through the bowels of an empty house; how tame by comparison is fox-hunting, on which the rich spend thousands. Then the quick, coördinated attack on the enemy with axe, hose, and ladder, each stalwart standing to his duty even unto death. War in the best of causes, truly; war for the right and humanity and the women and children and the home. Oh, the fireman's life for you!'

'But —' interposes the quarry.

'One moment!' I sweep on relentlessly. 'Have you thought of the literary material such a life offers? You

would see the inside of Everyman's house from cellar to garret; palace of Midas and beggar's hovel would open their doors to you, not after they had been swept and garnished for company, but in all the intimacies of family usage. Majestic in your slicker and sou'wester, you would stride through them, sweeping aside all veils and hangings, opening closet doors. Suppose the family skeleton tumbles out on you — what a story! Finally, it is part of the writer's trade to know the ways of men, strong, patient, loyal, nerveless men who do the world's work year in and year out, heroes in the rough who keep families going on salaries which will seem ludicrously small to you until you have signed the same pay-roll.'

At this point the applicant for advice is reduced to speechlessness, but his glazed eyes, his stricken features, tell me what is going on in his mind. He is n't going to risk his social position by becoming a fireman even if that is the road to blessed leisure and literary fame. Not he; why, he's been to college and teaches school and week-ends at some of the best houses!

Exit gloomily, thinking me hopeless.

Comes also the sweet girl-graduate. She too must write, God bless her!

'Very well,' I say, 'write love letters to many young men. That is the literary avenue to the best of all fortunes — home, husband, children. But if the virus of fame has already bitten you so deeply that you must take the public as your target, I beg of you not to submit yourself to the dreary routine of hack-writing. Shun newspaper work, proof-reading, stenography, and editorial assistance. Seek, rather, a position as governess in a rich family, rich alike in funds and small children. Travel with them to Palm Beach, Pasadena, the Riviera, Lake Placid. You will have access to their books, their minds, their pleasant gears and trappings.

'And at the same time that you learn the ways of the upper half, you will not be insulated from the other half. The cook will tell you of her troubles with her husbands, and the nurse-girl will relate her amatory adventures if you reveal to her the least degree of sympathy. Children will be growing under your eyes, and to some extent because of your loving care. A young woman must not divorce her work from love. Mere love of work is not enough; let there be also love-in-work. And, of course, while the children are napping, write. Three hundred words a day is ninety thousand words a year, or a full-length novel every twelve months. No one in the early stages of a literary career should write more than that.'

So far none of my dear advice-seekers sees fit to follow my advice. They go their ways toward glory by more conventional paths. Yet nothing worth while comes from their pens. Perhaps this is because they are hurried by bosses, smitten by monotony, worried over the expense of keeping up appearances, or shut off from interesting persons. Their pride keeps them down; they will not humble themselves in youth in order to rise later. It may be that college spoils my young callers for the great adventure Thoreau followed through odd-job gardening, Masfield through the forecastle, and McFee through the stokehold. But I am still hopeful that the great American novel may yet be written by an ex-fireman who married an ex-governess.

THAT BACKHANDED TWIST

I WAS sitting, perfectly happy, the other day when the Youngest of my Friends burst in upon me.

'I say!' he began, going straight to the point, as his way is. 'Don't you think it was splendid — what Michelangelo said about the angel?'

'What angel?' I inquired, looking up from my writing.

'Why, when he said, "There's an angel in that stone." All he had to do then was to chip away the rest of the stone to prove it. He hit upon a big thing there. We've only got to apply it —'

'I see. If there's a colored party in the woodpile we've only to carry away the wood —'

'Exactly. Look how far-reaching the principle is, and what a wonderful backhanded twist it gives to everything. Think — of an explosion in a powder-factory, for instance.'

I laid down my pen.

'Why should I? The idea is n't altogether pleasant. There's a powder-factory only two doors up the street, and if —'

'That's what I say. If it should go off, there you'd be, listening to one of Beethoven's symphonies.'

'In Heaven, you mean?'

'No chance! Here on earth. The explosion would be Michelangelo's block, only made out of noise. A block of noise — understand?'

'I hardly think I do.'

'But you must. The noise would contain all the notes in the scale, every possible vibration. If you could silence some of them, leaving only what was needed for a particular tone, say G — yes, say G, with certain other tones reduced almost to nothing, then you'd have G as sounded on the trombones, for instance. With different soft tones — different harmonics, that is — you'd have it on the violins, or flutes. Music is made out of the silence you put into it — out of the rests, so to speak.'

'Not always,' I objected. 'You ought to hear the young lady on the floor above when she begins to practise. But I've heard something of the sort you mention about the harmonics, though I don't seem to remember any

Beethoven symphony that's all G sounded on the trombones.'

'Of course not. When you get enough of G you silence the other vibrations, and go on to H.'

'Not much you don't!'

'You know what I mean — the next tone, whatever you call it. I'm not a musician. Then there's painting.'

'Granted, both points, without argument. And I suppose you're going to say that a painting is made by taking a rainbow —'

'No; pure white light. In a rainbow the colors are already separated. But you take white light and darken what you don't want of it, in spots, and there you are.'

'And writing?'

'That's easy.'

'It is n't.'

'I mean it's easy to explain. You have the dictionary, and you drop all words but one — that's your start. Then you drop all but another, and so on. Just think of it! Your next book is already in existence in the form of language in general. All you'll have to do when you come to write it is to delete the unnecessary words.'

'You talk the way my publisher sometimes does,' I sighed. 'But look here. I think your theory is dangerous.'

'How so?'

'Because there's no way of stopping, once you begin to apply it. If my next book is already in existence, then everything is already in existence. If there's no difference between an explosion and a symphony except for what's left out, then there's no difference anywhere excepting —'

'Now you're saying something even

bigger than you realize,' my Young Friend interrupted, gloatingly. 'You're dead right. Matter is continuous, and we only separate it into bits because we're deaf, dumb, and blind except in five little spots that we call the five senses. If we had sense everywhere —'

'Nonsense! You've been reading Bergson.'

'— If we had sense everywhere we'd be conscious of no break between this table and that chair. There is *something* everywhere. We can call it God if you like —'

'Now you've been reading Spinoza.'

'No matter,' he persisted, growing very serious. 'All those old philosophers say the same thing, because there's only one thing to say. We can call it God. When He made creation, what He really did was to eliminate Himself in places, and put in what was not God — what you might call the Devil —'

'You think I owe my individuality to the Devil that is in me?'

'You've hit it.'

'Then look out before I hit something else. When you came in I had an idea — or all ideas, as you would kindly put it. For that's what writing is made out of — ideas, not words. And I was engaged — rather successfully, I thought — in eliminating those which were superfluous to my purpose. While now —'

He ducked and made for the door, grinning good-naturedly. But upon the threshold he paused.

'When it comes to eliminating ideas,' he shot back over his shoulder, 'I'd be careful, old man, if I were you, and not let the process get away from me.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

OLD friends of the *Atlantic* will join with us in welcoming our Toastmaster of eighteen years ago, **Bliss Perry**, to these familiar pages. An appreciative angler, a professor of English, and a charming essayist, Professor Perry has written a paper that would make a fisherman out of the horniest-handed grocery-boy. To those who have not heard the music of the reel for many years, it will bring back the dawns on the Margaree and the Miramichi, and the sunsets when the lakes take fire among the Laurentian Hills. **Ida L. Albright**, the mother of a family, discusses its most trustworthy guardian, the family doctor, whether practitioner or specialist. Parents and doctors generally may well consider her questioning. ¶A lawyer and a Pennsylvanian of many generations, **F. Lyman Windolph** gives his persuasive support to a practicable and reassuring theory of democracy. **Oswald Couldrey** makes his first appearance in the *Atlantic*. Mr. Couldrey is a veteran of the Indian Educational Service, where, as the late Principal of Rajahmundry College, he gathered the material for his stories and his book, *South Indian Hours*. **Frank Kendon** is an English poet whose work we have long coveted for our pages. His contrast of the free proud clouds and the imprisoned city tree is memorable both for the beauty and for the melody of its lines.

* * *

This moving chapter of **Alice Thornton's** experience must disclose to our readers the stupidity and evil which too often are responsible for the inhuman punishment behind the bars. Miss Thornton's first paper, 'The Pound of Flesh,' appeared in our April number. ¶Conspicuous among the multitudinous critics of 'Old P——'s' positive pronouncement is **Dr. John Hayes Taylor**. It is to be remarked that this critic finds more fault with education than with either 'Old P——' or his pupils, and in so doing 'lifts a little of the burden from the shoul-

ders of youth and transfers it to the rounded shoulders of educators.' **Ernst Jonson** left Sweden at the age of twenty, attracted to America by the fame of Richardson, the architect. After engaging in architecture and engineering work, Mr. Jonson became a decorative designer, devoting himself particularly to recovering for the furniture industry the quality, artistic and technical, of the old handcrafts. ¶On her visit to Ireland last spring, **Mary Lyons Hennigan** was one of a happy few to visit the 'Country of Youth.' That is a recollection, of course, of perpetual charm and brightness. ¶Through the past year we trust that our readers have become pleasantly acquainted with the quality of **Wilfrid Gibson's** verse.

* * *

A brave actress on the screen and in reality, **Nell Shipman** relates the happy ending of a trying adventure. In answer to our original criticism of her narrative, Miss Shipman writes: 'I too can sense a hurried style in this latter part of the paper, but I believe it is because it really happened that way. I mean that at the time there was no mental recognition of detail, simply an almost blind feeling to "get there," and in writing of the incident I presume my mind unconsciously resumed the state it experienced at the time.' 'The Cast' and 'Disaster,' previous portions of Miss Shipman's record, appeared in our two preceding numbers. **Rudolph Fisher** is a member of Sigma Xi, a Master of Embryology, an X-ray specialist — and a writer of *Atlantic* fiction! His ruthless picture of the West Indian and the American Negro evidences Mr. Fisher's profound understanding of his race. Readers may recall his first story, 'The City of Refuge,' which appeared in the February *Atlantic*. **Gamaliel Bradford** is now at work on a series of portraits of distinguished American 'Wives.' From his gallery we have been pleased to select this lively likeness of a fascinating woman.

As courtly, charming, and sensitive as the place itself is this pretty paper on Charleston by Elizabeth Choate. There is but one Charleston, even to a Bostonian, and those who have been admitted to her presence learn to speak of her, not as of the past or future, but as *la grande dame* of all time.

* * *

Sir A. Daniel Hall, Chief Scientific Adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, has recently returned to London after a visit to several of our prominent agricultural schools. Hector C. Bywater is a naval critic of recognized attainment. His review of the French navy, interesting in itself, forms a valuable corollary to the problems of French debt and the forthcoming (?) disarmament conference. Lieutenant-Colonel Charles à Court Repington, formerly military critic of the London *Times* and *Morning Post*, composed his present paper on his return from an influential tour through France and Belgium.

* * *

The swarm of letters which have come to us commenting — occasionally in rather stinging terms — on Arthur B. Green's paper, 'An Engineer Talks on Medicine,' convinces us that there is still a word of explanation wanted.

This article from its very title was not intended to be professional. We were not in accord with certain of Mr. Green's statements, but we printed them, confident that many people would enjoy speculating on the ebb and flow of medical theory. It was indubitable that Mr. Green expressed himself well, and that the subject was one that should be open to a layman's discussion. For errors of fact as well as misinterpretation we, as well as Mr. Green, must stand corrected.

Gentlemen, the floor is now open.

The First Speaker.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

'An Engineer Talks on Medicine.'

A physician might talk on engineering, but I recognize my limitations.

Cordially yours,

SIDNEY C. DALRYMPLE, M.D.

Oh yes, but then a doctor does n't have to lend his body to an engineer to practise on! That's a vital difference.

The Second Speaker, Dr. Robert A. Schless, offers what seems to us a pertinent and sensible plea.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

'An Engineer Talks on Medicine,' in your March number, cannot pass undiscussed by an allopath who has great respect for the many homœopathic practitioners whom he numbers among his friends. Despite the hesitation one feels, as a member of the majority group, in attacking the tenets of the minority, — and so raising them to martyrdom, — the article in question is so contradictory, and even ridiculous, that the really worthy principles of homœopathy must suffer thereby.

Thus, to speak of driving a disease from within out — much as one would exorcise the Devil — means nothing, since the most sensitive tissue in the body, the blood, is neither external nor internal, but both. The author assumes as an accepted fact a theory held by very few readers of any school, the bacterial origin of cancer. Again, he refers to the ultra-violet treatment of cancer — which is based on no facts at all, as this has never been used for new growths.

As to a cured eczema returning as Bright's disease, the slightest knowledge of pathology would make such a statement ridiculous — why not postulate the occurrence of cancer as due to removing hangnails, or tuberculosis of the lungs following the cure of dandruff?

Certain principles of Hahnemann — such as the *similia similibus curantur* — have been adopted by the allopaths, as serum and vaccine therapy, and so forth, and likewise retained by practising homœopaths. Both schools have rejected such other principles as have failed to stand the test of clinical experience. There is, to-day, small difference in the handling of cases by exponents of either school.

Allopathy has no quarrel with cults that remain within their province — we are delighted to have chronic rheumatics go to osteopaths in place of masseurs; we are glad to have chiropractors adjust 'that tired feeling' out of the spine; and we agree that infinitesimal dosages of drugs are as valuable as allopathic ones, for neuros-thenics. But we do object to being called in on the fourth day of diphtheria, the fourth week of typhoid fever, and the fourth month of cancer, where the various cultists have been pounding, pulling, exorcising — as the case may be — until we arrive too late to overcome the handicap of delay.

ROBERT A. SCHLESS, M.D.

A conciliatory admonition from A. M. Stimson, Surgeon-General, U. S. Public Health Service.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In spite of the fact that occasionally a dam breaks and drowns a fair-sized population, that now and then the roof of a building caves in with disastrous results to the inmates, that bridges wash away, trains crash, boilers burst, and buildings sink, I have a high regard for the engineering profession. I am not one of those who would require that the work of engineers should approach divine perfection simply because the sciences with which engineers deal are known as exact sciences, and because all of the materials with which they work can be accurately measured and weighed and tested. I am willing to regard as reasonable certain imperfections which may develop in their work, on the ground that human beings have still something to learn, and the further ground that they are doing their best to learn it.

It pains me therefore to learn that at least one member of the engineering profession does not reciprocate as regards the medical profession those sentiments of admiration which I have endeavored to express. He finds that we are animated rather by considerations of professional politics than by the principles of science. There appear to be few if any among us who are actuated by high ideals or endowed with any farseeing vision as regards the subject which we have selected for our life work. In so far as there may be truth in this we should accept it with humility and a resolve to improve the few talents left us before the night descends. But one who has watched the medical profession at work for the past quarter of a century cannot accept the entire indictment. Steadily improved standards of education, constantly increasing appeal to the experimental method in the laboratory, at the bedside, and in the field of epidemiology, and above all an astonishing reduction in the death- and sickness-rates and an increase of human longevity, reassure us somewhat.

Mr. Arthur B. Green, who contributes the article, 'An Engineer Talks on Medicine,' to the *March Atlantic Monthly*, shares in common with many people, myself among them, a desire for the formulation of a succinct statement, a natural law, which will cover a large category of instances and thus simplify and clarify our outlook upon our surroundings. He thinks that the medical profession takes no such large view, but goes on muddling through treating each disease as an entity with little thought for the patient and none for broader relationships. Mr. Green thinks this because he really knows very little about

either ourselves or our problem. The only general natural laws which apply in medicine are those of physics and chemistry, with which he as an engineer should be acquainted, and those of biology, with which there is reason to believe he is unfamiliar.

What irks one most about this article is the fact that an engineer should depart from the methods which are part of the splendid tradition of his profession and, throwing aside the visible, measurable, and ponderable evidence, should sink into the obsolete position of the armchair philosopher.

A. M. STIMSON

The Fourth Speaker.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The unique treatment for cancer practised by a 'true homœopath,' as recounted by the engineer in the *March Atlantic*, reminds me of a story I heard of a doctor years ago.

Whenever he got a patient he drove him into fits. Now as the doctor, to use his own words, was 'hell on fits,' he easily cured him.

Is it not possible that this same man may have been the hero of the engineer's story?

GEORGE B. TWITCHELL, M.D.

'Old P——s' question in the *March Atlantic*, 'Am I too old to teach?' has engaged the responsive interest of teachers and pupils everywhere. Here are three varying commentaries.

A lesson in humility.

MOBILE, ALA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

On the margin of my February *Atlantic*, which always goes to friends, opposite 'Old P——s' paragraph on the movies I wrote, 'Them's my sentiments, with some reservations.' There is much else in the article with which I fully agree; but — I'm wondering.

Here is a man of parts, a real teacher, teaching a cultural subject in a college, who finds his students unsympathetic with his ideals, himself losing the joy and inspiration that his work once brought. Here am I, older than this college professor, teaching Shorthand Business English in a business school, finding joy and inspiration in my work as never before.

Once a week I have the entire school in a class in Personality. I read to them and talk, presenting my deepest convictions along ethical lines. I have read Carlyle's chapter, 'Happy,' from

Past and Present; Kipling's 'East and West'; Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden'; selections from Epicurus; Browning's 'Rabbi Ben Ezra'; Emerson's 'Self-Reliance.' These young men and young women, getting the practical training that is to fit them for business, respond to every appeal.

Is n't it rather anomalous?

And yet, perhaps the explanation is not so far to seek. My young people are here with a definite purpose. They believe that what we are helping them to get has positive value. They find that they must work hard to get results. They make mistakes, lose their conceit, and begin to sense the fact that the profoundest student in any field has only scratched the surface of the infinite unknown. They have the open mind, and the most vital ethical truths I can present secure considerate attention; in many cases, acceptance.

Money and leisure are at the command of 'Old P——'s' students. Mine have neither. That is one factor in determining their differing attitudes toward life. But is n't the arrogance of the college man a factor — his notion that he is superior, not because of any grace of character gained or even any accumulation of knowledge, but merely because of college membership? And are n't college professors partly responsible?

Certainly, when the college professor finds himself out of touch with his young men — weary of them because they are what they are — and the business-school teacher finds himself in most cordial sympathy with his students, happiest when he is working with them — certainly the situation is thought-provoking.

L. A. M.

A contagious enthusiasm worth catching.

WELLESLEY, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Am I old enough to teach? That nice old duffer, 'Old P——,' drives me to ask. There is certainly nothing of that predisintegration 'melancholy' about me. If you chose an apple to symbolize me it would be a hard, crisp, juicy one that would almost break your teeth. I have n't got to the stage where I see the disenchanting aura of old age disfiguring the faces before me when I look at a class of pretty girls. (Why did n't 'Old P——' like that?) I confess to an un-suppressed grin when I read about 'Old P——'s' suppressed raptures in the presence of his austere class. A twentieth-century poetry anthology, and I'm all there; but the *Golden Treasury* puts me to sleep; I find *Expressing Willie* full of ginger and *The Way of the World* knotted tow. I'm not far enough away from them, I suppose, to see the fellows I played football with as unfit for university education because they are more interested in experimenting, investigat-

ing, and blazing new trails than in retracing the paths their ancestors have traveled over. Those ancestors did their bit in bringing the present up to date and I'm not crabbing about them, but I'm not going to dig among to-day's roots when I can enjoy its flourishing leaves and flowers. I can't get the Paradise-lost point of view enough for that. You see I don't hold evolution as a detachable theory; it's in solution, as it were, all through me. If we had been born into an age of temporary paralysis, like so many past ages, and had to depend on more fortunate periods for a galvanized substitute for life, we should have had to make the best of the past. But it looks as if the past had set us going this time good and strong and intended us to keep it up. The past is where it belongs, behind us, if some *laudator temporis acti*, not satisfied to make it a pleasant retreat, were n't always trying to drag the best runners back into it.

When you don't know what 'weariness' is, and can't feel superior to your students, are pretty sure, in fact, that you could learn a lot from them, and don't want to throw a monkey wrench into the wheels of progress, but want to speed things up and keep them spinning with a wild desire to be in for the finish, I suppose you are too young to teach. When you don't want to smash your students' self-confidence, and make them feel that the only progress is backward, when one real inventor gives you more joy than ninety-nine research-moles, when you are more delighted over a boy's finding an effective way to break a rule than you are bothered by his breaking it, when, in short, you'd rather see him discover new gods than pay homage to the old forms from which the glory has departed — well, you'd better let 'Old P——' run things in his aristocratic way till you grow up, too.

'YOUNG I——'

Beauty and the 'Gosh!'

MILLS COLLEGE, CALIFORNIA

DEAR 'OLD P——': —

Your ears must have been burning since your article on the youth of to-day appeared in the February *Atlantic Monthly*, if the furor your remarks created in one group of college students is an indication of the disturbance you caused in other groups of 'pseudo-educated' Americans. In the California college to which I refer the students have been talking of you and your ideas at dinner, in their rooms, at the post office, and wherever they may gather.

All agree, with a backward glance at the past generation, that the youth of to-day are frank and honest, that they do things openly. The listener is left to draw his own conclusions about the clandestine activities of his mother and grand-

mother. All agree, also, that the girl of to-day is self-reliant, but instead of decrying the change which permits young girls to go automobiling 'alone,' they see in this change 'independence,' and a 'shouldering of responsibility.'

In the same breath in which they declare that they are not egotistical they give vent to such remarks as 'the young people are to be leaders of this great democracy,' 'they form hasty judgments and come to rash conclusions because they have alert and quick minds.' They have you in mind when they say 'they are farsighted enough and bright enough to see the danger in over-intellectuality.' To the youth the fact that he 'is ashamed to show any signs of mental action' does not mean feeble-mindedness but often a depth like that of still waters.

It may be that, hidden behind an appearance of nonchalance and a reticence to talk of things most vital to him, the present-day youth is harboring a sensitive imagination which might readily become 'half-shyly aglow with the response of idealism.' 'I wonder how many youths "Old P——" consulted on the point,' says one student in discussing 'Old P——'s' contention that the present generation lacks imagination. 'I am sure that, had he talked to young people and seen how they felt in their hearts, he would not feel as he does. We youngsters are rather shy about expressing our romantic and imaginary feelings because the generation who were the undergraduates a generation ago find it easy to laugh at our "foolishness." . . . Recently I caught my roommate gazing vaguely out the window with *English Poetry from Chaucer to Kipling* in her lap. Moreover, she was not dreaming over Herrick or Landor, but Chaucer.'

It may be true, as one student asserts, that 'the girl looking at a beautiful sunset who says, "Gosh, what a glorious sunset!" does not miss any of the thrill and wonder that was enjoyed by the Victorian maid who in very precise tones repeated a bit of poetry.' One thoughtful youth says of the apparent lack of romance in the present generation: 'The young people are very matter of fact, but they have not lost romance. I think they see it in a more beautiful way, in the lovely things that occur in everyday life, and not just in their dreams.'

ELIZABETH THOMPSON

From one Who has Wrathfully Waited.

NEW YORK CITY

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The article 'In the Key of W' in the March *Atlantic* interested me very much.

I was more fortunate in selection of my father, thereby placing myself under letter 'S' — well down the line in all lists, but still not so badly off as 'W.'

I have endured all the disadvantages encountered by 'W,' with an added one of financial loss.

Several years ago, after state income-tax reports had been filed in a certain state, a ruling was handed down by the Supreme Court that on a certain class of income no tax was to be paid, and taxpayers were furnished blanks for claim of refund for overpayment.

After patiently waiting for about eight months for my refund check to reach me, I communicated with the tax department, asking why the delay, and they informed me that they as yet had not reached the letter 'S' and would not for some time to come!

It was fully twelve months before I received my refund check, without interest added, the State having appropriated the interest unto itself!

Very truly,

J. SCHÜLLINGER

A new version of an ancient tale.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I am sending you a new use for your great magazine.

A young girl from the Middle West was obliged to travel alone to her college in the East. A friend told her that she would be perfectly safe from molestation during the long journey if she would have an *Atlantic Monthly* with her.

The ingenious damsel, not feeling equal to the highbrow literature of this magazine, tore off several brown covers and fastened them over some magazines whose reading-matter more nearly matched her mental attainments, and reached her destination without mishap.

E. E. D.

